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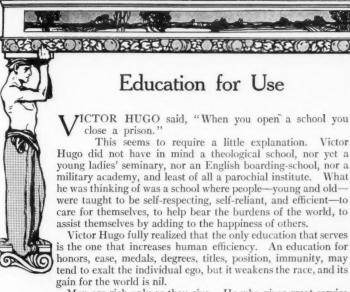
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HAND SAPOLIO



Men are rich only as they give. He who gives great service gets great returns. Action and reaction are equal, and the radiatory power of the planets balances their attraction. The

love you keep is the love you give away.

A bumptious colored person wearing a derby tipped over one eye, and a cigar in his mouth pointing to the northwest, walked into a hardware store and remarked, "Lemme see your razors."

The clerk smiled pleasantly and asked, "Do you want a

razor to shave with?"

"Naw," said the customer, "for social purposes."

An education for social purposes isn't of any more service than a razor purchased for a like use. An education which merely fits one to prey on society is a predatory preparation for a life of uselessness, and closes no prison nor relieves pressure on a poorhouse. Rather it opens a prison and takes captive at least one man. The only education that makes free is the one that tends to fit the person to bear the burdens of life.

Teach children to work, play, laugh, study, think, and

work, and we shall raze the walls of every prison.

There is only one prison, and its name is Inefficiency. Amid the bastions of this bastile of the brain the guards are Pride, Pretense, Greed, Gluttony, Selfishness.

Increase human efficiency, and you set the captives free.





"SHE PUTS ME UP A SNACK OF LUNCH, AND I TAKES MY RIFLE AND STARTS"

("Without a Lawyer," page 278)

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Children on the Stage

By Elsie Leslie

Editor's Note.—Miss Elsie Leslie, or, in private life, Mrs. Elsie Leslie Winter, was the most popular child-actress that ever played in this country. Hundreds and thousands will remember Miss Leslie as Meenie with Joseph Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle," as Little Lord Fauntleroy, as both Prince and Pauper in "The Prince and the Pauper," and as Editha with E. H. Sothern, in "Editha's Burglar."



F you happen to have been a "child-actress" and, what is more, an unusually popular one, how is it possible to write for publication about children on the stage, to give "personal recollections," and yet not appear egotistical or conceited? Like Launcelot's road to the Jew's

house in Venice, "'twill be a hard way to hit!" Yet plain truth should not be thought vanity merely because of the inevitable intrusion of the first person singular. years' experience as a child-actress must count for something, in forming an opinion. And so do wide reading and a good deal of thought-done, let it be confessed, in self-defense against continual cross-examination on the subject. Anyway, that experience and thought have produced some opinions which appear to be well founded and which certainly are pretty positive. What I have to say is not said from egotism, but only from a wish to answer some of the questions that are asked me almost daily, and if possible to provide something interesting and amusing. If you do not find this little paper-which is written without pretense to literary abilityeither the one or the other, please turn the pages, and you will surely come to something else that is. Long ago I learned four lines of verse that say for me exactly what I mean:

ean:

If my best wines mislike thy taste,
And my best service win thy frown,
Then tarry not, I bid thee haste;
There's many another inn in town!

Most persons who speak to me on this subject seem to think that the employment of children on the stage is a modern thing. It is not so. They go back as far as we have any stage, and farther. second act of "Hamlet" there are several speeches about children on the stage-"little eyases, that cry out on the top of question," "Do the boys carry it away," etc.—and the divine bard seems to have been considerably annoyed by the popularity of "boys." A license was given in January, 1603, to "the children of the Queen's Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theater," which belonged to the company of which Shakespeare was a member. It has been supposed that the consequent interference by the children with the performances of the regular adult company prompted the references to them in "Hamlet." But though children in Shakespeare's time may have caused some loss and more vexation to older players, their

success does not seem to have lasted long, and it was not until 1803 that really exceptional popularity on the stage came to a child.

Then appeared the most extraordinary, as I think, of all child-performers, in the person of William Henry West Betty, "the Young Roscius" and "Tenth Wonder of the World," generally called "Master Betty." He went on the stage in Belfast, Ireland, August 16, of that year, at the age of eleven, in Voltaire's "Zara." Within twelve months he raised such a commotion, of its kind, as no actor—man, woman, or child—has ever raised since.

It has been said of Master Betty that, after all, "he was only a clever boy who had been well parroted." It is true that Master Betty was "parroted." His play-books were marked, in every line (by his coach and tutor, William Hough, of the Belfast Theater), with the inflections of the voice, movements of the body, and business of the scenes: "Lower your voice here," "Here raise your voice," "Put the right leg forward here," "Here withdraw it," etc. Yet I believe that, even making allowance for fashionable fads and the attraction of novelty, there must have been something more than mere "parroting" in a boy who did what he did.

After his first success, in "Zara," he acted many parts, among them Norval in "Douglas" (which seems to have been his best performance), Octavian in "The Mountaineers," Selim in "Barbarossa," Warwick in "King Edward IV," Rolla in "Pizarro," Romeo, and Hamlet. The latter part he is declared to have committed to memory in

three mornings.

From Belfast Master Betty went to Dublin, and played in one night to four hundred pounds. His appearances in Glasgow and Edinburgh were equally profitable. In the latter city, in the last six nights, the receipts were eight hundred and fifty pounds. In Birmingham it was the same, and when he finally reached London the people seem to

have gone mad.

On the day of Master Betty's first London appearance (Covent Garden Theater Royal, December 1, 1804) there was a positive riot, beginning before noon. Toward evening the excitement and disorder became so great that a guard of soldiers was turned out to prevent some great calamity. After the theater doors were opened and the audience was admitted, the pressure upon those within from the crowds in the street, seeking ad-

mittance, became so great that soldiers were drawn up before the doors to save the audience from being crushed. Some of England's highest aristocracy were there—the Prince of Wales, the Lord Chief Baron, Lord Melville, Lady Musgrove, and others. The employees of the theater, even though assisted by a force of police, were unable to preserve order in the house. The heat and pressure became so terrible that more than twenty persons fainted and were with great difficulty dragged out of the pit into the boxes and so carried to the lobbies.

When at last Master Betty made his entrance the applause, led by the Prince of Wales, was prolonged and tumultuous. It broke out again and again during the evening. His triumph was immediate and complete. He became a social lion. He was welcomed to Carlton House. The king and queen sent for him. When he was taken ill bulletins about his condition were issued at frequent intervals. Northcote painted him. Smith presented him with a ring left by Garrick to be bestowed upon "that rare performer who shall act from nature and the heart." The University of Cambridge made him the subject of a prize ode! All the older actors seem to have had their noses out of joint. "Oh, for the good King Herod!" was Mrs. Jordan's way of expressing herself. Emery, Charles Kemble, Mrs. Powell, Elliston, John Kemble, even the mighty Cooke, had to follow in his train. Edmund Kean alone seems to have had the courage of his feelings and could not be induced to act on the same stage with Master Betty. Charles Fox went to see him, and declared his performance to be as fine as Garrick's. On motion of William Pitt the House of Commons adjourned to go see Master Betty play! In short, the public went child-mad, and Betty's father, in taking advantage of the shining sun, spoiled, as I think, what might have been a great career. Certainly there was plenty of hay made while the sun did shine. Betty played at Drury Lane as well as at Covent Garden. At the two houses, within three months, more than forty thousand pounds was paid to see him, a sum equal to approximately two hundred thousand dollars, and, allowing for the difference of values between then and now, equal to much more.

Master Betty received about one hundred pounds a night during that time, and two benefits brought him twenty-five hundred



ELSIE LESLIE AS SHE LOOKS TO-DAY

pounds additional. But he was overworked in every sense. At the end of his London engagement he was not allowed even a day's rest. He was hurried about the country from town to town. No effort was made to obtain for him plays that were suitable and in which he might have developed in a natural manner. The novelty began to pall. Within two years much opposition to him had arisen among supporters of the older

actors. still attracted wide attention, however, especially outside of London. though in the next two years his benefits shrank from the tremendous sum of fifteen hundred pounds a night to three hundred. In July, 1808, he withdrew from the stage and went to Cambridge University, where he remained about four years. After his father's death he returned to the stage, in February, 1812.

It is customary to cite Master Betty's career as conclusive evidence of the inability of the child-actor to return to the stage with suc-

cess as an adult. That is foolishly unjust. In the first place, Master Betty was more a child-freak than a child-actor—a true example of the infant prodigy; in the second, he was worked out before he left the stage; and, finally, when he did return he was by no means a failure, for he was admired, fol-

lowed, and applauded. He received for his engagement at Bath, during his first reappearance, eight hundred pounds for nine performances. In November, 1812, he reappeared at Covent Garden, receiving fifty guineas a night. Outside of London his name was long one to conjure with, and he maintained himself as something more than a respectably good actor for twelve years, until, in August, 1824, when thirty-

two years old, he definitely retired, living in comfort for the rest of his life on his stage earnings, and dying at the age of eighty-three.

The notion that children of the stage do not achieve exceptional success as adult actors is one of the strangest and most entirely unfounded of fantasies. Practically every great actor of the English-speaking stage began early, and nearly every exceptionally successful childactor has been more than usually successful on the stage in later life. Indeed, many of the greatest actors-I do not mean mere-

ly in my own opinion, but greatest "in mouths of wisest censure"—have been distinguished as childactors. Take the elder Kean as an example. I once heard Henry Irving say, "After all, Edmund Kean was probably the greatest actor that ever lived." Kean was only three years old when he first appeared, as Cupid,



ELSIE LESLIE AS EDITHA IN "EDITHA'S BURGLAR"

in Noverre's ballet-opera, "Cymon." After that he was trained in pantomime and

remained on the stage all his life.

Many tales of the hardships of children on the stage can be traced back to the story of Edmund Kean's experiences; but, like the hardships of most others, many of Kean's were due to his own wild, wayward conduct. Miss Tidswell, the compassionate woman who cared for Kean when a child, after his

mother had deserted him, was finally obliged to have a little brass collar put about his neck engraved with these words: "This boy belongs at No. 9 Lisle Street, Leicester Square. Please send him home." The little villain seems to have been a handful from the first and to have made things lively for all around him.

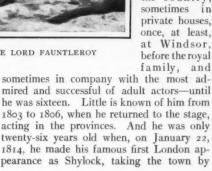
Kean, when a child, appeared in John Kemble's company as one of goblins in the witch scene in "Macbeth," the occasion being the reopening of Drury Lane Theater, March 13,

1793. It was the intention of Kemble that the revival should be very impressive, but little Kean contrived to turn at least the witch scene to ridicule and laughter. The "goblins" were all closely grouped in a circle about the witches' caldron. At the moment of Kemble's entrance as Macbeth Kean suddenly fell against the boy in front of him in

such a way that, in his own words, "we all went down like a line of cards." "Glorious John" was greatly incensed, believing, and with reason, that the "accident" was intentional. The boy's gravely offered excuse, "This is the first time I have ever appeared in tragedy," was not accepted, and he was dismissed. It was not very long, however, before he played Prince Arthur to the King John of Kemble and the Constance of Mrs.

Siddons, and played it well enough, even in that over-shadowing association, to receive "thunders of applause."

There is a tradition that in 1803 Kean, then sixteen years old, went to Eton and there remained until 1806, acquiring a classical education. Whether true or not-and it seems to be true-it is positive that he began while a baby; that he was highly successful as a child; that he continued in theatrical performancessometimes in the country, sometimes in private houses, once, at least, at Windsor, before the royal family, and





ELSIE LESLIE AS LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

storm and remaining the "idol of the people" until, when only forty-six, he broke down while acting Othello (March 25, 1833) and made his final exit from the stage.

As it was with Kean so with many, many others. As a little child Edwin Forrest was a mimic. He was only fourteen (three years older than Master Betty) when he made his first regular appearance on the stage, acting Norval, in "Douglas," at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, and surely Forrest's later success was sufficient to satisfy anvone.

Joseph Jefferson—always one of the most earnest and sincere friends of children on the stage, and responsible, among other things, for my appearance there began his career

when he was only four years old. He was a versatile and successful performer as a child, and his later successes were, in every way, all that anyone could ask for. At different times I traveled with him far and wide, and if to find oneself loved, sought after, and welcomed everywhere makes for happiness, then Jefferson must have been very happy.

I think his experiences as a child made him unusually tender and considerate toward children on the stage, for—though he would never admit it—he had been forlorn and lonely many times when little. He could not bear to see any kind of suffering, and especially he could not bear to see a child unhappy or hurt. I remember one night, when I was playing Meenie with him, in "Rip Van Winkle," I tripped while running down the stage, and fell. Jefferson started to his feet, stopping the action of the

play, rushed over and picked me up, exclaiming, so that the whole house heard him, "God bless me, Elsie, my child, have you hurt yourself?" He had extraordinary au-

thority on the stage, for in an instant, seeing that I was all right, he resumed the character, reclaimed the attention of his audience, and as Rip spoke to me, saying: "Vot for you do such a ting like dat for? You vant to frighten your ol' fader?" and went on with the performance.

The failure of John Howard Payne to make a great and lasting success as an adult actor I have frequently heard given as another proof that famous children of the stage do not succeed when grown. I often wonder how such a mistake ever became current. Payne

was a was never a child-actor, though early child, infatuated with the theater. His precocity way, displayed itself in his writing. He wrote ferent articles for several papers while still a child, and when only fourteen he edited and published a magazine about theatrical affairs called The Thespian Mirror. He never appeared on the stage until he was eighteen

years old.

Distinguished women of the stage have been successful there as children even more frequently than men. Ellen Terry—that wonder of the theater who has delighted everyone that ever saw her—was, according to her own statement, less than eight when she first appeared on the stage, as the boy Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale," with Charles Kean (April 28, 1856). One of England's theatrical authorities, Mr. Dutton Cook, tells Miss Terry that she is mistaken,



From the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell

ANNIE RUSSELL AS SHE FIRST APPEARED

and that she first appeared as the little Duke of York, in "Richard III." But, whether or no, it makes no difference as to her success, either as a child or as a grown person. She did act Mamillius, and afterward Puck, Golden Star, the fairy in "The White Cat," and many other parts, among them Fleance in "Macbeth" and Prince Arthur in "King John," and she acted them so well that her success began with the first of them and has lasted to the present day.

I have heard a good deal about her as Prince Arthur; if she really gave a fine performance of the character, how I wish I might have seen it! That part, while it is so beautiful to read, seems to me practically impossible to play; that is, to play well. It is one of the parts that seem absolutely out of a child's reach, and yet one which nobody but a child could touch, and thus it is an impossible paradox. At any rate, I am very grateful that it never came my way.

It is strange to read Miss Terry's comments on theatrical conditions now. Rehearsals, she says, were so much longer and harder then than now. "If a company has to rehearse for four hours in the day it is thought a great hardship"! To me, things seem the other way around. When I was little the forum had to wait for me, and the rehearsals were generally reasonable. But in later years many a time I've rehearsed from nine to noon, from one to six, and then from eight to midnight-and I did not mind it much, either. That, I believe, is a common experience with actors to-day.

Mary Anderson was only sixteen when she made her hit as Juliet. Charlotte Crabtree, the beloved "Lotta" of the West and of old New York, began at three, and she remained on the stage for more than thirty years—and had the unusual good fortune to get some material advantage from the labor of her childhood.

A few weeks ago I called at a theater to see Julia Marlowe, and found a group of young people clustered round the stage door waiting to catch a glimpse of her. She is the idol of the girls as well as of the boys; one of the loveliest of actresses and one of the most successful. She began when only twelve, appearing in a company of children presenting "Pinafore" and "The Chimes of Normandy." Miss Marlowe also played successively Meenie and Heinrich in "Rip Van Winkle," with Robert McWade, one of Jefferson's many imitators.

Annie Russell (whose little brother Tommy—he is her big brother now, I understand—was my only child companion and playmate

in the theater) began in the child's part in "Miss Moulton" when only eight. She was exceptionally successful as a child, playing many parts, among them little Eva, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She is to-day, and has been for years, a popular star, admired and successful in England as well as America.

Then there is Mrs. Fiske, one of the most successful as she is, beyond dispute, the most original and independent woman on the American stage to-day. She was extraordinary as a child-actress. She comes of a theatrical family, and began her career when three years old. At twelve she was alternating as leading woman and as "first old woman"! She acted many children's parts



From the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell

MINNIE MADDERN (MRS. FISKE) AS A CHILD-ACTRESS

with great success, among them Prince Arthur in "King John," with McCullough and J. B. Booth, at Booth's Theater. At fifteen she was a star, and to-day there is no more respected, influential player on our

stage.

There have been many other instances in England of stage children growing up to success and fame. A list of them would extend all the way back to Maria Foote, who, when only twelve, won success and fame with a remarkable performance of Juliet, and would include Kate Terry and Mrs. Kendal. Such a list in this country would extend

from the time of Kate Bateman and Clara Fisher-Maeder to that of Mabel Tali-

aferro.

But perhaps the most striking success of all, with which to end, is that of the most popular and successful actress on the American stageboth personally and financially-Maude Adams. Miss Adams was "carried on" when an infant of six months. She was played her first speaking part, Little Schneider, with J. K. Emmet, in one of his "Fritz" pieces, at the Bush Street Theater, in San Francisco, in 1877. She has been successful in practically everything she has ever touched.

in practically everything she has ever
touched.

The questions that are, perhaps, most
often asked me are: "Do you think it is good
for a child to be on the stage?" "How can
a child on the stage be educated?" and "Do
children really act?"

As to the first question—it can only be answered in the old, old way. Everything depends upon circumstances: the child, its inclination and condition, the companies into which it goes, and the child's guardians. If it could be—or if it can be—known of a child that it possesses real talent for the

stage, talent sufficient to make acting a suitable profession for it when grown, then, if that person is going on the stage at all, the earlier in childhood the better. I have seen a great deal of children in the theater, and I am firm in the belief that, in the great majority of cases, children are better off in the theater than those same children would be anywhere else.

With prudent supervision, being in the theater need not interfere with education or right bringing up in any way. I learned French while playing Little Lord Fauntleroy, and a little Latin. Indeed, when I left the

stage for a time and went to school, I found myself more advanced in all branches of study than girls two years older; that is, in all except spelling. Mine was atrocious, which I cannot explain, as I had long known how to read, had devoured every book I could lay my hands on, and was never more happy than when writing letters. Moreover the travel is, in most ways, as good an educator for children as for their elders. I remember being cross-questioned by a little girl, older than myself, who, as she proudly told me, was "head of her class." tried hard to pose me, at last saying: "I know where



LOTTA CRABTREE, WHO APPEARED ON THE STAGE AS A CHILD

the Mississippi River rises. Do you?"
"No," I answered; "but I know where it sets, and I know what it looks like, because I've been there and seen it!" And I still think my knowledge was the more valuable.

I have not only observed the conduct of stage children, but I have read and heard much about that subject. I know of nothing that gives me more satisfaction than an incident related by Henry Irving. It was on a Sunday evening in 1903. I had gone



ELLEN TERRY AS CUPID

with William Winter to dine with Sir Henry at the old Hotel Bristol, which used to stand in Forty-second Street, New York. A clergyman had, not long before, been attacking the stage, and Irving was, as always, in arms to defend his profession.

"Why," he said, telling us about the attack, "he has even been upbraiding the little children that are sometimes employed on the stage. That," he added, addressing me, "ought to come especially close to you. It is a very foolish ground of attack, but one that is often taken by clergymen. Several years ago I was at a dinner-party in an English country house. During the evening the Archbishop of Canterbury, near to whom I sat, spoke with great disapproval of the employment of children in theaters and expressed wonder that I should permit it in my London Lyceum. I was surprised and, naturally, I was not pleased, and I ventured to state my feelings. 'Sir,' I said, 'your opinion is not a just or sound one, and I cannot refrain from making known to you certain facts. The children employed in my theater are carefully guarded, and are cared

for as well as they could be in any home—much better, in some cases, than they could be by their parents, if it were not for the employment I provide. I require that their manners and conduct be above reproach, and they are. And I will add that such is not the case with the choir-boys in your Lordship's cathedral, for within three days I, personally, was obliged to call to order a number of those choir-boys who were making a disturbance there during service. There is never any disturbance, either by children or by their elders, on the stage of any properly conducted theater.'

"The archbishop made no reply at the time, but after I had gone to bed he came to my room. I wished, of course, to rise and dress to receive him, but he would not permit it. He sat at my bedside and, very simply and kindly, told me that he had been wrong to speak as he had spoken, that he regretted his error and was glad to have been set right. He was a very gentle, fine old man. But most clergymen who attack actors, old or young, are not so reasonable."



From the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell

KATE TERRY AS PUCK

Early experience in the theater makes the surroundings far less artificial than they naturally would seem to most grown, or nearly grown, persons who go on the stage. In that way self-consciousness, the bane of many a good actor, is avoided, and self-confidence while before an audience, without vanity, takes its place. Jefferson maintained that a childhood passed in the atmosphere and life of the theater was of inestimable benefit to the mature actor, and declared that nothing could have repaid him for the loss of his early training, to which he attributed the marvelous control of his faculties. I have heard and read more than a little adverse comment on Jefferson as an actor that, to me, seems mere nonsense. I can bear my testimony—and I think it will be confirmed by all who ever played with himthat an audience was, in his hands, like wax, which he molded or twisted to suit himself. The people laughed or cried, applauded or sat motionless and silent, just as

To send a child on the stage against its will is, I think, a great cruelty. Such a child has no more chance of becoming an exceptional performer than has the clerk who

drops bookkeeping and goes on the stage because some one tells him the wages are higher. And it is my conviction that to give long, heavy parts to children, whether they wish to play them or not, is wrong. Any actor who knows anything, any person who has appeared frequently in public, knows that, during a long performance, an audience drains his strength. It is not only fatigue and the late hours; to a large extent these can be, and generally are, guarded against by quiet and sleep in the afternoon. But there is a subtle and very actual loss of vitality; nervous power that is drawn from you by contact with the audience; that is, if

your performance amounts to anything. I found out this fact very early, although, of course, I could not account for it, nor did I try to do so. I have asked almost every actor I have known about this matter and have always received a confirmatory reply—from Booth (who, when I was little, both told me and wrote to me how audiences tired him); from Jefferson, Irving, Mansfield, J. H. Gilmour, Viola Allen, Julia Marlowe, and that old and confidential friend of so many actors, William Winter.

Mr. Bram Stoker, Henry Irving's manager, once spoke upon the subject in my hearing. "Hard performances," he said, "take the blood out of a man's very heart." And a great deal more so out of a growing child's, I say. Such performances are surely dangerous and injurious for little people. I was very, very carefully guarded and looked after when a child, but I am certain that, had I remained on the stage, continually playing such exacting parts as I played at the time I left it, I should have broken down.

Mr. Jefferson always mourned because I left the stage even for a time, citing his own constant practice as an example of the right course. No question he was right about

himself, but I think he ·forgot that elves and fairies and other reasonably short parts are rather easier work for a child than two characters (Prince Edward and Tom Canty), with eight changes of costume, the combined length of which exceeds that of "Hamlet." Even to Edwin Booth that character was, as he told me, "the long and heavy part of 'Hamlet.'"

One thing should be compulsory, if I had my way, with regard to children on the stage. Out of the salary paid for a child's services some form of sinkingfund should be provided, which could not be touched, under any circumstances, except for the direct benefit of the child—and



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF MAUDE ADAMS AS A CHILD-ACTRESS

only then in case of proved necessity—until the child had come of age. In that way the one who does the work and earns the money would, in later life, have some substantial, material benefit from the labor done.

In my own case I was extraordinarily fortunate. My dear mother was not only very

kind but exceptionally sensible about her children. saw, personally, to every detail in matters that directly concerned me; and, what was even more fortunate, she allowed no nonsense, no foolish, vain compliments or sentimental chatter about me or my work. The constant association with grown persons on a more or less footing of equality makes stage children older than their years; but I had my child's life, and nothing was allowed to interfere with it.

Children on the stage are, after all, pretty much like other children. There have been and, no doubt, there are some sad cases, but they are the few. My own case

was, of course, exceptional, but I know I would never have had so happy a time elsewhere; I don't think any child ever got more pleasure out of life. I enjoyed every moment of it—except going to sleep in the afternoons; that was the great bête noir of my existence.

The first performance to which I was taken was that of "Richard III" by Edwin Booth. I don't remember it, but my mother told me I used to toddle about, crying out for "A horth! a horth!" The first play I was ever taken to see was not a play; it was "Patience." The dancing, singing, lights, and music nearly drove me crazy. I had a fine memory, and though I saw the opera only once I remembered most of the dialogue and much of the music. I played "Patience" all over the house, imitating what I had seen and heard. Long

afterward my mother told me that gradually the family came to watch me more and more. After a while I was sometimes unconsciously tricked into doing my imitations. Fortunately I was never "shown off."

After a time came a visit to Joseph Jefferson, at Hohokus—a friend of my mother's

knew him, and we were all invited. Jefferson had been told about my "Patience" craze, and he wanted to see me "act." He was very tactful; he did not ask me or tell me to do anything. He just chatted and joked with all of us, and after a little while, walking to one of the windows, he began carelessly humming the music of "You Hold Yourself Like This." It made me fidget so that I could not sit still; I did love so much to do that song. In about two minutes I couldn't stand it and skipped up and began to sing and dance for him. He watched me very closely, and then began to sing with me. After that we did the "Willow Walv!"



MARY ANDERSON AT THE TIME OF AN EARLY STAGE APPEARANCE

song together. Next he showed me two or three little things that gave more point to the first song, and when I sang it over again and did them, he was delighted and applauded loudly.

Jefferson told my mother she was making a great mistake not to put me on the stage. At first she laughed at him, but when she saw how serious he was she became impressed.

"Who would take her?" she asked.

"I would," he answered.

The usual family counsel followed. My father consented, but his family, being very strict and orthodox, were furious. My mother finally decided to accept Mr. Jefferson's offer, and did so. Domestic dissension resulted, and lasted until I was successful and popular; then the terrible transgression was forgiven. Success and popularity do wonderful things, especially in the theater.



Without a Lawyer

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



OWEVER bright the court's light may have appeared to the court, the place in which it was shining smelt damnably of oil. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, but already the Alaskan night had descended. The court sat in a barn, warmed from without by the heavily drifted

snow and from within by the tiny flames of lanterns and the breathing of men, horses, and cows. Here and there in the outskirts of the circle of light could be seen the long face of a horse or the horned head of a cow. There was a steady sound of munching. The scene was not unlike many paintings of the stable in Bethlehem on the night of the Nativity. And here, too, justice was being born in a dark age. There had been too many sudden deaths, too many jumped claims, too much drinking, too much shooting, too many strong men, too few weak men, until finally-for time, during the long winter, hung upon the neck like a millstone-the gorges of the more decent had risen. Hence the judge, hence the jury, hence the prisoner, dragged from his outlying cabin on a threemonths-old charge of murder. As there were no lawyers in the community, the prisoner held his own brief. Though not a Frenchman, he had been sarcastically nicknamed, because of his small size and shrinking expression, Lou Garou.

The judge rapped for order upon the head of a flour-barrel behind which he sat. "Lou Garou," he said, "you are accused of having shot down Ruddy Boyd in cold blood, after having called him to the door of his cabin for that purpose on the twenty-ninth of October last. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Sure," said Lou Garou timidly, and nodding his head. "I shot him."

"Why?" asked the judge.

For answer Lou Garou shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the chief witness, a woman who had wound her head in a dark veil so that her face could not be seen. "Make her take that veil off," said he in a shrill voice, "and you'll see why I shot him."

The woman rose without embarrassment and removed her veil. But, unless in the prisoner's eyes, she was not beautiful.

"Thank you, madam," said the judge, after an embarrassed pause. "Ahem!" And he addressed the prisoner. "Your answer

has its romantic value, Lou Garou, but the court is unable to attach to it any ethical significance whatsoever. Did you shoot Rundy Boyd because of this lady's appearance in general, or because of her left eye in particular, which I note has been blackened as if by a blow?"

"Oh, I did that," said Lou Garou naively.
"Sit down!" thundered the judge. The foreman of the jury, a South Carolinian by birth, had risen, revolver in hand, with the evident intention of executing the prisoner on the spot. "You have sworn to abide by the finding of the court," continued the judge angrily. "If you don't put up that gun I'll blow your damned head off."

The juror, who was not without a sense of the ridiculous, smiled and sat down.

"You have pleaded guilty," resumed the judge sternly, "to the charge of murder. You have given a reason. You have either said too much or too little. If you are unable further to justify your cold-blooded and intemperate act, you shall hang."

"What do you want me to say?" whined

Lou Garou.

"I want you to tell the court," said the judge, "why you shot Ruddy Boyd. If it is possible for you to justify that act I want you to do it. The court, representing, as it does, the justice of the land, has a leaning, a bias, toward mercy. Stand up and tell us your story from the beginning."

The prisoner once more indicated the woman. "At the end of summer," he said. "I had nothin' but Jenny—and twenty dollars gold that I had loaned to Ruddy Boyd. Hans"-he pointed to a stout German sitting on the Carolinian's left -"wouldn't give me any more credit at the store." He whined and sniffled. "I'm not blaming you one mite, Hans, he said, "but I had to have flour and bacon laid in for winter, and all I had was twenty dollars gold that Ruddy

owed me. So I says, 'Jenny, I'll step over to Ruddy's shack and ask him for that money.' She says, 'Think you'd better?' and I says, 'Sure.' So she puts me up a snack of lunch, and I takes my rifle and starts. Ruddy was in his ditch, and I says 'Ruddy, how about that twenty?' You all know what a nice hearty way Ruddy had with him—outside. He slaps his thigh and laughs and looks astonished, and then he says: 'My Gawd, Lou, if I hadn't clean forgot! Now ain't that funny?' So I laughs, too, and says, 'It do seem kind of funny, and how about it?' 'Now, Lou,' says he, 'you've come on me sudden, and caught me awkward. I ain't got a dime's worth of change. But tell you what: I'll give you a check.'

"I says, 'On what bank?'

"He says, 'Oh, Hans over at the store he knows me—_'"

All eyes were turned on the German. Lou Garou continued:

"Ruddy says: 'Hans dassen't not cash it. He's scared of me, the pot-bellied old fool.'"

The stout German blinked behind his horn spectacles. He feared neither God nor man, but he was very patient. He made no remark.

"'If Hans won't,' says Ruddy, 'Stewart sure will!'"

The foreman of the jury rose like a spring slowly uncoiling. He looked like a snake

ready to strike.
"May I inquire," he drawled, "what reason the late lamented gave for supposing that I would honor his wuffless paper?"

Lou Garou sniffled with embarrassment and looked appealingly at the judge.

"Tell him," ordered the latter.

"Mind, then," said Lou Garou, "it was him said it, not me."

"What was said?"
glinted the foreman.
"Something," said
Lou Garou in a small
still voice like that
which is said to ap-

pertain to con-



THE GERMAN HANS

science, "something about him having give you a terrible lickin' once, that you'd never got over. He says, 'If Stewart won't cash it, tell him I'll step over and kick the stuffin' out of him.""

The juror on the left end of the front row stood up. "Did he say anything about

me?" he asked.

"Nothin' particular, Jimmy," said Lou Garou. "He only said somethin' general, like 'them bally-washed hawgs over to the Central Store,' I think it was.'

"The court," said the judge stiffly, "knows the deceased to have been a worthless brag-

gart. Proceed with your story."

"Long and short of it was," said Lou Garou, "we arranged that Ruddy himself was to get the check cashed, and bring me the money the next Thursday. He swears on his honor he won't keep me waitin' no longer. So I steps off and eats my lunch, and goes home and tells Jenny how it was.

"'Hope you get it," 'I know says she.

him.'

"It so happened," continued Lou Garou, "Thursday come, and no Ruddy. No Ruddy, Friday. Saturday I see the weather was bankin' up black for

the first snow. So I says: 'Jenny, it's credit or bust. I'll step up to the store and talk to Hans.' So Jenny puts me up a snack of lunch, and I goes to see Hans. Hans," said Lou Garou, addressing that juror directly, "did I or didn't I come to see you that Saturday?"

Hans nodded.

"Did you or didn't you let me have some flour and bacon on tick?"

"I did nod," said Hans.

Lou Garou turned once more to the judge. "So I goes home," he said, "and finds my chairs broke, and my table upside down and the dishes broke, and Jenny gone.'

There was a mild sensation in the court. "I casts about for signs, and pretty soon

I finds a wisp of red hair, roots an' all. I says, 'Ruddy's hair,' I says. 'He's bin and gone.

"So I takes my gun and starts for Ruddy's, over the mountain. It's hours shorter than by the valley, for them that has good legs.

"I was goin' down the other side of the mountain when it seems to me I hears voices. I bears to the left, and looks down the mountain, and vonder I sees a man and a woman on the valley path to Ruddy's. The man he wants the woman to go on. The woman she wants to go back. I can hear their voices loud and mad, but not their words. Pretty

soon Ruddy he takes Jenny by the arm and twists it-very slowtighter and tighter. She sinks to the ground. He goes on twistin'. Pretty soon she indicates that she has enough. He helps her up with a kick, and they goes on."

The foreman of the jury rose. "Your honor," he said, "it is an obvious case of raptæ puellæ. In my opinion the prisoner was more than justified in shooting the man Ruddy Boyd like a dog."

"Sit down," said the judge.

Lou Garou, somewhat excited by painful recollections, went

"I puts up my hind on in a stronger voice. sight to three hundred yards and draws a bead on Ruddy, between the shoulders. Then I lowers my piece and uncocks her. 'Stop a bit,' I says. 'How about that twenty?'

"It's gettin' dark, and I follows them to Ruddy's. I hides my gun in a bush and knocks on the door. Ruddy comes out showin' his big teeth and laughin'. He closes the door behind him.

"'Come for that twenty, Lou?' says he.

"'Sure,' says I.

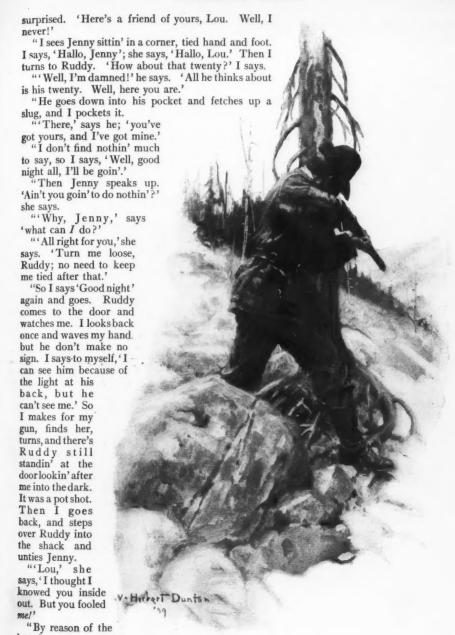
"He thinks a minute, then he laughs and turns and flings open the door. 'Come in,' he says.

"I goes in.

"'Hallo!' says he, like he was awful



THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY



"I PUTS UP MY HIND SIGHT TO THREE HUNDRED YARDS
AND DRAWS A BEAD ON RUDDY"

late hour we stops that night in Ruddy's shack, and that's

all."

The prisoner, after shuffling his feet uncertainly, sat down.

"Madam," said the judge, "may I ask you to rise?"

The woman stood up; not unhandsome in a hard, bold way, except for her black eye.

"Madam," said the judge, "is what the prisoner has told us, in so far as it concerns you, true?"

"Every word of it."

"The man Ruddy Boyd used violence to make you go with him?"

"He twisted my arm and cramped my little finger till I couldn't bear the pain."

"You are, I take it, the prisoner's wife?"
The color mounted slowly into the woman's cheeks. She hesitated, choked upon her words. The prisoner sprang to his feet.

"Your honor," he cried, "in a question of life or death like this Jenny and me we speaks the truth, and nothin' but the truth. She's not my wife. But I'm goin' to marry her, and make an honest woman of her—at the foot of the gallows, if you decide that way. No, sir; she was Ruddy Boyd's wife."

There was a dead silence, broken by the sounds of the horses and cows munching their fodder. The foreman of the jury un-

coiled slowly.

"Your honor," he drawled, "I can find it in my heart to pass over the exact married status of the lady, but I cannot find it in my heart to pass over without explanation the black eye which the prisoner confesses to have given her."

Lou Garou turned upon the foreman like a rat at bay. "That night in the shack," he cried, "I dreams that Ruddy comes to life. Jenny she hears me moanin' in my sleep, and she sits up and bends over to see what's the matter. I think it's Ruddy bendin' over to choke me, and I hits out!"

"That's true, every word of it!" cried the woman. "He hit me in his sleep. And when he found out what he'd done he cried over me, and he kissed the place and made it well!" Her voice broke and ran off into a sob.

The jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving their seats. One by one they shook hands with him, and with the woman.

"I propose," said the foreman, "that by a unanimous vote we change this court-house into a house of worship. It will not be a legal marriage precisely, but it will answer until we can get hold of a minister after the spring break up."

The motion was carried.

The last man to congratulate the happy pair was the German Hans. "Wheneffer," he said, "you need a parrel of flour or something, you comes to me py my store."



The Consoler

By Theodosia Garrison

Time comes to grief as sleep to weariness.

On silent sandals and with shadowy hair Sleep bends to soothe the fretful daytime care, And Time unto my grief shall do no less. But yet a little and his hands shall press Above the weeping eyes and close them there Above the trembling lips, till all despair Lies like a sleeping child in his caress.

And when my sorrow wakes it will not be
My sorrow any more, for I shall smile,
Beholding it, to know it comforted;
No sorrow, but a gentle memory
That still may walk with me a little while,
At twilight, or when April boughs are spread.

The New Lamp in the Taj Mahal

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Editor's Note.—Over the somber crypt in the magnificent Taj Mahal swings an Oriental lamp of exquisite design. The Taj, built and dedicated to one of the purest loves of all ages, is lighted by a lamp—a mute memorial to another great love. When Lord Curzon, former Viceroy of India, lost his beautiful American wife he was inconsolable. What is more natural than that in the hour of great sorrow the wonderful memorial of the old Taj should have appealed keenly to him and that he should seek to enhance the beauty of a shrine which owed its inception to a loss such as he himself feels to-day?



OVE is the cause, the aim, the purpose of the universe. God was so full of love, in his embrace, he clasped the mighty nothingness of space, and lo! the solar system.

Four hundred years before Christ, Empedocles, philosopher, poet, and tragedian (sometimes yelept the

Greek Darwin), taught that air, water, fire, and earth mingled harmoniously in the prim-

itive state of existence; and that all nature was animate with the divine emotion of love.

In the sixteenth century Judah Leo published in Rome a treatise on love, wherein he classified the passion under three heads, natural, sensible, and rational love.

Natural love was described as the sympathy which attracts a stone to the earth, keeps the stars in their courses, and sends rivers to the sea. No stone but has some feeling of love; it is eminent in plants and is especially observed in vegetables.

Sensible love is that which prevails among animals, wherein they exhibit the higher elements of delight in one another's company and in attachment to a master.

Rational love was given as the attribute of God, angels, and men. Henry T. Finck, in his wonderful book, "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," says, "Love embraces every color in the spectrum; and there are male flowers which go a-courting like any amorous swain of a Sunday night; and lovedramas, tragic and comic, are constantly enacted in the world of flowers and insects." Yet this same authority proceeds to convince us that romantic love is a modern sentiment, scarcely a thousand years old; it

had its birth in Dante's "Vita Nuova," "the first revelation of a supersensuous and esthetic passion."

The world's eyes are ofttimes so blinded by the burning comets of unhappy passions, trailing across the skies of history, that they fail to note the steady glow of fixed stars of eternal beauty and constancy.

The names of Abelard and Anthony are familiar synonyms for wild infatuations; but how unfamiliar to the multitude is the story of the abiding love of Shah Jehan.

In the year 1628 Shah Jehan became the fifth Mogul, Emperor of Delhi. He was a fierce warrior; his nature often displayed cruelty and intrigue, which were attributes of all men in power at that



THE NEW LAMP IN THE OLD TOMB

It is of bronze inlaid with silver and gold and hangs immediately above the cenotaphs of Shah Jehan and his queen era, and he slaughtered his enemies ruth-

Shah Jehan possessed many concubines, and yet in the heart of this polygamous pagan there burned the flame of a great, undying love, and when Mumtaz Mahal, his lawful consort and queen of his heart, as well as Empress of Delhi, passed away from

earth at the tender age of twenty-two, the light of the sun paled for him, and he resolved to erect to her memory the most exquisite structure the world had ever seen.

This period was the zenith of Hindu and Mohammedan architecture, and in the "white wonder" of the Taj

Mahal, which resembles the beauty of an opening rose in marble, the acme of artistic excellence was reached. "Taj" denotes an object of distinguished excellence, con-ical in form, and the crownshaped summit of this temple - mau soleum indicates the appropriateness of the name.

Not many months ago America and England had occasion to feel more than an artistic in-

terest in this wonderful monument to a constant love. Just after evening prayers had been said in the mosque, and while the sun's last rays kissed the shimmering minarets and the shadows lingered in the grounds about the Taj, a lamp of rare workmanship, presented by Lord Curzon as a memorial to Lady Curzon, was installed with fitting ceremonies by the Lieutenant-Governor of Agra.

Of this event Lord Curzon, who, as Viceroy of India, had often visited the Taj Mahal with his fair American wife, says simply: "In many visits to the Taj I had often been struck by the absence of any lamp above the cenotaphs of Shah Jehan and his beautiful queen. It was clear that at an earlier date

such a lamp or lamps had been suspended from the dome, but in process of time these had disappeared, and toward sundown the interior of the shrine was plunged in deep darkness except for the fitful gleam of the lanterns carried by the official attendants. I often discussed the matter with

Mr. Marshall, the directorgeneral of archeology, who concurred with me in thinking that there was scope for a really fine work of art to be hung for purposes equally of use and of beauty in the vault of the cupola above the tombs. Before long I found that the most suitable model would

be a lamp that once hung in the tomb of the famous Sultan, Beybars II. I learned that there were only two workmen in Egypt capable of carrying out a work of so much

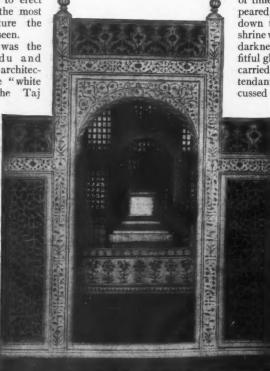
delicacy, and finally one of these, Todros

Badir, was selected and entrusted with

about the Persian inscription which runs

in a belt of pierced metal round the broadest part of the lamp. I proposed that this

A word may be added



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THE CENTRAL CHAMBER OF THE TAJ MAHAL

In this chamber stand two cenotaphs surrounded by an openwork rail, in marble, of rare design and exquisite workmanship

the commission.



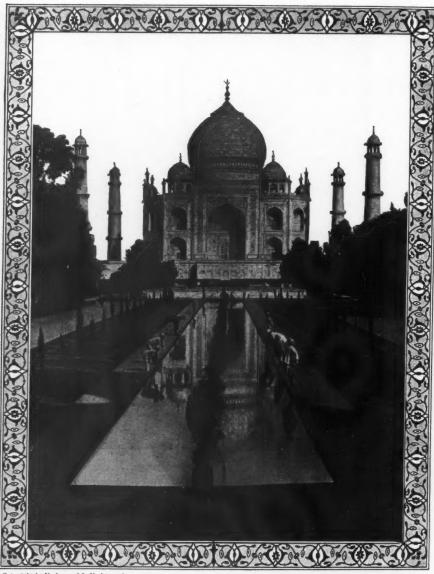
LADY CURZON, IN WHOSE MEMORY THE LAMP WAS GIVEN, AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN

Lady Curzon, before her marriage to Lord Curzon in 1895, was Miss Mary Leiter, of Chicago. She died in 1906, soon after their return from India

should contain only in a suitable Persian script the words, 'Presented to the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal by Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, 1906.' This inscription was first turned into Persian and converted by a native caligraphist at Agra into one of the scripts that are employed upon the tombs of Shah Jehan and his spouse. Todros

Badir took two years to construct the lamp, which is of bronze inlaid throughout with silver and gold. I am assured that no such lamp has been made since the period of the original many centuries ago."

It is an unwritten law of courtesy that no man may sit unbidden at another's feast, and no man may intrude in another's tomb.



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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDING IN THE WORLD-THE TAJ MAHAL NEAR AGRA, INDIA

Built by Shah Jehan as a burial place for his favorite wife. It is said to have occupied twenty-two years in building, at a cost of from nine to sixty million dollars

Therefore Lord Curzon is silent regarding the tender and beautiful meaning underlying his gift; but the whole world understands, and the centuries will preserve the poetic significance of his offering.

Lord Curzon has called the Taj Mahal "a vision of eternal beauty." There are five words in this phrase, and three are pregnant

with meaning.

When the word "vision" is uttered by the lips it presents a pleasing picture to the eye. Even in the darkness, with closed lids, waves of light, radiant and undulating, unite in creating the image for that word "vision." Suggestions of infinity, of life which ever was, is, and ever will be, occur to the most materialistic mind when the three syllables composing the word "eternal" are uttered. And who can say "vision eternal" without an exaltation of the spirit and an outward reaching of the mind toward invisible realms? Complete the sentence with that wonderful word "beauty," and lo! we have the universe resolved into the still more wonderful word "God."

And God is light and love.

God, beauty, light, love are precious diamond words, used so often to decorate ragged garments of speech that they seem like common glass. Yet ever their intrinsic value remains, and their luster increases with the polishing of time and knowledge. Bring the entire meaning of all the words into one central sound, and we have—light.

Science has proceeded far enough in its investigations to find that light is the parent of life. It has been found that millions of suns exist in space, and it is believed that back of all these is one central sun, from which all creative, life-giving force proceeds. From that Source of Light we came; to that Source we return. What more fitting emblem for an enduring emotion can be left to the world than an ever-burning light?

Shah Jehan undoubtedly completed his "vision of eternal beauty" with a lamp. The lamp which Lord Curzon has pre-

sented to the Taj Mahal expresses faithful love and imperishable memory.

The world has continual evidences of great passions; they burn themselves to ashes without ever having been fanned into the pure flame of great love. The heart must feel, the mind approve, the body respond, before the lips can say, "This is a great love." And then time must test the statement.

Shah Jehan was a pagan, a semi-savage in many of his characteristics, possessing many slaves and concubines; yet he loved Mumtaz Mahal with a strong man's love, and into the marble rose of his "vision of eternal beauty" went the fragrance of that love, a fragrance which wafts across the centuries, and stirs the tenderest sentiments of every human heart.

Lord Curzon is a modern-day Christian, a man in the prime of life who may wed again, and love the woman he weds. Yet forever in his heart will dwell the "vision of eternal beauty," and ever will the lamp which shines above the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal cast its opaline radiance on another

far-distant sepulcher.

Unborn generations who pass up the marble stairway, and under the lighted lamp, will breathe a prayer for the soul of the fair American, together with that of Delhi's youthful empress; for always the mind of romance must associate the names of these two young beings, who were absorbed into the life absolute, crowned with youth, beauty, and enduring love.

Shine, lovely lamp, above the tomb which love Made beautiful with art;

Thy soft and silent light breathes through the night To each sad heart,

The glowing utterance of dauntless faith, "There is no death."

Shine, lovely lamp.

Shine, lovely lamp; thy rays gild darkened ways Along the path of time;

They smooth the shadows out of paths of doubt And bid faith climb;

In starry words they gem the western sky, "Love cannot die."

Shine, lovely lamp.





HENRY BREED WAS POSSESSED OF NO DRAMATIC COMPARISONS. "LEAVE THE ROOM," HE SAID CURTLY ("The Cash Intrigue")

The Cash Intrigue

A RING OF SIX COMPLETE SHORT ROMANCES OF FINANCE

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

The Iron Empire

I



T the selfsame moment, in Henry Breed's big country house at Forest Lakes, three men, in different parts of the huge stone structure, were engaged in curious occupations. In his bedroom near the top of the house Blagg, the tall and gaunt wireless operator, was upon his knees

before his open trunk, his long fingers slowly turning the knob of a combination lock. The lock, which had been taken from a wellsecured box in the bottom of the trunk, was one such as is ordinarily used upon large vault doors; it was mounted upon a plain iron plate, and was now temporarily clamped upon the front edge of the trunk, to keep it in its normal vertical position. Blagg, as he turned the knob, kept his eyes carefully averted from it, but he listened most intently. Presently his acute fingers caught the faintest perceptible shade of difference, as quickly as, if not quicker than, his ears, for they stopped rigidly upon the instant. Blagg now looked at the dial, then consulted a small card which he held in his left hand, and a look of intense satisfaction, amounting almost to fierceness, flashed into his beady eyes. The last number of the involved combination had been found by the senses of touch and hearing

"Cash!" he whispered. "Millions of cash, all gathered into one place!"

He changed the combination, marked it carefully upon his card, and started once more, with averted eyes and intent ears, to turn the knob.

In an office on the second floor Phillip Kelvin stood over a large hand-drawn map that was spread upon his desk. States and rivers were but faintly outlined, and cities but faintly marked except where they were the termini of railroad systems, but every mile of every railroad in the United States was most carefully set down in strong lines, though in inks of six different colors, indicating the six main financial groups. Starting from the network of lines radiating from New York, Phillip's clear eyes followed each road in turn, ramification by ramification, to the end, going slowly and pausing over each branch, as if to fix more firmly in his mind certain facts connected with it. As he plodded back to the starting-point he nodded his head in quiet satisfaction.

"To make these all one color," he mused; "that will be one step; then, with millions of cash—"

In his deep subcellar vault, dynamite-proof, electric-drill-proof, army-proof, old Henry Breed stood before row upon row of iron drawers. One of them was open, and the electric light glinted upon gold. Breed, thin to the point of emaciation and enormously tall in spite of the stoop of his shoulders, rubbed his withered hands together. His thin lips were wreathed in a smile that was almost reptilian, and his eyes, too, glittered like a snake's.

"Cash!" he gloated. "Millions of cash, and millions more to come!"

There was the sound of a bell in the big two-story hall. Blagg hastily stopped his practice, restored his combination lock to its strong-box, turned triple keys upon it, and double locked his trunk.

Into Kelvin's room came huge black Sam.

Phillip looked up with the quizzical smile which Sam always aroused, and the smile turned to one of keen amusement as he noted a long, red scratch on Sam's right cheek which exactly balanced the permanent scar upon his left. Had the lobe of his right ear been nipped as was that of his left, his countenance would have been exactly symmet-

"Where did you get that scratch, Sam?"

asked Phillip.

"Miss Lucy," answered Sam. "She suah am a pow'ful scratcheh!" and throwing back his head he opened his mouth to an enormous extent, emitting a loud guffaw which ended in a shrill falsetto. "But Ah sweah, Marse Phillip, ef Ah eveh mah'y that gal, Ah suttenly

will bring heh pride maghty low."

That Sam meant what he said was evidenced by the ferocious expression which suddenly overspread his face. It was a metamorphosis that was startling, but not to Phillip, for there were ties which held Sam in leash to him forever. One, even of Sam's degree, does not forget the being saved from days and nights in deadly swamps, from miasma and starvation, from raving manhunters with guns and ropes and tow and fire. And Sam's horror of what might have been was the greater that he had been inno-

Down into the vault tripped Lillian Breed, her dark cheeks red from her brisk morning walk, her dark eyes bright, her scarlet lips parted over her white teeth. "I hurried in just ahead of Doctor Zelphan, grandfather," she said. "He will be here in a moment. The breakfast-bell rang as I came in at the door."

With the haste of a boy Breed followed her out through the four vestibules, closing the heavy doors of each one behind him, throwing off the combination of its lock, and turning out the lights beyond. He paused a moment to contemplate the door of the last one, then he put his hands upon Lillian's shoulders.

"And in all this world only we two know,"

he said.

"Mr. Kelvin knows," she reminded him.

"But not the combinations," he hastened to assure her. "Do you know how I have won my supremacy? It is by finding big men to do both my planning and my executing; by knowing such men when I see them. Kelvin is one of these, and to such a man as he the greatest incentive that can be given him is to show him the tools with which he may work.

I showed him these enormous stores of actual cash for that purpose, and the knowledge is safe with him. I know men. We two, however, are the only ones who know the way into that vault." An intangible film seemed to drop over Lillian's eyes for a second. In the dimness he could not see it, but her breast heaved and her breath came quicker, and that he could recognize. "You appreciate the power of it all, don't you?" he continued. "Perhaps a little too much; but don't be mistaken, Lillian. This is not a game of tennis, at which a woman can play. I have taken you into my confidence this far only because, in case anything should happen to me, I want you to get at the stores that will make you the richest woman in the world."

"Doctor Zelphan will be hunting you," she

reminded him.

Aroused from his momentary forgetfulness of his one bugbear, the shrewd specialist whom he had employed to look after his health and who, in that capacity, had become a necessarily oppressive burden, he hurried up the two narrow flights of stairs concealed in the thick wall between wide chimneybreasts, and through the closet of the one room in his suite to which Zelphan had no access. He carefully swung shut after him the rear wall of the closet, and with Lillian passed through into the hall where squat, thick-set Doctor Zelphan stood awaiting them. His knob of a nose, with the exception of his thickly spectacled eyes the only feature of his countenance visible through his bushy red beard, was red with impatience.

"You promised, when I left you here at the house this morning, to join me at the head of Long Lake," he charged Breed. "If I cannot take your word for a longer morning walk, I shall have to stay by you until you do. Put

on your hat and heavy coat."

"But breakfast is ready," protested Lil-

The doctor peered at her with such open contempt that she flushed and straightened her shoulders. It was evident that there was something deeply antagonistic between these two. Indeed, Doctor Zelphan, openly classing her as a neurotic, had once alluded to her as "the sins of the fathers unto the third generation."

"If I employ a man to make me do things, I suppose I ought to do them," Breed laughed, and securing his hat and coat went out with the Spartan doctor, just as Phillip

came down the stairway.

Lillian waited for Phillip, and tucked her arm playfully into his as he stepped from the bottom stair. "I almost had the honor of going in to breakfast with my grandfather," she said gaily; "but see how much greater honor my disappointment brings me."

"I admit it," said Phillip with a smile; "only you are not expressing my merit strongly enough to do me justice."

She felt keenly the coldness beneath his echo of her raillery, but she was a true daughter of Eve, and knew that he felt the warmth of her hand upon his arm; she knew, too, that he sometimes trembled under her unexpected touch, and with that she was content, for the time.

In the diningroom they found only Mrs. Rensselaer and her nephew. Mrs. Rensselaer bowed stiffly to Phillip, who, though accounted worth a million or so through his own exertions, was of a minor family, while she was of the very oldest; but she was delighted to say good morning to her young protégée, whom she was shudderingly bound to coach for introduction into certain most exclusive circles-"not the parve-nues, you know, but the really irreproachable people."

"How charming you are looking this morning, child!" she exclaimed. "Did you ever see such a picture of health, Herbert?"

Herbert had his own opinions about Lillian. There was too much nervous energy within her to strike him as quite normal after his acquaintance with healthy Western girls. There was too much elasticity in her step, too much color in her cheeks, too much sparkle in her eyes.

"She is the goddess of the morning," he stated, "the very liqueur of life, the very spirit of spring, the very quintessence of what-you-may-call-'em. Howdy, Miss Lillian."

"I'm in my element," responded that young lady, laughing; "for the imp of perversity seems to have been let loose upon us this morning. Grandfather and his doctor, Mr. Kelvin, Mr. Rensselaer, and myself, all have fallen victims to him. Everyone has but Mrs. Rensselaer; and who could consider her in the light of a victim to anything?"

"No one, I trust," said that lady solemnly, and began to gloom in the utmost majesty, for Mrs. Rensselaer

was most particular about her dignity when among the canaille. It was her misfortune, and not her fault, that, through financial reverses, she had become a permanent guest of the Breeds at a ridiculously large salary, which, however, was distinctly understood to be the return upon certain trifling investments held for her by Henry Breed. Everywhere, and particularly at this breakfast-table, she was able to glance around her with complacent disdain. Evenher own nephew was not of sufficient class to appease her, for he was the son of a "mésalliance," his mis-



"IN ALL THIS WORLD ONLY WE TWO KNOW," HE SAID guided father hav-

ing married the vulgarly healthy and happy daughter of a Western ranchman. Inspired by her eminence among these people of no birth, Mrs. Rensselaer made the rest of that breakfast as much a function of state as possible.

II

AFTER breakfast Phillip, wearied of this play of cross-purposes, slipped away by himself for a few moments, against the time when Henry Breed should call upon him or send for him to take up the heavy projects they had under way. He walked back toward the kitchen-garden, where Blagg, having finished breakfast in the housekeeper's diningroom with old Fargus, Breed's secretary, had already preceded him. Blagg was leaning over the fence listening, with a grim smile, to a tirade from Ben White, ex-plasterer, expert gardener, and socialistic orator.

"Why," White was demanding, "has this man the power to hire me, to hire anybody? Why is it possible, in this country of so-called equal opportunities, for one man to accumulate wealth enough to hire a hundred people to wait on him? Why is our social condition such that the stronger can oppress the weaker?"

"Possibly, Ben," broke in Phillip, "so that only the stronger will survive, as has been the law since Cain killed Abel. No doubt if Abel had lived, he would have been the father of a race of weaklings who would have died out of their own invirility, after weakening the race of Cain."

Both White and Blagg had turned, startled at the interruption, but now Blagg fixed upon Phillip a searching eye, and declared,

"You don't believe quite what you say, Mr. Kelvin."

"Quite true," admitted Phillip. "It becomes necessary, however, to say such absurd things in order to bring down the general average of what my friend, Citizen White, says."

White, a man with gray mutton-chop whiskers, the very color of which still bore the traces of his one-time plastering business, looked up with a smile. "Good morning, Plutocrat," he observed. "Here is one plutocrat, Blagg, whom I am bound to save when the revolution comes. He secured our places here for my daughter and myself."

"When the revolution comes we'll see about it," said Blagg, laughing, and walked away.

"There's a smart man," said White,

nodding in the direction of Blagg. "He has all the facts of our social condition at his finger-tips. He can tell you how many people starved last year, and he can tell you why they starved. He can show you, in our scheme of government, the hundred flaws which permit all these vicious inequalities of wealth."

"Can he tell you," quizzed Phillip, "why shiftless men fail in business? Why drones hang to the lowest positions? Why unambitious workmen are the first to be laid off when a pinch comes? Why improvident people have nothing saved for a rainy day?"

It was a direct thrust at White, and he colored under it. With anybody else he would have blustered; but Phillip knew his

history.

"It is all very well to talk of inequalities," went on Phillip, "but most of the talk I have heard has been irrational, and so useless. I think our sociological mistakes can be remedied, and will be remedied, but if the remedy were left to the people who talk most about it we would have things radically wrong the other way. How are those wonderful stringbeans getting on?"

"Fine!" said White, brightening. "Come inside and look at them," and, touched upon the point of his greatest enthusiasm, he showed Phillip about his garden, descanting for a full twenty minutes upon the culture of green corn, and illustrating his lecture with

growing examples.

Mrs. White and Elsie came across from the Whites' cottage. Elsie, who was Lillian Breed's maid, had run down for an earlymorning call and was on her way into the garden. Seeing Phillip, she was about to return to the house instead, but her mother

dragged her on.

"Good for sore eyes to see you, Phillip," hailed Mrs. White, a thin, labor-bent woman, old at forty-five, but now in a new dress and smirking with renewed prosperity. "We owe a mighty lot to you, Mr. Kelvin, and it's fine to get a chance to thank you. Goodness! You've been here a week, and I've only seen you once in all that time."

"I have been rather busy, Mrs. White," said Phillip; "but you may rest assured that I

have not forgotten my old friends."

"I knew you hadn't," she returned heartily. "I told Elsie so. Says I, 'He might have rich girls setting their caps at him, but he ain't blind; and he ain't the kind to forget his old friends.' Didn't I, Elsie?"

The girl flushed painfully, but she was too

wholesome not to see the humor, embarrassing though it might be, of her mother's transparent intention, and she revealed her white teeth in a smile that would have dazzled anyone more susceptible than Phillip.

"Indeed you did, mother," she replied, laughing, "and much more which it is entirely unnecessary to repeat, since Phillip

knows us all of old."

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In the meantime Blagg had gone to his operating-room, and, having tested his instruments and made ready for the day's work, he went to the window overlooking the garden

and gazed out in deep thought.

Young Rensselaer, the only idler about the place, strolled into the room, as he did nearly every day, partly to escape from his aunt's insistence that he should court and marry Lillian Breed, and partly because both Blagg and his art interested him. Blagg turned and nodded, then looked out the window again, and Rensselaer joined him.

"I suppose that if I were to offer a penny for your thoughts, and you should take me up, I would be stuck," he observed.

"It depends upon what kind of thoughts you would want for your penny," returned Blagg. "To be perfectly frank, I was thinking of young Kelvin out there."

"What about him?" inquired Rensselaer

quickly.

"Seems to be a nice sort of a fellow," re-

turned Blagg evasively.

"I should say he is!" declared Rensselaer. "I punched cows with him for six months out in Montana, and I never found a better or squarer fellow anywhere. If the world were made up of people like Kelvin it would be all

right."

"Yes," admitted Blagg, "if the world were made up of people exactly like Kelvin it would be all right; they would all have an equal chance. But since the world contains but a few men like him, he is dangerous. Look here; we both know of his late operations, so it is no violation of confidence to speak of them. He came here about a year ago with a scheme whereby Breed could drain the country of all its cash. Breed, who owns every grain-elevator, flouring-mill, and bakery in the United States, and a consequent absolute monopoly of bread and all cereal foods, had only to demand cash for his products, as he had the right to do. In a year he secretly accumulated over a billion dollars in currency. When the time was ripe young Kelvin went into New York and sold stocks,

for Breed and himself, of all the leading railroads and industrials. When he had disposed of the largest line ever put out by any single operator in the world, he made publicly known the fact that there was practically no money in circulation in the entire country. In a word, there existed an actual corner in cash. A panic ensued, the largest in our financial history, a panic so violent that it absolutely destroyed the Stock Exchange, by the simple process of bankrupting every operator and every big financier in the street.'

Rensselaer laughed. "Smartest thing that ever happened," he declared. "I was in Galleon & Company's office at the time, and handled a lot of Kelvin's trades on the floor. It was the bulliest fight I ever had. called Kelvin the 'Cash Bear' at first, and laughed at him. Thought he was a kid. Afterward they called him 'Breed's Wizard.'"

"Fine joke, wasn't it!" snarled Blagg. understand that both Mr. Kelvin and Mr. Breed originally went after the Wall Street crowd out of revenge; Mr. Breed because they had once hammered his pet stocks, and Mr. Kelvin because they had made a fool of his father in the street, breaking his pocket and his heart at the same time. It was a fine revenge!"

"Well, why wasn't it?" demanded Rensse-

"Because," returned Blagg heatedly, "when he destroyed the Stock Exchange thousands of banks went under, thousands of business concerns were bankrupted, and thousands of factories suspended work. Countless thousands of helpless poor were thrown out of employment and faced starvation; and these are the people who invariably suffer."

Rensselaer was silent under an entirely new

train of ideas.

"See now what follows," Blagg went on. "Their end having been accomplished, Kelvin having enriched himself by half a million dollars and Breed by untold millions, Kelvin, by merely opening his mouth, with Breed's consent, stops the panic. What does he do? He issues to the press an announcement that the cash drain has stopped, that Breed no longer requires shipments of actual money for his bread, and that one hundred million dollars of currency, a very small percentage of what he has taken in, is to be put back into circulation. What happens then? Immediately confidence is restored, credit is reestablished, banks and business houses readjust themselves, factories begin operating,

people go back to work. Don't you see the monstrous thing in this? The very lives of hun-

dreds of thousands of men, women, and children have depended upon this man's word! This is not young Kelvin's work; he is an opportunist, able to see with unusual shrewdness his chances as they come to him; but the crime of it all is in the social system which permits any one man to hold so much power over the life and welfare of so vast

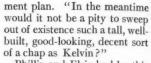
an army of human beings. It is all wrong. It is monstrous. Some day that system will be swept away, and with it must be swept young Kelvin and all his kind."

"You talk like Kelvin himself used to talk out on the ranch, some years ago," Rensselaer smilingly remarked. "Kelvin has his own dreams of reform. You ought to compare notes."

"I doubt if our dreams would be found to be of the same stuff," re-

turned Blagg grimly. "I scarcely think that his deeds, up to date, would entitle him to any philanthropic claims. only ones benefited by his activity are a very few of his own kind, Breed and himself, chiefly. I don't see what has been gained by the hundreds of thousands of workmen who had to do the only actual suffering in the campaign. Take the gardener out there. He and his family would have starved had not Kelvin personally secured them these places—because he used to board with them when he was poor. Even if Kelvin could have reached all of his innocent victims in person, and could have been of benefit to them, it would only have been wholesale charity. And charity is the gross insult of our century to men who are able, willing, and anxious to make a living by hard toil out of the natural resources on this globe. Every man has a right to delve into the soil, abundantly fertile to keep us all, and reap from it a living. It was for this that the Creator provided the earth and its richness."

"See the sunshine and hear the little birds twitter," flippantly interrupted Rensselaer, who did most of his thinking on the instal-

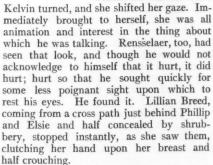


Phillip and Elsie had by this time left the garden, and were now walking slowly to-

ward the house.

"Yes," Blagg admitted, "it would; and it makes it all the harder when you see so beautiful a girl as that looking up at him with that amount of adoration."

Rensselaer caught his breath sharply. The advancing pair had drawn quite near to the house. Kelvin was carrying a basket for the girl, and was pointing out something in a tree-top. She was not following the direction of his hand, but was looking up at him, and the look in her eyes was such as comes to a woman for but one man.



"Look at that girl!" said Rensselaer. "In figure she is positively the most beautiful creature I have ever seen, but she is beautiful

like a cat, like a tigress."

He glanced at Blagg's face and half recoiled. It flashed upon him instantly that if Lillian was a tigress, here was the male of her species. His eyes were blazing, and his lips were parted in almost a snarl. It was a strange little tableau that was enacted before these vitally interested watchers. Lillian suddenly advanced upon Kelvin and Elsie, startling them both. They found her smil-



ing. Blagg and Rensselaer could see her give some brief but peremptory directions to Elsie, and the maid, hastily taking the basket from Phillip's hand, hurried into the house. Phillip saw her go unmoved, and unmoved he walked with Lillian out of view around the wing of the house.

"And the queer thing of it," said Rensselaer, a trifle bitterly, "is that he doesn't care

for either of them."

"That's it!" exclaimed Blagg. "That's just what I'm telling you. He cares for no creature in this world but himself!"

"I don't believe that either," declared

Rensselaer.

III

As Henry Breed, released from Zelphan and breakfast, opened the door of Kelvin's office, Lillian started hastily from the back of Phillip's chair, over which she had been leaning. The girl was confused, but the young man was not, though his eyes rested speculatively upon Doctor Zelphan, who, following Breed with a bundle of golf-sticks, stood regarding Phillip and Lillian with a half-smile that was almost concealed by his bushy beard.

"How nearly do you know?" asked Breed,

ignoring the girl altogether.

Kelvin, his map put away now, bent over a very large sheet of white cardboard, ruled and cross-ruled in blue and red, and swept his eye across the diagrammatically arranged

figures.

Breed watched the clean-cut face of the young man sharply. In spite of the intense concentration in Kelvin's eyes, there was no trace of lines in his brow. Concentration, then, was no effort to him. His prominent jaws were firmly closed, but there was no tenseness of the muscles. Determination, then, was a habit with him, not a momentary pose. His blue eyes were clear, his complexion was fresh and pink, with no trace of dryness or sallowness. He had not, then, spent any portion of his night in worry. He sat easily in his chair, his broad shoulders in the comfort of habitual erectness and his wellformed hands lying easily and steadily upon the edge of the table; yet he had his huge subject well in hand.

"The situation clears up more the farther I go into it," said he. "Out of the panic, by which we swept the Stock Exchange out of existence, you made close to half a billion

dollars in cash, and we emerged from that battle, moreover, with actual possession of eighteen per cent. of the New York Central, and about the same of the Pennsylvania, Southern and Union Pacific, Northern Pacfic, Southern Railway, and New Haven groups. These practically govern all other railroads."

Breed sat down upon the stiff settee which Kelvin had insisted upon having in this room instead of a padded Morris-chair, and, placing the tips of his long wrinkled fingers together, looked contemplatively out the window, his entirely bald head glistening beneath the edge of his golf-cap. His beady eyes glittered above his hawk-like nose; his pointed chin was tilted.

"Is it enough?" he asked. "I want absolute control of every mile of railroad in the

United States."

"I think you have enough," replied Kelvin.
Breed looked at him contemplatively, then
he turned sharply to his granddaughter.
"Lillian, you had better run along and get
ready, if you are going out upon the links
with us."

The girl, who had lounged into the window embrasure upon the entrance of Breed and the doctor, straightened up and started slowly toward the door, then suddenly she wheeled. "I want to stay!" she declared. "Grandfather, do you know what you are doing to me? I have all the nervous energy you failed to bequeath to my father. You coop me up here. I must have an interest in something; something big, or I shall go mad!"

The doctor was the only one of the trio who scrutinized her closely. The other two, for some unaccountable reason, kept their eyes averted, Kelvin studious upon his diagram and Breed looking out the window again, apparently oblivious of the fact that Lillian's gaze was bent upon him, her dark eyes flashing, her unusually red lips half parted, the over-color in her oval cheeks surging in carmine waves, her breast heaving, her fists clenched.

"I tell you I shall die if I have no battle to fight except myself and the social inanities which Mrs. Rensselaer is presumed to teach me before I may show myself in Madison Avenue!" she declared. "As an ambition, that doés not seem to promise much scope. I want larger things—they cannot be too large. I, too, would build an empire or destroy one!"

For the first time Kelvin looked quietly up at her. She was a picture of striking beauty, but there was about her a certain savageness, such as a Lucrezia Borgia might have had, Kelvin thought, or such as animated the woman-vultures of the French Revolution.

Henry Breed was possessed of no such dramatic comparisons. "Leave the room,"

he said curtly.

For just a moment she paused as if in thought of further defiance, then, catching Kelvin's eye, she half held forward her hand as if in appeal to him. There was a physical change in the contour of his eyelids, in the focusing of his eyes, and in the narrowing of his pupils, so slight as to be almost indefinable, and yet in them there sat such a look of stony impregnability, while his lips squared ever so slightly but uncompromisingly, that she suddenly whirled upon her heel and strode out the door, slamming it behind her.

Doctor Zelphan followed her with his eyes, but the half-smile was still lurking under his beard. The other two heaved sighs when she was gone. Breed dismissed

the episode immediately.

"Now you may explain," he told Kelvin. "Well," said Kelvin, "the entire railroad map is changed since the panic. All the names familiar to the railroad world have passed into history. Next week they will have been forgotten. The enormous control of each of those men was like an inverted pyramid, of which he was the supporting apex. Your slaughter of the entire margin system of stock-gambling pulled out one block after another from the under side of those pyramids, and each and everyone of them, disintegrating, fell upon its builder, crushing him flat to the earth. Not one of them can rise again from the wreck."

Breed nodded his head in comprehension, and his thin, flexible lips bent into a cruel smile. "I know," said he. "I had them listed for annihilation, down in my private study. There is a red mark upon each of

their photographs."

Kelvin nodded briefly. "I saw them," he said. "But those men have shown us the way. Let me give you, as an illustration, the control of one man. For five years he denied that he had any interest in a certain large road; but there came a time when a holding company in which he was interested had secured fifteen per cent. of the stock of that road, and this fifteen per cent. was the largest single minority holding. The man in question held, in his own name, less than ten

per cent. of the stock of the holding company, but it was to the interest of every member that he nominate his own directors and control the destiny of the company. Through this control, therefore, he virtually possessed. personally, that fifteen per cent. of the stock of the big railroad. With that fifteen per cent. he sent, in his own name, an appeal to the scattered stockholders for proxies, and through his personal prestige he came into the stockholders' meeting of the big road voting sixty per cent. of the stock, and put through his own slate of directors and officers. Then, through similar means and through this one road, he controlled all its branches and dependents, aggregating many thousands of miles, and all despite the fact that he himself actually held not one per cent. of the value of all this stock!"

Breed nodded his head. "I have a check-mark upon that man's photograph, too. This deal was a part of the pyramid which

crushed him."

"But it can't crush you," returned Phillip. He poised his pencil over different points in the diagram, where, opposite the name of each road, was set its total number of outstanding stocks and bonds. He was not hunting any specific information, for he had it all well in mind, but merely hovering over the figures as a general might cast his eye across his ranks, to make sure that nothing was amiss.

"You are the only man in the world to-day who is able to bring practically endless resources to the support of any project," he continued. "For instance, with an actual holding of less than one per cent. of the total stock of all the railroad corporations in the United States, you are able to dominate every mile of iron highway, to depose or elevate any man in the railroad business, from brakeman to president; that is, after you have taken the reins. You have only one rival."

Breed raised his head quickly. "Rol-

lins?" he said.

"Rollins," repeated Kelvin.

"What made you think so? You spoke of

him yesterday."

"I met him during the days of the panic. Railroads are a hobby with him. He thinks that, with proper management, they can be made practically safe to the public, and still yield better dividends. He is a conservative man, who has never speculated upon margin; in fact, he is one of the few men whom your campaign against the Stock Ex-

change and Stock Exchange methods could not affect. During the closing days of the panic, when such stocks as Northern Pacific were reduced to the absurd figure of twentynine, Rollins was in the market to buy actual stock for spot cash; and in several of these roads he is to-day the second minority stockholder to yourself. I kept close record of his transactions, and, in fact, I sold him some Northern Pacific

Haven myself." "You did!" exclaimed Breed, surprised and not altogether pleased.

and some New

Kelvin laid down his pencil and leaned back in his chair. Hisface was a trifle pale. He was about to reveal himself perhaps more daringly than Breed would like. "I did not exceed my instructions,' he explained, "for, in pursuance of my plan, you merely told me to secure of the six leading stocks all that I could. I did so, but found that I had much more than necessary of some stocks and not enough of others, so I traded. I could well afford to let Rollins or any other man have some of my surplus Northern Pacific and

New Haven for the

purpose of obtaining more Union Pacific and Southern Railroad stock. As it stands now, I have secured the exact balance necessary to secure control in each organization, according to their difficulty of control. Whatever I had over this necessary amount I let go, in order to secure minor holdings sufficient to entitle you to a personal representation in every railroad, major or minor, in the United States."

Breed studied young Kelvin for a long time in thoughtful silence, but in the end he merely grunted by way of comment. "How strong a rival do you consider Rollins to be?" he

"Formidable," replied Kelvin. "All the more so because he has a personal hatred for you."

"How does he know I had him let out?" asked Breed.

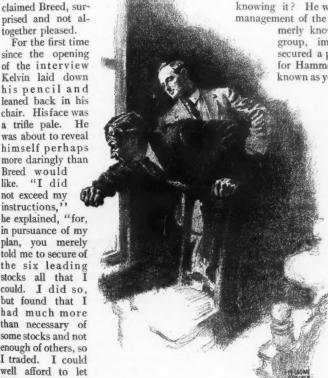
Kelvin smiled. "How could he help knowing it? He was dismissed from the management of the old list of roads, formerly known as the Parsons group, immediately after you secured a place in the directorate for Hammel, who was distinctly known as your man. He charges

very openly that he was decapitated because he stood in the way of the scheme by which the Parsons group was deliberately wrecked and laid open to capture by the Macintyre interests."

Breed shrugged his shoulders. "Mere hatred doesn't make a man formidable," he declared. would rather fight against a man who hates me than against any other kind."

"Not when he is square, as Rollins is," objected Kelvin. "Don't underestimate this man, Mr. Breed. I don't know where he got the money, but-"

"The independent steel corporations," interrupted Breed. Kelvin stopped a moment and considered this new thought. "That's so!" he exclaimed, and made a pencil note on the margin of his diagram. "Then he is doubly formidable. As I told you, he holds, second to yourself, the highest minority block of stock



BLAGG'S EYES WERE BLAZING, AND HIS LIPS WERE PARTED IN ALMOST A SNARL

in each of the big systems. He is going to make a strong campaign for proxies, and he is to be feared because, while not so well known to the public as yourself, he is more favorably known; and when they come to investigate him they will find him to be a man of stern probity."

It was the blunt truth, said bluntly. Kelvin waited in some trepidation to see how Breed

would take it.

"The public are fools!" declared Breed in some heat. "I know what they think of me, but they have no right to do so. I have given away colossal fortunes in the endowment of universities, churches, and public institutions, and they give me no thanks for it; none whatever! It is time that the public was chastised, and mine is the appointed hand!"

His voice arose to a sudden shrill pitch, and he began to tremble. Doctor Zelphan, who had been watching him, hurried to him and put a broad red hand upon his shoulder.

"A wireless for you," broke in a new voice. Kelvin, turning, saw Blagg standing in the doorway. How long he had been there, none of them could have told. For the first time Kelvin noticed that Blagg's thinness was the thinness of a man whose flesh had been reduced to nothing but sinewy muscle. He was not much above thirty-five, and there was an indefinable air of recklessness about him; secrecy, too, for after a fleeting glance he invariably kept his eyes averted from certain people.

Breed took the wireless and read it; then he looked up at Kelvin with a curious smile. "So you think I'd better send for Rollins and make peace with him?" he said. "You suggested that yesterday, I think."

Kelvin colored slightly. He felt that he had transparently wasted time in coming to this transparent conclusion. "It seems in-

evitable to me," he replied.

"Well, I have already sent for him," announced Breed dryly. "Here is his answer. He will arrive here at three o'clock," and with an air of triumph Breed arose, and, accompanied by the doctor, went out.

Blagg gazed at Kelvin curiously a moment, and then laughed, a laugh that was entirely mirthless. "He always has a surprise for you, hasn't he?" he ventured.

"He is a remarkable man," said Kelvin

soberly; "a big man."

"Yes," agreed Blagg, "everything about him is big; his fortune especially. The population of the United States is now almost ninety millions. Henry Breed holds nearly twenty dollars in money for every man, woman, and child in the United States. Ten million of these people are on the verge of starvation, and their twenty dollars to-day would stand between them and hell. Seventy million more are merely living like dogs."

"If they had their twenty dollars apiece they would spend it," explained Kelvin suavely, "and some Breed or other would

have it again in no time."

"But if there were no Breeds to establish enormous money-draining systems by means of the excessive rate that must be paid for everything, the circulation would stay among the people."

"If there were no Breeds," retorted Phillip, "you would not have a job. Here is a wireless I wish you would get off to New

York."

A change came over Blagg's countenance. His expression had been an inquiring one, almost an eager one; now it suddenly set in hard lines. He took the form that Phillip handed him and walked out the door. As he went he was whistling the Marseillaise.

IV

LUNCHEON at Forest Lakes was usually a deadly dull function, and to-day it seemed more so than ever. A preoccupation seemed to settle upon them all. Mrs. Rensselaer was the only placid one among them, she being engaged in the comfortable occupation of sniffing contemptuously at the entire family, an occupation made easy by the awful fact that Henry Breed, with no known grandfather, had started in life as a chore-boy. Could she have seen into the mind of any of the five others at the table, Henry and Lillian Breed's, young Kelvin's, Doctor Zelphan's, or even her own nephew's, she would have been startled out of her placidity for all time to come. In three of them, at least, there burned and seethed ambitions as unlimited as the blue vault of the endless sky, ambitions as far-reaching as those which drove Napoleon to St. Helena, as those which made Alexander weep, as those which cast Lucifer from heaven; and each, at this particular moment, had concentrated all his thought upon himself and his own plan of supremacy. Doctor Zelphan's thoughts were different, but they were none the less startling, and young Rensselaer was engaged upon dreams very near to a mésalliance!

Out in the housekeeper's dining-room Blagg and old Fargus, the latter Breed's ancient secretary, reduced through years of hopeless service to a mere automaton, lunched in equal silence, and Fargus would have been equally startled with Mrs. Rensselaer if he could have seen into the leaping mind of Blagg.

At Breed's table they had nearly finished when Breed, looking up from the bowl of mush and milk to which Zelphan confined him at noon, suddenly addressed Phillip. "Kelvin," said he, "if you had your own way about things what would you do?"

The question was so nearly in line with Kelvin's thoughts that it startled him, yet with a whimsical smile he replied,

"I would make myself emperor of the world."

"Good!" cried Lillian. "And I-I would be empress."

"Lillian!" primly protested Mrs. Rensselaer. "You don't mean anything, I know, but you should be no more bold here, even

in jest, than abroad."

"How do you know I don't mean it?" returned Lillian, with an earnestness which could not be altogether concealed by her raillery. "If Mr. Kelvin could make himself emperor of the world, I would exhaust every wile known to femininity, every stratagem known to diplomacy, every force known to warfare, to become his consort. To be empress of the world, to have life-and-death dominion over every living creature, to hold in my hand more power than has ever been possessed by any human being-for these things I would jeopardize my happiness, my life, my very soul."

Phillip glanced across at her with more interest than he had yet shown, and found, with a thrill which he could not deny, her

eyes shining into his. "Really," said Mrs. Rensselaer, rising,

"we are becoming very dramatic." "No," remarked her nephew dryly, getting up from his chair, "we are only telling our right names."

An hour or so later, Phillip, striving to gain a comprehensive grasp upon still another huge project he had in mind, had occasion to go into Blagg's room, and there he found Lillian. Blagg was glowing.

"You speak of dominion," Lillian said animatedly, conscious of her power over the gaunt operator, and, perhaps, using it to pique Phillip; "here it is," and she indicated

the new wireless apparatus, which, introduced but recently, was rapidly becoming universal. It was supplied with keys like a typewriter, and differed in only one essential respectthe paper in it was upon a roll like a ticker tape, and from either side of the machine a glass tube filled with a phosphorescent greenish light ran straight up to the ceiling.

"With all instruments thrown into key, Mr. Blagg can reach any one or all of the wireless stations on the face of the globe," she continued. "At his finger-tips is all the

As she spoke the greenish phosphorescence in the tubes began to glow and crackle in regular waves, the mechanism of the typewriting device began to click, and upon the tape there appeared a succession of "M's." Blagg self-consciously drew out his watch and held it while he watched the tape. The machine began to print figures beginning with "I" and ending with "IO," then one sharp click and another "M" was printed. He put his watch back into his pocket.

"Noon at Washington," he said. "I am not a second out of the way." Mechanically he reached out to the keys of his machine, and wrote upon it the letters of the alphabet, in apparent idleness, from "A" to "G" and

back again, then signed "D. B."

"Does that idle tampering with the keys carry any place?" asked Kelvin.

"All over the world," replied Blagg in a low voice, then suddenly arousing himself, he explained in an offhand manner, "You see, every day, at this hour, Washington time is sent out, not originally as a correctant of time all over the world, but as a test of all machines."

"Those letters, then, that you just printed?" asked Kelvin incredulously. "They were repeated, too, on every wireless machine in the world?"

"Yes," replied Blagg with a curious air of smiling repression; "every operator in the

world got that message."

It was upon the tip of Kelvin's tongue to say that it was a very trivial and inconsequential thing to do, to have perhaps ten thousand machines repeat all those idle letters at a time when they must be interrupting a number of important messages; but, after all, he reflected, that was the business of the International Wireless Company.

Kelvin suddenly heard the ring of a buzzer that sounded like his own, and he turned to leave the room. Lillian started out with him.

As they neared the door there was a crackling in the wireless tubes and a faint click. A phosphorescent glow flared upon the walls of the room. Kelvin turned, still impressed with the wonderful reach of the wireless, and found Blagg looking, not at the tape of the machine, but at him, with the utmost malevolence.

V

OLD FARGUS came shuffling into Kelvin's room. "Mr. Breed wishes me to tell you that Mr. Rollins has arrived, and that he would

like to see you in the library."

In that dim old room Kelvin found Rollins sitting uncompromisingly upright, his lips compressed, his jaw set, his eyes stern. Breed sat easily back in his chair. Kelvin was struck once more, as he had been a score of times, with the idea that, no matter what situation might arise, Breed was the psychological master of it.

Rollins brightened at the sight of Kelvin, and arose at once to shake hands with him. "Glad to see you, Kelvin," he said, and he meant it; for in the days when Kelvin, as a representative of Breed, was manipulating the bear market which broke up the Stock Exchange, Rollins had liked this unemotional young fellow. In spite of his frequent kindly smile there was a certain sternness about Rollins that never varied, a sternness of purpose that went well with his appearance of immaculate cleanness. He was a smooth-faced man of about fifty, with unusually frank eyes which inspired trust at once.

"Mr. Rollins, without any preliminary conversation, has just told me that he is not here for a compromise," Breed interposed

upon their greeting.

"I am sorry to hear that, Rollins," said Kelvin. "I have been going over the situation pretty thoroughly, and am willing to admit that if you fight us it will annoy us somewhat; but it will be a losing venture for you."

"I don't think it," returned Rollins, his face hardening. "I am willing to pit my reputation with the public against Mr.

Breed's at any time."

"Why make it a matter of reputation, Rollins?" suggested Breed. "Why not make it a matter of self-interest? I don't mind being frank with you, because subterfuge would be of no use. I want, and mean to have, control of the railroads; you want the

same thing. I think we both could be satisfied. I consider you the best railroad man in the United States to-day, and I want you to manage them. Let us put our stock and influence together, and we will both attain our ends."

"Impossible," declared Rollins. "Our ends are so radically different. I am not entirely a philanthropist, but here is a case where I look upon philanthropy as good business. Railroads have been conducted so exclusively for the profit, not of their stockholders, but of their control, that they have overreached themselves in that very aim. An entirely different system will render the roads more efficient, will enable us to carry more load with less horse-power, give better service in every way, and insure something that has never been attained in the history of railroads—absolute safety to the public as well as reasonable dividends."

"Precisely my own aims," stated Breed.
"I am perfectly willing that you should carry

out your ideas."

"I don't believe you," retorted Rollins bluntly; "nor could any amount of persuasion on your part convince me. I know your record too well. You were seventy-eight years old your last birthday, and for seventy-eight years you have worked exclusively for Henry Breed. It is not likely that you will change at this late day." He turned abruptly to Phillip. "Kelvin," he demanded, "do you believe what he says?"

Phillip was taken aback by the sudden-

ness of the question and hesitated.

Breed laughed. "It is one of Mr. Kelvin's unfortunate traits to be truthful," he observed, "and to save him embarrassment I would not press that question, Mr. Rollins. Instead, we might as well come distinctly to business. I want you for my manager, and I mean to have you. I offer you the opportunity now, directly and for the last time. Pool your stock with mine, giving me control and you management. Do you accept that?"

"No," said Rollins.
"Then I will take control," returned Breed.
"If I do, and offer you the general manage-

ment, will you accept it then?"

"If you gain absolute control," said Rollins with a short laugh, "and if, after you have done so, you offer me absolute management, with a free hand, then I shall believe you."

After Rollins had gone, Breed looked at Kelvin quizzically. "I suppose you have a solution for our problem?" he suggested.

"I am waiting to hear yours," said Phillip.
"There is only one feasible way," declared Breed promptly. "We must subsidize the press."

Kelvin did not laugh outright, but he came near it. "You have tried that, haven't you?" he ventured.

"Only in a minor degree," declared Breed,

"but found no trouble about it."

"No," admitted Phillip, "you had no trouble about it. That is, you wished to create a certain amount of sentiment, or ather a certain dispute of sentiment. When your agents found they could not influence certain papers, they took others, and they took the easiest ones, and the ones least worth while; but here you are proposing an entirely different proposition. You want to obtain control of all the railroads in the United States. Their ramifications extend into every state and territory and include nearly

one quarter of a million miles of track. Remember that the majority stockholders of practically every one of these roads are the public. order to reach them you must completely control almost every paper in the land; and even you have not enough money. Even if they were all for sale, which they are not, the amount necessary to acquire them would run into

the billions.
More of them than you think are not upon the market, and the surest way to antagonize them is to attempt to purchase

their principles. You cannot subsidize the press of the United States. Count that as final."

Breed nodded. He remembered one or two disastrous experiments during his early operations. "What, HIGH-HANDED, YOU

then, do you propose?" he asked. "From your attitude you evidently have in mind a plan of action."

"I am not quite ready to lay it before you," replied Phillip. "It still requires some figuring."

"I suppose you will let me know when you have quite made up your mind about it," Breed suggested with sarcasm.

"Yes," admitted Phillip calmly.

Breed frowned. "Don't get too highhanded, young man," he warned. "Remember that, after all, I am providing the weight that gives our plans momentum."

"Mr. Breed," said Phillip, rising, "suppose, as it would be certain to come up again, that we dispose of this phase of the matter at once. Any time you object to my methods tell me to go, and it won't require your private militia to put me out of the grounds. I was worth two and a half million dollars when I came to you, and this you cannot take from me. I am here with you, however, because I want to use the enormous power of your money for purposes of my own. Aside from these purposes, which are not a matter of life and death to me, I assure you, I don't need you or your money."

Breed looked at him a moment, then lay back in his chair and rubbed his hands to-

> gether and chuckled until it threw him into a fit of coughing. "And in the meantime," he gasped, struggling for breath, "I suppose you intend to

render value received. Go ahead, my boy, and see who gets the most out of it. I wouldn't part with you for anything. This two million and a half of yours, by the way; is it in cash?"

"No," replied Phillip; "it is in highly profitable oil-, coal-, and iron-lands, into the extension of which my profits are going as fast as I am making them. I hypothecated them in order to get in on our Stock Exchange deal; but immedi-



BREED FROWNED. "DON'T GET TOO HIGH-HANDED, YOUNG MAN," HE SAID

ately removed that encumbrance as soon as the deal was concluded. So far as the cash is concerned, I had rather you would have it than me; it has so much more weight when thrown into one pile."

Again Henry Breed lay back and chuckled, and he followed Phillip out of the room with

extremely friendly eyes.

VI

MRS. RENSSELAER, always drowsy after a meal, and always fighting off that drowsiness for reasons not entirely unconnected with embonpoint, sat upon the balcony outside of her own apartments, after the early dinner customary at Forest Lakes. The level rays of the low-lying sun shot long streams of red light through the trees. The hush of coming twilight was in the air, and the cries of the sleepy birds as, swift winged, they sought their nests gave Mrs. Rensselaer the fight of her

existence to keep awake.

A loud guffaw, ending in a shrill falsetto and echoed by a high soprano laugh, rich and mellow, aroused her. From the rear of the house emerged black Sam and Lucy, the colored kitchen-maid, who cut across from the kitchen-grounds and started up the northwest path, pushing each other, dancing and cavorting over the roadway like a pair of nervous monkeys, as Mrs. Rensselaer expressed it to herself. Such loose care of the servants was most reprehensible in Mrs. Rensselaer's mind, and she meant to speak sharply to the housekeeper about it. She was highly indignant that they should be allowed to wander off in that way. She had half a notion to call to them, and would have done so except for her distaste of personal conflict with such animals.

New voices claimed her attention and awakened her still more. She leaned forward and peered over the edge of the balcony. Young Rensselaer and Elsie White came strolling from toward the back of the house, talking quite earnestly, and struck out into the southwest roadway. Mrs. Rensselaer stiffened. It was perfectly disgraceful of Herbert so far to forget his station in life. There was no telling what influence this designing young person might bring to bear upon him! If Herbert had not sense enough to watch out for himself, some one ought to look after him. The boy was throwing away the chance of a lifetime, here under the same roof with the richest girl in the world.

Still new voices smote upon her ear. From the front porch Phillip and Lillian stepped down and strode up the northwest path, Lillian clinging to Phillip's arm and chattering volubly, even excitedly. Mrs. Rensselaer, estimable lady, arose instantly.

"How indiscreet!" she murmured. "I must see that the dear child is instantly

chaperoned."

She hurried down the stairs, hastily selected a light wrap from the hall-tree, and hurried out. To her annoyance, however, she caught the lace of her wrap in the catch of the screen-door, and was occupied some minutes in releasing it. When she had finally loosed herself, Lillian and Phillip had so complete a start on her that they were lost to view. For perhaps twenty minutes she followed them, marveling how swiftly the twilight had settled down, and beginning to feel an eeriness which made its first impression in compelling her to draw her wrap closer about her. She was just upon the point of turning back, torn between her fear and her desire to prevent Phillip and Lillian from coming to some understanding that might destroy her hopes for her nephew, when, at a turn in the road, she saw them under the dim avenue of trees, just ahead of

Even as she looked she saw Lillian suddenly turn and throw her arms about Phillip. For a moment she stopped to gasp, and then hurried on with an intention born of angry determination. What had really happened was that Lillian had stepped upon a loose, round stone and had slightly turned her foot. Instantly she had wheeled and clutched at Phillip for support, clasping him by the arm and throwing the other up over his shoulder; and then, the wrenched ankle forgotten, she had clung to him in ecstasy for a full moment which seemed an age. The catch in her voice had become a single sob.

When Mrs. Rensselaer arrived upon them she found Phillip erect. He had done no more than to clasp Lillian as he might to steady her, but he was pale and trembling, though this she could not see in the darkness.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Rensselaer coldly, "I seem to be interrupting something of an entirely personal nature."

"Appearances are deceitful," replied Phillip, laughing, and concealed the tremulousness of his voice as best he could. "I fancy that Miss Lillian has sprained her ankle, and I think that she is faint."

"If Miss Lillian were to choose less dim paths for her strolls she would not be in such danger," quoth Mrs. Rensselaer dryly. "As her chaperon, I must ask both of you to be a little more circumspect in the future; and as her friend, I must return with her to the house, and see what we can do for that sprained

ankle. Come with me, Lillian."

She led the girl away unresisting. Her limp was slight, but she tottered as she walked; her hand, as Mrs. Rensselaer took it and put it in her arm, was limp and cold with moisture, and for the first time in her life she obeyed every suggestion of Mrs. Rensselaer's as if she had been a child. Mrs. Rensselaer looked back, expecting Phillip to come with them and offer to assist Lillian home, but he stood in the same spot, numbed, not even thinking. His mind was a blank except for the tumult of emotions that see thed within him.

He had a rude awakening from this attitude. Mrs. Rensselaer and Lillian had no sooner turned the bend in the road than a tall, gaunt form sprang from among the shrubbery at the roadside. Strong, lank hands clutched him by the shoulders and shook him, and a lean face with prominent cheek-bones confronted his own closely, while a pair of eyes, phosphorescent in the dimness like a cat's, blazed into his.

"Let her alone!" hissed the voice of Blagg. "You don't care for her. Let her alone!" "Take your hands from my shoulders," said Phillip firmly, offering as yet no resist-

ance except in his tenseness of muscle. "Let her alone, I say!" repeated Blagg fiercely, and, spasmodically tightening his clutch, he once more tried to shake Phillip, but this time shook his own frailer body; for Phillip had stiffened himself.

"I'll give you just one more second of warning," cautioned Phillip, drawing up his

arms and clenching his fists.

Neither one had time for parley, however, for a huge black shape hurled itself upon Blagg like a whirlwind, huge black fingers seized him by the throat, and a huge black body bore him to the ground. There was a rattle in Blagg's throat; above his face was bent the face of big Sam, distorted almost out of all semblance to humanity, and he was snarling like a wild beast, displaying huge yellow teeth; his eyes had suddenly gone bloodshot, and he was shaking his head from side to side, as the fingers of his enormous hands kneaded themselves more and more into the throat of Blagg

The whole thing had occupied but an instant, and yet there was such imminent danger that Kelvin sprang forward in fright.

"Sam!" he cried. "Sam! Sam! Sam!" he repeated over and over, shouting and screaming it into his ear, grabbing his shoulders and pulling him back; but Sam neither felt nor heard. In desperation, to save Blagg's life, Phillip hauled back and gave the negro a resounding kick in the side. With a huge "Huh!" Sam suddenly relaxed, but still his heavy body hung poised over that of Blagg, with his weight upon the man's throat; but now it was no task for Kelvin, stooping down, to topple Sam over. As he did so Lucy came flying from the hillside, and, bending over Sam, let loose upon Kelvin such a flood of vituperation as he had never heard before, at the same time pillowing Sam's head upon her arm. Sam, recovering himself with marvelous quickness, stopped her flow of language by the simple expedient of clapping a broad palm over her mouth and holding her head against that gag by pressing his other hand at the back of her neck; and for once Lucy, as she scrambled to her feet, taken by surprise in the quick succession of events, was overcome and had no words.

Phillip, in the meantime, had bent over Blagg and loosened his collar, and was fanning him. "Sam," said he sharply, "there is a spring down there in the ravine; hurry and get some water in your hat."

"Ah hope Ah ain't done gone an' done no damage to 'im, Marse Phillip," said Sam contritely. "Ah suah done fohgot when to leave go; but Ah jes' can' stan' to see no one tech yo', Marse Phillip."

"Hurry and get that water," ordered Phillip. "Remember, Sam, next time, to give me a chance to handle my own diffi-

culties."

"Yas, sah," said Sam as he plunged over the bank.

He brought water, but it took some time to revive Blagg. When he rose to his feet there was a little trickle of blood running from the corner of his mouth, and Phillip offered him a handkerchief.

"Never mind," said Blagg, waving it away. He was quite himself, and refused any assistance. He started toward the house, wiping his lips with his own handkerchief and feeling of his neck. He staggered for a few paces, then squared his shoulders and walked sturdily away.

Phillip looked at Sam and Lucy, standing

together abashed before him, with huge distaste. "We're a bunch of wildcats," he said. "But, after all," and he looked about him at the darkening woods, "we are in the right place for it. Back to nature, back to savagery!"

VII

PHILLIP walked into Breed's study confidently the next morning. "It is going to cost you something to get those proxies, whether you attempt your impossible plan of subsidizing the newspapers or whether you

go about it in some other way," he declared.

"I am quite willing that it should," replied Breed.
"I expect it to cost me, perhaps, a billion, even if a plan can be devised by which we can manage it."

"I can't tell you how to subsidize the newspapers, but I know how to subsidize the state of the state

sidize the public,"



A HUGE BLACK SHAPE HURLED ITSELF UPON BLAGG LIKE A WHIRLWIND

said Phillip with a smile, and handed Breed a sheet of paper.

Breed glanced at it and elevated his eyebrows, then he whistled. "This is going to cost an enormous amount of money," he declared.

"It would seem so at first," admitted Phillip; "but here are the figures," and he handed Breed another sheet of paper.

Breed studied this latter long and earnestly, then he rose and gave Kelvin his hand. "Young man," he exclaimed, "if heaven had only blessed me with a son or a grandson like you!"

"It is a pity that your granddaughter was not born a boy," suggested Phillip.

Breed shook his head and sighed. "It is a gift that she was not," he replied. "That is the only family luck for which I have to be thankful. No human being susceptible to emotion or sentiment can ever rise to great achievement!"

Phillip colored slightly, and Breed's sharp eyes caught the flush. He raised a warning finger.

"Remember, young man," said he, "that it is in youth these things must be fought. Were it not for that, old age would have no chance in this world for preferment. In the meantime, go ahead with your scheme of subsidization. At what time does your plan include making the attempt for proxies?"

"Within two weeks," replied Kelvin. "If you will excuse me I will put this on the wire at once."

With some curiosity, remembering the events of the night before, he went into Blagg's room. Blagg looked up as if nothing had ever happened, though the effort was hard to convey in view of the black-and-blue marks on his neck.

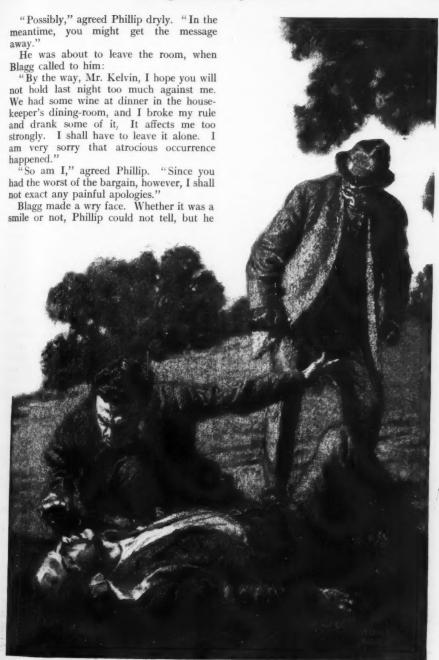
"Good morning," said Kelvin, equally willing to ignore what was finished. "Here is some stuff I wish to get off."

Blagg looked it over, then read it more carefully and nodded his head. "This is your scheme," he declared familiarly. "Of course there is an ulterior motive behind it, but even so, this is an act that will work real good to the people, and it will operate in

Breed's favor when the day of accounting comes."

"The day of accounting?" repeated Phillip.

"Yes," replied Blagg. "There is always a day of reckoning, isn't there?"



"AH HOPE AH AIN'T DONE GONE AN' DONE NO DAMAGE TO 'IM, MARSE PHILLIP," SAID SAM CONTRITELY

smiled to himself as he returned to his own office. The excuse that Blagg had been drinking was too transparent for credence, nor could he comprehend the passions which had led the operator so thoroughly to lose his balance. Without emotions himself, to any appreciable degree, he could not understand them in others, but nevertheless he was resolved that Blagg should have no more cause for such insane exhibitions, this not because of Blagg, but because of himself. The incident of the night before had shown him that he had a trace of weakness that must be guarded, if he was to carry out the limitless ambition that was in his mind.

For the ensuing month there was a new order of things. Phillip had never sought Lillian, but now he avoided her persistently. Young Rensselaer, having passed some bad half-hours with his aunt, compromised for the sake of peace, and for the first day or so he avoided Elsie White. That young lady, having keen penetration and a good spirit of her own, and not caring particularly about Rensselaer anyhow, could not be found after the second day, so Rensselaer and Lillian were of necessity thrown together; and Lillian made matters easy for Rensselaer had he desired to follow out his aunt's wishes, for she strove now to make Phillip jealous. She was wasting her time in that effort, for Phillip had in hand what were to him much graver matters.

The propaganda he had put forth began to bear results. Breed would not say how well pleased he was with the outcome as clippings began to pour in from the bureau of his New Jersey offices, but secretly he was delighted, and daily he went down into the vault and gloated over the money that was there. Meanwhile Phillip delved into fresh statistics, covering wider and still wider plans of which Breed knew nothing—and Blagg practised upon his combination lock!

The name of Breed was now upon every lip. It had always been, for that matter, but in terms of execration. Now that sentiment was tempered. There were thousands of columns of editorials printed about him and his great philanthropic movement. Fully half the papers declared that he had an ulterior motive; a large number of them found the true one, and lost no time in pointing it out with the utmost scorn; but the great fact remained that the boon which he had promised the people had gone into immediate effect, and that every man in the United

States reaped an immediate and direct benefit. A complete revulsion of feeling toward Breed set in. With the customary haste with which the American public turns upon its own opinions, Breed became a saint overnight: in his old age he had developed a large heart; he was bent upon making his peace with his Creator; he was now restoring to the public a part of the inheritance of which he had so enormously robbed it; he was really, at bottom, and always had been, a great and good and generous man! Were not the poor, as well as the rich, now his daily beneficiaries?

Phillip's plan had been very simple. It was merely the issuance to the newspapers of this proclamation:

Beginning to-morrow, the price of bread, of the same weight and quality as heretofore, will be reduced, throughout the United States, from five to four cents a loaf. This price will continue until a committee, to be selected by the public, can determine from my books and records the actual cost of bread delivered to the consumer. Immediately upon that investigation bread will be provided at

upon that investigation bread will be provided at actual cost. I have made my fortune, and desire no more. From this day on, my bread-factories shall be run in the interest of the public alone.

There it was—bread at cost! It was the most tremendous sensation that had ever been given space in the papers since Breed had completed his consolidation of all the cereal food industries in the United States. No argument could hold against that. It was an argument which was additionally clinched every time a man bought six loaves of bread for a quarter and received a penny in change.

At exactly the psychological moment Phillip launched his campaign for the control of railroad stocks, and for thirty days there waged the great battle of the proxies, a battle no less bitter because silent, no less ferocious because unseen, no less relentless because

there was no bloodshed.

The forces allied with Rollins themselves attempted publicity. They sent out appeal after appeal to the conservative investors, that enormous army of minor stockholders who were the real controlling interest, if they once could be massed, of all the roads; they sent arguments, statistics, and, finally, broad-side after broadside of attacks, personal and economic, dignified and scurrilous, against Breed. But against their publicity Breed had put an enormous practical benefit; against their appeals he had put an enormous practical benefit; against their attacks

he had put an enormous practical benefit; and the tide of public favor, springing not from the printed pages of the morning and afternoon papers, but from lip to lip, set in so strongly in his direction that it reached every investor. Bread at four cents! Later at cost!

To the victor belong the spoils, and the spoils of this war were the proxies. Breed got the proxies, and through personal representatives from his New Jersey offices he walked into one meeting after another with a majority of stock. He had succeeded, through Kelvin, in that apparently impos-sible dream of every railroad man since Stephenson invented the steam-engine-the concentration of every railroad in the United States under one management. Then he sent for Rollins.

VIII

"Well, I kept my word," said Breed. told you I meant to have control of every mile of railroad in the United States, and now I have it. I have sent for you to take over their management."

Rollins was pale, and there were dark rings under his eyes. "I don't know if I want it. There is only one condition under which I could accept, and it would be folly in me to expect you to grant me that."

"You might mention it," observed Breed

"The condition is that I may do as I see fit, may work absolutely unhampered. Man," he suddenly burst forth, "you don't know how many years I have dreamed of this! It has been the ambition of my life to put this great public utility upon the plane of its proper relation to the public.'

"That is my own dream," Breed declared. Rollins shrugged his shoulders incredu-

"You don't believe it?" inquired Breed. "I find belief difficult," said Rollins. "Moreover, I had imagined that Mr. Kelvin here was to have some say in the matter of management."

Breed smiled and looked at Phillip. have larger work for him," he said.

"Larger!" exclaimed Rollins. "Can there be anything bigger than to combine a quarter of a million miles of railroad, every foot of transportation highway in the United States, under one economic head, eliminating graft and putting them all upon a working basis of legitimate profit and public safety?

Breed waved his hand. "Much larger," said he. "This is only an incident. I wish you would tell me just what reforms you pro-

pose instituting, Mr. Rollins?"
"First of all," said Rollins earnestly, reassured, "I would secure for every through line one-hundred-and-twenty-pound, openhearth steel rails, made in new mills from larger ingots and kneaded into a proper consistency by an entirely new system of rolls. There are other things that need to be donethe establishment of perfect block systems, of automatic brakes and other accidentpreventing devices, and the abolition of grade crossings-but the main matter of public safety rests in perfect rails. Ten years ago I tried to fight this proposition, and I nearly succeeded. The Tallahassee Iron and Coal Company offered to make open-hearth rails to my specifications. They had the ore, the process, and the nucleus of the mills; but they would have had a monopoly of the busi-They would either have driven the Unified Steel Corporation out of the business, or have compelled them to adopt the openhearth process, the only present process of manufacture which produces steel without dangerous brittleness. The Unified Steel Corporation found that to control the stock of the Tallahassee Iron and Coal Company was much cheaper and more profitable than to spend the needed millions in re-equipping their plant, and it was a then high government official who enabled them to gain control by refusing a needed federal injunction. That official was directly responsible for the loss of a hundred thousand lives, through that act alone."

"Your first step, then, would be to begin a fight on the Unified Steel Corporation," observed Breed.

"That, in a nutshell, is our problem," declared Rollins.

"Your problem is already solved, Mr. Rollins," said Kelvin with a smile. "Mr. Breed's control of the railroads has left the Unified Steel Corporation high and dry. The panic compelled even them to release stock which would have hampered us had they been able to hold it. They know that they are beaten, for if they do not produce the precise product which we want they know that we will refuse them not only patronage, but transportation. Moreover, we have secured entire control of the Iroquois Iron Range; and no matter what the Unified Steel Corporation does, we shall set up our own



HENRY BREED

rolling-mills and make rails by our own process, from our own ore. The establishment of these mills, in the way you want them, and the making of steel rails according to your own specifications, would probably be your first move."

"But the program will be left entirely to your own discretion," interrupted Breed. "You shall have a contract for one year, renewable for ten years if your preliminary steps meet with my approval."

"Allow me to understand," said Rollins.
"In that year I am to be absolutely without interference in any way?"

"With one exception," replied Breed.

"Here is a list of names. These men are not to be employed in any capacity nor benefited in any way."

Rollins looked over the list and smiled. "There isn't a man here whom I would lift a finger to save. There is not a man in that list but has had an interest in a car company, a coupler company, a brake company, a locomotive-tire company, or some other manufacturing concern which furnished supplies to his own railroad at enormous prices. There is to be no graft in the new construction."

"Certainly not!" agreed Breed. "These roads must be conducted for legitimate profit and public safety. If there is any graft I want it myself; and I am content to take dividends for mine."

Rollins shrugged his shoulders. "That is a matter for your directorate. I don't want to be bothered with that part of the financing."

"Then go ahead," said Breed. "For one year you are the absolute dictator of the largest empire in the world, the combined railroads of the United States."

"Will you put that in writing?" asked Rollins.

Breed looked at Kelvin.

"It is already written," said the latter, and from his desk he took a contract, confined to one sheet of paper, which he handed to Rollins.

That gentleman took the paper, read it over, and caught his breath. "It is a generous salary," he admitted; "more generous than I would have dared to ask for."

"Huh! I am saving money on it," declared Breed. "It's only a portion of a thousand fancy salaries that I expect you to stop at once."

Rollins nodded his head in comprehension. "I will take great pleasure in stopping a few of them," he stated.

Breed rubbed his hands slowly together in satisfaction. "As soon as you like," he returned. "Mr. Kelvin will show you his very clever plan for dispensing with interstate-commerce- and anti-combination-law interference, and will make you at home as a part of our official family at Forest Lakes. Of course you will have offices wherever you like, but you will have a personal office here, too, with such assistance as you need, that you can visit when necessary. I, myself, do not intend to go to the city any more."

Kelvin conducted Rollins to a room, next to his own, that had been fitted with a commodious desk and all that should go with it. It was the first time Phillip had been in this apartment. When he had first come to Forest Lakes he had wondered to find, in this new wing of the building, an office so perfectly equipped as his own. He had noticed no preparations in the past few weeks, and yet here was another office equipped with every needful appointment. Rollins sat upon the desk and looked about him smilingly.

"Looks fairly complete, doesn't it? Did

you have a hand in this?"

"No," said Kelvin, puzzled and piqued as well. "It has been arranged for a long time, I think. Mr. Breed has been planning to make Forest Lakes the capital of New York

city."

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"Perhaps the capital of the United States," retorted Rollins, smiling in answer to the jest. "Who knows? He has a good start. He has paid a lot of attention to detail, too. Everything is complete now except the secretary," and idly he touched one of the row of buttons along the right-hand edge of his desk, the one marked "Secretary."

Instantly the door of the adjoining room opened, and a sober-faced and non-committallooking young man, ruddy cheeked and clean eyed and tow headed, walked in, notebook

in hand.

"Hello," said Rollins. "Who are you?"
"I am your secretary, sir. I came last night. My name is Jens Nelson."

"Swedish, eh?" guessed Rollins.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Nelson. "I am a graduate of the Minnesota Technical College, founded by Mr. Breed, and am one of his scholarship men."

Rollins smiled over the naïveté of this admission. It was quite evident that he had, as his most intimate man of affairs, a youth who owed so strong an allegiance to Breed that he could never be won to allegiance to anyone else. Oh, well; he welcomed such

espionage. His acts were going to bear inspection; only, he would leave Mr. Nelson in charge of the seldom-visited Forest Lakes headquarters.

"All right, Mr. Nelson," said he. "You have a telegraph operator here, I believe,

Mr. Kelvin."

"Wireless," amended Phillip.

Rollins glanced at his row of buttons and nodded his head. "I see," said he, "but I was not sure that it was yet in operation. Mr. Nelson, you may take these Marconigrams," and without any hesitation he began dictating peremptory discharges to a long list of railroad officials.

Thus set in the new empire—the empire of the iron highways; an empire which held under its absolute control the commercial destinies of the nation; an empire more powerful than any ever conceived by man; an empire which could build a city or could isolate it from the world, which could ruin a business or wax it fat like a gourd upon its vine; against whose edict there could be no appeal; to whose progress there could be no resistance; whose tentacles were fastened upon every city and village and hamlet, upon every farm and mine and forest, upon every capitalist, merchant, farmer, and laborer in the United States; and those powerful tentacles could either suck the life-blood from all these municipalities, institutions, and men, or could feed them. It was a reign that began peacefully and quietly, as peacefully and as quietly as the stern Rollins, with a smile, dispossessed half a thousand men from their fat sinecures; but as he worked, Henry Breed, attended by Doctor Zelphan and carrying a bundle of golf-sticks, stopped in the door a moment.

"By the way, Rollins," said he, "there is only one personal provision I wish to make, and that must be seen to from the first. I want my dividends all in cash. Nothing else,

understand; just cash!"

The third " Cash Intrigue" story, entitled "The Battle of the Trusts," will appear in the next issue.



Christianity in the Crucible

By Harold Bolce

All "looking before leaping" is transitional or revolutionary, and while, of course, there had been transitions and degrees of scientific inquiry before, the science of the Greeks belongs to that very critical transition from Greece to Rome; and modern science, to the transition, certainly not less critical, from Christendom to—who can say to what?—Alfred H. Lloyd.

Editor's Note.—It has been shown in the series of articles beginning with "Blasting at the Rock of Ages" that our great universities repudiate the dogma and orthodoxy of the established church, and proclaim a new religion divested of Biblical and church creed. Why do the most profound scholars in our institutions of learning undertake this revolutionary work? What do they hope to accomplish? It seemed mandatory that Mr. Bolce should seek from them a concise explanation of the motives that inspire them and the end which they hope to attain.

The answer is here. The schoolmen have placed Christianity in a scholars' crucible. They are determined upon reducing sacred institutions to scientific tests. The college men approach the subject with the greatest reverence. It is false to characterize them as atheists or iconoclasts. They assert that what we need is not less of God but more of God. They prophesy the introduction into the world of a system of belief superior to the Christianity of the ages. Their whole attack is against what they define as dissipated medieval myths as embodied in the Holy Writ.



HE revelation of what the colleges are teaching has profoundly stirred America. Why they teach these doctrines (as disclosed in the articles beginning with "Blasting at the Rock of Ages" in the May Cosmo-POLITAN) is even a more sensational revelation than the

fact that assaults upon venerated foundations had begun. Clergymen throughout the United States have declared that the colleges are destroying everything that humanity holds sacred. Regarding this indictment, I have asked college presidents and professors for evidence in rebuttal, and their answer, in justification of the new heresy, is astounding. It is a sweeping condemnation of the church, as one of the leading obstacles in the way of man's spiritual unfolding

Conspicuous in the college teaching has been an assault upon the ten commandments, the church, the Bible, and the popular conception of God. Of the college professors who take this ground many say that the dogmas and interpretations of the church not only should be disbelieved and repudiated, but should be denounced as harmful to

mankind. Instead of tearing down spiritual refuges and leaving man defenseless, the college men contend that they are giving the world a new and nobler thought, designed to redeem humanity from the bondage of belief. They assert that the last slavery from which man must be freed is the slavery to sacred myth, for the doctrines and traditions that deal with fear have been the instruments that have tortured the spirit of man and kept him from his true development. Instead of living in harmony with God, the church, the colleges say, has set up a celestial czar, a conception which has been an injury to man, because it has given him a sense of weakness, inferiority, and fear. And fear has been the deadening element in the whole history of man's faiths and wars. The colleges say that the church, through its fear of new truth, has at all times been an obstacle to progress. Dr. Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell University, says that the church, in its apprehension of the progress of learning, persecuted Roger Bacon, and by so doing, "did more harm to Christianity and the world than has been done as a result of all the efforts of all the atheists who have ever lived."

Prof. Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, Prof. Frank Sargent Hoffman, of Union College, and scores of others say that the church is the last to come into the possession of truth; that it often lags behind even in the matter of the progressive conscience of the time; that it has had to recede from its position in every field of science; and that it is still receding and must continue to make way for the progress of truth in spiritual matters. For many professors assert that the church, as revealed by the outcry over the disclosures of what the universities teach, is still engaged in the effort to strangle thought.

The college indictment against the church is comprehensive. In Boston University it is taught that "Bible texts have been arrayed

against astronomy, geology, political economy, philosophy, geography, religious toleration, antislavery, mercy to decrepit old women called witches, anatomy, medicine, vaccination, anesfanning-mills, thetics, lightning-rods, life-insurance, women speaking in church and going to the general conference.'

All of these, as Professor Bowne and many other college men point out, and particularly the incident of women speaking in the church and going to its councils. "have been declared, solemnly and with much emotion, to make the word of God of no effect." And as the opposition to truth, as it is claimed, is still the rôle of religious bodies, the inescapable duty of unfettered institutions of learning is to give the world a new revelation. The professors believe that civilization is under

the domination of many false doctrines, and that the fact that these are held sacred is no reason why they should be preserved.

The college men say that they criticize the God of the Christians' conception because such a God is not big enough for the demands of this enlightened century. Not that God is

not the omnipotent God of the soul, but that the churches have not realized his power, being content to worship a God who, according to what is cherished as inspired writ, did not know the shape of the earth! They say it is not strange that Comte should say of the Christians' God that science would "ultimately escort him to the frontier and bow him out with thanks for his professional services." No less than such a performance is now the ambitious program of American philosophers. In so teaching the professors are not conscious of irreverence. What is needed in this age is not less of God but more, they say, though the teach-

ing of Christianity that the soul of man is dependent upon a spiritual overlord—one terrible in anger, though moved at times to compassion —is to them a doctrine at variance with the enlightened thought of the twentieth century.

The present crusade of the colleges is surcharged with the conviction that the churches and church thought are not only behind the times, but that they have throughout the centuries been an obstacle to human advance, and are even now the last barrier keeping man out of his true spiritual kingdom. They say that man has earned the right to know the truth, the truth that will make him free; and that man's ignorance of his power in a world of spirit, where he could, if he would, be master, with all the harmony, health, happiness, and abun-

dance that that mastery implies, is the secret of the centuries of travail, hatred, wars, and crimes that have cursed the world.

This, then, is the announced justification of the college arraignment of many cherished institutions. The old indictment, drawn up by irreverent critics against the church, is



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ANDREW D. WHITE

(Ex.-Pres. Cornell University)

By its persecution of Roger Bacon the church "did more harm to Christianity and the world than has been done as a result of all the efforts of all the atheists who have ever lived"

repeated with a new force and a new mean-It is pointed out that it was religious Jerusalem, not pagan Rome, that clamored for the crucifixion. Motley and Draper and other historians have been cited in support of the teaching that the church in many ages murdered more people than it saved. these victims were burned alive, strangled, or beheaded, not for crimes committed, but in some cases for reading the Scriptures, or looking askance at a graven image, or smiling at an idolatrous procession as it passed.

The divine right of the church has gone the way of the discredited divine right of kings. The stream of blood that started on Calvary, and at times in later ages swelled into a crimson

torrent, has been stayed; but the spirit-world of the church is still afflicted with fire and torment and religious vengeance. The fear of the future has not yet been lifted from the race. But all this is merely incidental in the count against Christianity. The teaching of the most advanced philosophers is that the church's proclaiming that suffering is sent into the world to satisfy divine purposes and to chasten and purify the souls of men is monstrous. The psychologists, particularly those who have subscribed to the principles of psychotherapy, declare that a large portion of the ills of mankind are the result of false and fearful thinking. Dogma and disease are companion adversaries of man's high estate.

But the college men are not blind to what the church has accomplished. In this phase of the subject they are peculiarly catholic. But it is taught now in practically all the departments of philosophy in the great universities that a new revelation is quickening this age, and that it is not only the right but the duty of the colleges to stand, if they can,

BORDEN P. BOWNE (Boston University)

"Only that is divine . . . that helps men spiritually Godward, and makes them more effective in working the work of God upon the earth"

as interpreters of the acceptable year of the Lord. Prof. R. M. Wenley, of the University of Michigan, teaches that we have every reason to anticipate great changes in Christianity. world of thought is in progress of such profound alteration that orthodox belief can scarcely escape the transforming effects of the new idea of God. Hundreds of thousands of young men and young women in America are coming under the influence of the new university philosophy, and instead of being apologetic for the teaching that the God of the colleges is greater than the God of the church, the university philosophers look forward with composure and even elation to the ultimate surrender of what they regard as discredited beliefs.

Professor Wenley says that Christianity, to survive, must invoke new powers calculated to convince latter-day men of the value of life "as in every case consecrated by the indwelling of the Eternal." Christianity's conception of the absolute cannot remain fixed and static. Marvelous transformations are possible and, Professor Wenley believes, at hand. The unsearchable riches of the Nazarene's character and influence have not been exhausted, even by the church.

Professor Bowne teaches that the new religion will not deal with signs and wonders. "Only that is divine in this matter," he says, "that helps men spiritually Godward, and makes them more effective in working the work of God upon the earth." This, he explains, is the one sure distinction between the work of the Spirit "and the revelations of chloroform, the contagion of religious crowds, the imaginations of ignorance, and the self-hypnotizations of conceit." He teaches that the deepest source of religious error has been the false naturalism and the false supernaturalism which have led to looking for God

only in manifestations outside of the order of natural law.

The old moral despotism, President Hadley, of Yale, teaches, used to say, "You must do this; you must do that," but "precepts that take this shape are not morality, they are law, and only a part of the law at that." The new morality opens to man the opportunity of choosing the unselfish side. The day for supernatural sanctions, he says, has passed.

The professors believe that the mightiest movement the world has witnessed is now under way—a movement destined to sweep away the mass of ritual which has kept man from a clear vision of God. It is taught in the universities that we have been repeating for nearly two thousand years that God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth, but that, nevertheless, it would not be hard to find multitudes of people and many denominations who regard God as a stickler for etiquette, so that some external rite or ceremony is a necessary condition for salvation,

and that only certain persons can perform the rite or the ceremony.

To pave the way for an understanding of the philosophy of spiritual liberty, the professors take up its preliminary phases. Thus, some say that marriage is not a sacrament: that there are and can be holier alliances outside the marriage bond than within it; and even that it is contrary to the higher laws of the spirit to set up a legal relationship as superior to the spontaneous preference of a man and woman who find in their love a security more sacred than anything the church can create.

If marriage is a sacrament, the professors do not hesitate to say, divorce is similarly sacred. In fact, divorce is one of the conveniences through which the spirit is finding

liberty. It is interesting in this connection to note that the Christian Science church makes no provision for marriage. It, like the breaking of the bonds, is in keeping with the spiritual prophecy that in God's Arcady there will be no marrying. Such is the most advanced of the strange and daring university thought. It is, therefore, easy to understand why Prof. George Elliott Howard, of the University of Nebraska, teaches that the contemporary increase of divorce is a "mighty process of spiritual liberation."

Religion, in its assumption of a right over marriage, is regarded by many professors as a form of superstitious ritual. As it is taught in Yale, religion "blesses" marriage, or secures the favor of the higher powers who distribute good and bad fortune. As there is no way to guarantee the happiness of either party, save in reliance on the character of the other, marriage is a most uncertain lottery, and therefore Professor Sumner teaches that all stages of civilization devices to determine luck have been connected with weddings.

Divination has frequently been employed. But, he says, "the notion that a religious ceremony makes a marriage and defines it had no currency until the sixteenth Christian century." It is held that marriage in the church to-day is purely a matter of taste, sentiment, and popular judgment, and that the tendency to march in the bridal procession away from the magistrate's court to the religious altar has been somewhat "due to the ideas of women in regard to suitable pomp and glory."

On this important question of marriage, I recently talked with Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, the celebrated sociologist of Columbia University. Professor Giddings has taught that it is not right to set up a technical legal



ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY
(President Yale University)

The old moral despotism said, "You must do this; you must do that." The new morality opens to man the opportunity of choosing the unselfish side relationship, an economic convenience, or a circumstance of social conventionality as morally superior to the spontaneous preference of a man and a woman who know, and whose friends know, that they love each other.

"It may surprise many people to learn that I believe in marriage, but as I am not an ecclesiastic, I do not believe in sacramental marriage," he said. "Marriage is not a religious rite, but purely a civil contract."

Thus, the execution of a deed or a will or a contract drawn up between co-partners for the purpose of carrying on a sale in dry goods or groceries is just as sacred, from a sociological sense, as a marriage. Marriage is not divine. Men and women are not joined together by the

decrees of any God.

"Formerly," Professor Giddings explained, "the family was held together by three leading factors. First, the family was an economic unit. It manufactured all sorts of commodities. The family was the forerunner of the factory, but that condition has passed out, and the industrial forces which tended then to make the family group a small cooperative system have gathered into new channels. Manufacturing, therefore, is no longer conducive to the integrity of family life. Second, the right of the head of the family formerly to hold exclusive title to property was one of the secrets of making the family a coherent unit. Now, in most of our commonwealths, the wife can hold property in her own name. And third, the old religious standards were potent in making the domestic unit definite. Today, these three extraneous forces formerly making for family coherence have largely died out. The result is a new form of freedom, and with the economic emancipation of woman, divorce is on the increase.'

MARRIAGE A TERMINABLE CIVIL CONTRACT

The consensus of college teaching is that marriage is purely a civil contract which should be terminable at the will of either party, and that the church should have no more to do with it than with the conveyance of real estate; that religion should be no more permitted to intervene against divorce than to say that a man should not have the right to withdraw money deposited in a bank; and that when humanity realizes the true meaning of marriage the home will cease to be the domain of tyranny and fear. Therefore they teach to American young men and women that marriage is not decreed by God and that

no commandments against divorce are divine. As the professors teach that what progress the world has made has resulted from preliminary repudiation of crude or spurious ideas and institutions, they do not hesitate to demolish, if they can, all that they consider to be in the way of the new gospel of humanity. Prof. Edward A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, a man of insight and genius, has stated that "albeit beliefs are associated with many of the means of control, a type of restraint, when it gets inextricably entangled with a particular cosmology or theology, when it rests squarely upon some dogma such as the last judgment or the divine fatherhood or the Unseen Friend, must be regarded askance, however transcendent its services. Either the dogma collapses, and with it the restraint built upon it, leaving the last state of a man worse than the first, or else the dogma, obstinately protected, becomes a stumblingblock to enlightenment, a barrier to progress, a shelter to superstition, and an offense to that intellectual honesty and sincerity which is one of the most precious impulses of man. Moral incentives should be anchored to lasting granite, such as human nature or the immutable conditions of association, not to masses of dogma which the first thaw-wind of doubt will melt."

THE CHURCHES HOTBEDS OF DOGMA

The churches, the president of Cornell, Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, teaches, have claimed at various times to be in possession of the final and absolute truth about everything. They taught, he points out, that the earth stands still, with heaven above and hell beneath. They knew that the earth was created in six days, and so much of it in each They knew exactly how the first man and the first woman came into existence. They knew how languages originated. They knew why men must toil and sweat, and why it is that boys kill snakes. Nor was it to these problems of nature alone that the religion of dogma furnished ready-made answers; these indeed were only episodes in its main theme. Its peculiar boast was that it furnished a revelation of the will of God and of God's doings in nature and in human history. In the books of the Old and the New Testament it possessed the truth, final, complete, and absolute, about all things of any importance in the life of man and God. These infallible oracles came from God himself, who inspired the authors. The church was as sure of the

actual authors as we are of the writers of current literature.

"The arrogance of this dogmatism," Doctor Schurman says, "is hastening the close of the second stage of religion. It is the pride of intellect that goes before confusion and discomfiture. Dogma has conjured up the avenger, doubt. Astronomy has set the earth spinning, dislocated heaven and hell, and whirled man from the center of the spatial universe. Biology and geology have revolutionized our views of the origin of our race and of the cosmos. History and

criticism have made the Bible a new book, or rather a new collection of books, written, for the most part, we know not by what authors or at what dates, and put together, as a Bible, we know not on what principle. All the old landmarks, Moses, Solomon, Job, are gone, and a restless sea of criticism threatens to engulf religion with the records it adored. This is the socalled warfare of science and religion. For him who has eyes to see, the religion of dogma lies exhausted on the field!"

The Bible, many of the professors say, has outlived its usefulness as an infallible authority. The world today does not need, nor will it much longer tolerate, the belief that any book on earth was written by a God. It is

taught that "society rusts on its bearings when it acknowledges the supremacy of an ancient sacred book, particularly a book that grasps the believer on all sides of his life." It will be seen in that thought that the schoolmen feel it their bounden duty to attack the things which the world has held sacred, because they believe that these institutions, which have so long escaped analysis, have chained humanity to the past. From Boston University comes the teaching that "ignorance in high places has often made the Bible a menace to humanity, and igno-

rance in low places has still oftener made it a nuisance."

President Butler, of Columbia, agrees with Professor Sumner that to say that the great majority of men reason, in the true sense of the word, is the greatest nonsense in the world. Doctor Butler believes that the people get their beliefs as they do their instincts and their habits, as a part of their inherited constitutions, of their education and the routine of their lives. After saying that we grow up as Presbyterians or Episcopalians, and so forth, Doctor Butlersays, "We do not reasonourselves

-as a rule-into the one form of belief or the other, be it political or religious." And he teaches that "we believe first, and defend our beliefs afterward.'? Other thinkers join in this university gospel. It is held that "almost all the men and women of our nation or of any other get their religion and their politics where they get their astronomy-entirely at second hand. Being untrained, they are no more able intelligently to examine a dogma than they are to calculate an eclipse." This, therefore, serves to explain why the college authorities feel called upon to interpret the profound things of religion and life. They believe that they are qualified as experts to take the lead in doing



FRANK S. HOFFMAN (Union College)

When we think of Jesus as manifesting to us the Father, we should not attribute to him a divinity different from our divinity, for we are as truly sons of God as was the Nazarene

the thinking for the contemporary age.

Believing that there is more enlightenment in learning than in litanies, and that the spirit of the Infinite is too catholic to confine itself to a single book or to reveal itself in a single age, the colleges are insisting upon their teaching that a new and reverent science is conducive to a greater civilization than anything that can issue from the church. The conception which, the professors say, the church holds of a world set running by a now absent God, who has occasionally interrupted the operations of nature to impress his omnipotence

upon puny man, is no longer suited to our

day.

The professors deny the authority of Sinai in the matter of morals for the same reason that they deny the divine right of any injunction. And they teach that there is no fundamental rule of right and wrong, not to break down the barriers and let society into forbidden fields, but simply to free the mind of the coming generation from slavish belief in the right of the past to set up standards for to-day. The scholastic citation of notable instances of things once held sacred, now regarded as secular and even condemned as abominations, is designed to open the mind of American students to the historic record.

The colleges criticize sacred history because they insist that man cannot progress with the shadow of these beliefs over him. Therefore what seems to be blasphemous on the part of the schoolmen is a part of the process of removing from the human mind the historic clouds that darken it. The Christian world was shocked a few years ago when Ingersoll lectured on the mistakes of Moses. A far more startling fact is that a professor of

hilosophy in the University of Michigan has in his lectures referred to the mistakes of Jesus. The professor, for example, says that when the Master, as recorded in the second chapter of Mark and the twenty-sixth verse, quoted from the ancient Scriptures, he cited the name of the wrong high priest. Yet such criticism, instituted to take the Man of Galilee out of the "impossible class of pagan gods," and bring him into intimate relationship with man as his human and elder brother, is but one of the multitude of methods employed by American colleges to shake off the authority of the past.

The University of Michigan has also taught that the pagan religion of Mithra at one crisis almost conquered the Roman world, and that, had it done so, Christianity to-day would be practically unknown. It is taught that one of the festivals of the religion of Mithra became Christmas day, when Christianity absorbed other cults in Rome and was made the state religion. And it is given out as a historical fact that Christians in the East objected to the adoption of Christmas day as a form of idolatry. Custom, therefore, the colleges show, can make anything sacred, and can transform the thought and deepest sentiment of the world. It is set forth that "the creation, a sinless Adam in paradise, the fall. the confusion of tongues, and the rest may remain passing good folk-lore," but that they never happened in the course of history.

Throughout such teaching the point is that the time is at hand for the world to cast off the final claims of authority. Professor Wenley says that the Bible chronology has no basis in fact, and that the Christian glamour that surrounds ancient Israel "amounts to a freak of late fancy playing upon legends relative to a mythical past." Yet he concedes that these pious recitals of myths and

folk-lore "may serve to edification," though the "conditions in the Roman world were such that Christianity was bound to have arisen, Jesus or no Jesus."

It is explained by many professors to their students that with the Reformation came a new authority. "Instead of the Pope, men set up the Word." Prof. W. H. Lough, of the New York University, called my attention to the teaching of historians that the Reformation was an expression, not of spiritual discernment, but of the thriftiness of the mercantile classes. mercantile classes had risen to power, and they insisted upon a cheaper form of religion. The Reformation was purely and conspicuously an economic



W. H. LOUGH (New York University)

There was no handwriting of God on any Babylonian wall; the Medes and Persians rose and fell according to the laws of trade phenomenon. England became the center of the new dispensation, because that country was the clearing-house for the commercial world. There had been too many middlemen in religion, and the people of the Reformation were insistent upon the cheapest form of propitiation.

SCHOLASTIC FAITH VS. ANTIQUATED CREEDS

Materialism, so far as the teaching of the colleges is concerned, is a thing of the past. It has had a memorable career. It is believed by many professors that through agnosticism the world has finally arrived at the borderland of a spiritual domain infinitely more beautiful than that exploited by the church. The present issue, therefore, is no longer, the schoolmen say, between science and religion, but between scholastic faith and antiquated creeds. >

Mary Whiton Calkins, professor of philosophy and psychology in Wellesley College, teaches that the popularity of materialism is a curious instance of the divorce between popular and technical thought. "For among trained philosophers, as among serious though untechnical thinkers," she says, "materialism has no foothold, and idealism has made good its claims." She teaches that the view of God which conceives him as external to the human

self "is the view which dominates the lowest forms of religion."

In repudiating this conception of Christianity, childish imagining, the fear of adoration of the savage, and the conclusions of materialistic science, Professor Calkins comprehensively suggests the point of view entertained by university professors; namely, that God is the constant, vital, and eternal soul of the race. She reenforces the teaching of Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard, that "unless the absolute knows what we know, the absolute in so far is less and not more

than we are."

Professor Bowne says that the hard materialism of the scientists led "to such defenses of the faith as the routing of the geologists by the consideration that God could make imitation fish-bones and put them in rocks if he wished," so that the professors now do not hesitate to teach, as Professor Ross puts it, that "the finding of half-digested fragments of weaker animals in the fossilized bodies of the carnivora upset Wesley's amiable theory that the carnage now going on among the animals is the result of Adam's sin."

Yet a justification of the contemporary teaching which denies the intrusion of the supernatural is found in an experimental examination conducted by Professor Dresslar, of California. From eight hundred and seventy-five normal school students, fourfifths of whom were young women, three thousand two hundred and twenty-five confessions of belief in superstitions were elicited. Regarding these distinct superstitions, the University of California says, "What a vast underground sheet of pseudo-wisdom seeping down through the centuries by oral transmission!" And the university comment concludes, "If the semi-educated young people, to whom we are presently to commit the teaching of our children, are such slaves to the unreason of benighted ancestors, can we wonder at the popular faith in lotteries, luck, mascots, fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, occultists, mediums, 'divine healers,' quacks, patent medicines, absent treatment, water-witches, and the like?"

Therefore, while taking a stand against materialism as against inherited tradition and superstition, the college professors to-day are determined that nothing of a supernatural character shall cloud the avenue that leads through the classroom to a study of the laws of the spirit. It is held that when the marvelous performances by Christ and other leaders are understood, it will be found that these wonders were in accordance with laws

that still prevail.

One professor makes the significant statement that "introspective devotionalism is enervating," and that the remarks of Professor Coe, of Northwestern University, "help us to realize that there is a yellow religion to contend with." Professor Wenley, along this thought, teaches that "a religion effective from Monday to Saturday will speedily expose the hollowness of a religion paraded on Sunday." He declares that modern civilization needs to translate the "Christian truth" into the language and deeds of daily life, in order that its saving influence may pervade the community.

Professor Bowne teaches that society is "outgrowing the conception of religion as a thing of rites and ceremonies, of cloisters and retreats, of holy days and holy places, and is coming to view it as the divine principle for all living." He denies the distinction between secular and religious work, and teaches that men "are tiring of the smell of incense."

Nevertheless, the professors are not irrever-

ent. Prof. Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago, like Professor Jastrow, of Wisconsin, inveighs against all forms of extreme belief, and yet is himself a man with a profoundly religious outlook. He teaches, however, that "the obsession with one's own orthodoxy may not only constrain the intellectual vision, but produce moral obliquity."

It may shock the orthodox to learn that a scholar of Prof. Frank Sargent Hoffman's profundity and acknowledged consecration to what he regards as truth should teach that when we think of Jesus as manifesting to us the Father, we should not attribute to him a divinity different from our divinity. He explains in his teaching that we are as truly sons of God as was the Nazarene, and that there are not several kinds of divinity, but only one.

Professor Hoffman, who is at the head of the department of philosophy at Union College, says in justification of his teaching that "one of the greatest reflections upon a man's character in the age when so much is being added to our knowledge of the universe is that his views about religion never change."

NO INTERFERENCE BY GOD

While former President Eliot and many of the leading professors agree with Professor Ormond that "the greatest thought of the human spirit is the thought of God," there is probably not an eminent philosopher in America who believes that an external God has ever interfered in human or natural affairs. All the teachings of Christianity in this respect are repudiated as belittling man and making him the puppet and dependent

of an irresponsible Deity.

Prof. W. H. Lough delivers some illuminating lectures on historical topics, showing that what has been regarded as divine interference in affecting the destinies of cities and nations is clearly traceable to economic changes. No ancient cities owed their fall; as sacred records tell, to an abandonment of God's tutelary care. God did not send fire and brimstone on them because they lacked pious inhabitants, nor did the invader come as an avenger commissioned by Heaven. Nineveh and Babylon grew in greatness because they were on trade routes to India. But about 650 B. C. the Greeks, in the expansion of their commerce, started a route through the Dardanelles and over the Black and Caspian seas which was cheaper than the long land route established by the Phenicians. "And when this route became well

established," Professor Lough points out, "Nineveh and Babylon fell. They were of no account afterward. This route constitutes the keynote to the history of the world during four thousand years." It is made clear from Professor Lough's lectures that the fate of cities and nations during these forty centuries, during which the believed interpositions of God in human history, particularly in the Holy Land, occurred, were entirely due to forces at work in ancient trade. There was no handwriting of God on any Babylonian wall. It was not God that decreed that ancient kingdoms should be divided. The Medes and Persians rose and fell according to the laws of trade. "It was," says Professor Lough, "simply a matter of struggle for commercial supremacy among the nations interested in this route."

And yet, while denying all that the sacred history teaches regarding the activity of God in certain places and at certain times, professors throughout the United States teach that God is never absent. They believe this to be a far more inspiring doctrine than the belief that the Deity can be turned from his purposes by prayer, or that he takes sides in the conflicts of races and nations. In Boston University reference is made to Liebig's statement to Lord Kelvin when asked if he believed that grass and flowers could grow by mere chemical forces. "No," said Liebig, "no more than I could believe that the books

of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces."

Professor Giddings has a similarly deep spiritual view of life. He is probably as far from the orthodox faith as any professor of this age, yet he teaches that the collective conduct of men is not fortuitous. He holds that "there is no drifting molecule of dust that does not beat with impulse from solar systems far away. There is no living thing that is not related in bonds of kinship to every other living thing. There is no conscious thought that has not a history which, if told, would be the story of all existence from eternity. There can be no theory, then," he concludes, "of any thing or group of things, of any change or series of changes, which is not a coordinate part of universal theory."

The religion of Professor Giddings may be taken in large measure as typical of the rebellion against Christian theology. He does not believe in a miraculously obtained moral code. Ethics are a product of evolution, "which is the law of all development," and it

is deemed far more valuable to a student to believe that the laws of the moral world are not handed down from the dead past, but that they perpetually unfold in the life and consciousness of the race. Professor Giddings teaches that all that we have enshrined as ideal in our civilization may be summed up in the term, "the Darwinian resultant." And standing firmly by the deductions of evolution, this renowned economist, who in the opinion of many has already won a place with Adam Smith, enunciates the profound doctrine that

the spiritual career of man knows no bounds, that man should not prostrate his intellect, but that he should welcome and assist in the substitution of a living and vital reality in place of dead or dy-"FaithL ing forms. in the possibilities of life," is his summing - up of the thought he would give to the youth of America.

Professor Hoffman teaches that the Iew "who asserts that God by a perpetual covenant, recorded in the Old Testament, has made his own race the sole repository of his will, the Islamite who regards the Koran alone as the sole guide to truth and life, and the Christian who sees in the New Testament the only source of religious faith and practice, belong to the same class." And the

majority of the professors make no effort to placate the Christian believers of this class. The university teaching is that "the enforcement of orthodox professions, church going, Sunday observance, the mealy mouth, and the sanctimonious air" are the product of prejudice. Professor Zueblin teaches that "the greatest advances in modern times in theological speculation and Biblical criticism are due to theology's being shorn of its assumed dominion over morality." And he says that a new social era is found in the conception

that man's chief activities are to be devoted to the improvement of this world rather than the preparation for another.

That thought is characteristic of the college teaching. It is taught that "religion conceived as a specialty, as a matter of prayers and rites and ceremonies, is a minor matter, and one of no great importance; but religion conceived as a principle which knows no distinction of secular and religious, but pervades all life," is the ideal for which humanity should strive. Professor Bowne says that

as long as we form any lower conception than this, so long will re-ligion be only one interest among many, and life will lack its true unity.

The professors agree that the real kingdom of heaven on earth, and within it the reign of man, will be at hand as soon as the Christian conception of God with its accompanying sense of fear and resignation is banished from the mind. Then, in the words of Professor Royce, man's life will be rooted in the divine purpose and he will realize that he is "a naturalized citizen of the eternal world." Like the inhabitants of Beulah-land, he will speak naturally the dialect of the "Celestial City." The universities aim to show the youth of America that "the eternal life is the divine

matism is hastening the close of the second e of religion. . . . Dogma has conjured up the avenger, doubt"

life which is realized in every movement in its completeness, and is not partitioned into a vanishing past, a momentary present, and an unrealized future." It is reiterated that man is the natural inheritor of the eternal and that "God stands as the ideally com-

The warrant for contemporary university defiance of the theology which makes man, it is claimed, a spiritual mendicant, is summed up in the teaching that God is the soul of man, "writ in transcendent terms."



JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN (President Cornell University) The arrogance of this [the church's] dog-

stage of religion.

plete realization of all we may aspire to."

In the September issue Mr. Bolce will give the church's reply to the college charge that it is obstructing truth.



THE SERGEANT LEANED FAR OVER, "YE GIT," SAID HE HARSHLY, "AN' YER GANG WID YE"

(" Agatha's Escort")



Illustrated by Arthur E. Jameson



1

FLUFF of brown hair through which ran unexpected glints of yellow; unforgettable violet-blue eyes, curtained by black lashes that were long and upcurling; a

straight nose of a much-approved size, with delicately thin nostrils; a small, very red, and somewhat pouty mouth; a determined chin; rounded cheeks just brushed by scarlet and punctuated by a pair of busy and bewitching dimples; a slender throat; a svelte, girlish figure in a smart, linen trotteur; the very newest—and tiniest—thing in sensibly stout tan walking-boots; and, lastly, to top the rest, an irresistible millinery confection in tones of buff and crocus, with feathers to dance against the fluff of hair below—all this was Agatha Kerr, beautiful, adorable, spoiled Agatha Kerr.

At the moment, she was seated in a high-backed chair in the inner law-office of Avery & Avery. Her face was flushed with annoyance, and she was poking viciously at her boots with the point of her parasol. "A woman of twenty-two," she burst forth presently, with a resentful toss of her head, "a college graduate, should certainly be able to go out of the house by herself."

Close beside her sat her aunt, a lady whose chin was quite as unyielding as her own. At this point, Auntie rolled her eyes at Mr. Avery and sniffed audibly.

"And conduct her chosen life's work," resumed Agatha, striking a higher key, "without being constantly harassed!"

"You are to be protected," contradicted her aunt, crisply serene. "Mr. Avery, this child is studying—er, what do you call it, Agatha?"

"Sociology," again attacking her boots.

Mr. Avery looked incredulous. A young woman whose thoughts turned to philosophy should be a homely and angular female with large feet, a thinned coiffure, no waist-line, and a general appearance of having dressed overhastily. But here—

"It is a study that takes her into places," continued the elder woman, "where a young lady should not be seen alone."

"Methods of study have changed," said Mr. Avery. "I discover that in discussions with my nephew."

"Geoffrey?" questioned Auntie. "Isn't he up at Columbia?"

"No, he has graduated and is here with me, reading law."

"Auntie," began Agatha pityingly, "doesn't realize that a young woman meets with jar more courteous treatment on the East Side than she does elsewhere in town."

"I regret to admit," said Auntie with polite heat, "that to me her sociology, so far, has seemed nothing but—but——"

"Say it! Say it!" cried Agatha.
"Well, then, madcap gadding."

Agatha rippled out a laugh. "Auntie doesn't understand. I am working on a thesis for my master's degree—'The Influence of Alien Immigration upon the Metropolitan Body Politic.'"

Mr. Avery nodded. "My dear Miss Connaughton" (Auntie was Miss Connaughton), "what have I to do with Miss Agatha's thesis?"

"A suitable person," answered Miss Connaughton, "a gentleman, of course—for no woman, however quick on her feet, could ever keep up with Agatha—must be found who will act as her escort."

"Ah!" said Mr. Avery, smiling. gentleman in waiting for the princess!

Agatha's lip curled. "Oh, no," returned she ironically; "an attendant for the lunatic."
This Miss Connaughton ignored. "I

came to you, Mr. Avery," she said, "hoping you could recommend some one."

Mr. Avery pursed his lips thoughtfully. "I want an educated mind for this particular duty," added Miss Connaughton, with meaning.

Agatha rippled another laugh. "Auntie wants a nice, little tattletale to listen and report-a sort of afternoon-tea Pinkerton."

"I still insist," declared Miss Con-

naughton.

Agatha's wrath blazed up anew. "Very "If I must have well," she said decisively. some one tagging at my heels night and day, night and day" (jab, jab), "the only escort I shall accept will be deaf and dumb.

Miss Connaughton threw up her hands. So did Mr. Avery: he clapped one over his

mouth.

"Deaj and dumb!" gasped Miss Connaughton weakly.

"Yes," said Agatha triumphantly. "On

that condition, I'll agree."

Mr. Avery, now unable wholly to contain himself, indulged in a broad grin. "The idea isn't half bad," he said.

"Thank you," from Agatha.

Miss Connaughton returned to the contest. "But the newspapers would surely get it!" she wailed, suddenly aware of the dra-

matics of the situation.

Agatha put out one small, gloved hand toward her kinswoman. "My aunt," said she, "lives in daily horror of having the proud name of Connaughton dragged into the vulgar press. Well, I can just see the headlines: 'Miss Connaughton's Ward Has Softening of the Brain!' Oh, it will be the

"Agatha!" groaned Miss Connaughton.

Avery interrupted hastily. "The suggestion as to a deaf-and-dumb attendant," he began, coughing professionally, "is, I think, an excellent one. Such a person would fulfil your requirements, madam." This to Miss Connaughton, who had sunk back, chin on breast, in what was almost a state of collapse. Then, to Agatha, "May I ask if there are other specifications?"

"Well, yes," drawled she teasingly, a roguish twinkle in those violet-blue eyes, "he must be good looking" (Miss Connaughton's brow clouded) "and smart in appearance. Why," with an experienced air, "there isn't any part of New York so quick to note the difference between real and sham people as the East Side, and the children have a most embarrassing way of throwing valueless etceteras."

Mr. Avery picked up a pencil. "Deaf and dumb, good looking, young, smartly dressed," he enumerated. "Anything else?"

"Let-me-see," pondered Agatha. After a moment, "I think I sha'n't bother to stipulate the color of his eyes and hair."

"Huh!" observed Auntie.

"I shall have no difficulty in finding a person very soon who will fit these require-

ments," said Mr. Avery briskly.

Agatha rose, gave him a dainty curtsy, and approached the door. It was just at this point that she got a bad start. Miss Connaughton was beside Mr. Avery's desk imparting something in confidence. Agatha, twirling her parasol and proudly ignoring her aunt's whispering, dropped into a chair and was making a leisurely survey of the room, when-

She had not particularly noticed, before this, the long, high reference table that occupied one whole side of the office and was piled with books. Under it now, against the claw-feet of a revolving chair, she spied something-a pair of neat, brown halfshoes! Above these were a few square inches of hosiery—plaid hosiery. There

was a man behind that table!

It was the plaid that caught Agatha's eye: it was so absolutely out of the ordinary, and, in fact, noisy-broad blue and green stripes at right angles across a drab ground. It betokened importation. "And from France," concluded Agatha shrewdly; for on the drab ground, between the stripes, were cunningly worked French knots.

There was another member of the firm of Avery & Avery-Mr. Avery, Jr. Perhaps this was he-eavesdropping. But, no; he was a gentleman with a grown son. The plaid-hosiery person was a young clerk with loud tastes, and he was really not worth a second thought. "Come, Auntie, please," said Agatha, with all the dignity she could command. Then she swept out.

II

It was quite wonderful how promptly Mr. Avery, Sr., disposed of the matter of the



MISS CONNAUGHTON WAS BESIDE MR. AVERY'S DESK IMPARTING SOMETHING IN CONFIDENCE

escort. The very next day Agatha was informed that the attorney wished to speak with her over the telephone, and no sooner had she popped the receiver to her pink ear than a man's voice hailed her with a brisk "Good morning" that bespoke success. And how nice and deep his voice was over the wire! Why, not at all like his usual, every-day voice!

"Good morning," returned Agatha. "I hope you've found some one. I wanted to attend a meeting of the Cigarette Makers today. But" (a little sulkily) "the moment I mentioned it Auntie developed a case of ocular neuralgia."

There came back a hearty laugh, then,

"Oh, say, Miss Agatha, I can settle that neuralgia."

"You mean you've found him?" asked Agatha; "so soon?"

"He's a fellow that I know very intimately—better than anybody else. Known him twenty-five years."

"Oh, how old is he?"

"Just twenty-five. I've known him since he was a baby."

"Is he deaf and dumb?"
"He won't listen, and he won't gossip," declared Mr. Avery.

"Graduate of an institution?"

" Yes."

"But," objected Agatha, "uniforms are so conspicuous."

"He doesn't wear one," answered Mr. Avery.

"Does he talk on his fingers?" asked Agatha.

"Yes; but if he bothers you (because he's an absent-minded fellow anyhow), why, you just tell him to muffle his hands in his pockets."

Agatha sent one of her gay ripples over the wire. "But I can't read fingertalk," she protested.

"I've presented him with a pad and pencil. If he wants to scribble too much

just give him the pocket-sign. Oh, don't say you won't take him," pleaded Mr. Avery.

Agatha covered the transmitter with one hand for a moment. How—er—feelingly he said everything this morning! He didn't at all sound like himself.

"When he comes," continued Mr. Avery, "don't forget to smile at him. The kinder you are the happier it'll make him."

"I won't. The poor fellow!"

"Ah, Miss Agatha, he is a 'poor fellow.' So keep him with you just as much as you can. Have him show up before breakfast, and work him all day. He's an accommodating duck. He wants to come right up."
"Very well," said Agatha. "Good-by."

Half an hour later Miss Connaughton and her niece met the escort in the library. For the elder lady it was a moment rich with satisfaction. By now she had forgotten any concessions in Agatha's favor, and felt that she had brought that wilful young person to terms. As for the tall, good-looking, well-dressed young man who awaited their entrance, he was plainly discomfited. For he was red.

"It is gratifying," said Miss Connaughton, addressing him, "to know that my niece is to have your companionship and protection

on her scholastic pilgrimages."

Agatha bowed prettily. Then she remembered Mr. Avery's advice. She smiled up at the young man. He took her hand and bent over it, looking down at her intently—perhaps rather too intently—and retaining her fingers a second too long.

"Auntie," reminded Agatha, "he didn't

hear a single word you said."

The next moment the escort drew forth a long, pink-covered pad to which was hung a lead-pencil patriotically wound with the Stars and Stripes. Upon the first clean, white page of the pad he wrote these words, "I understood something of your cordial greeting, madam, because I read the lips."

Agatha stared at the sentence over Miss Connaughton's shoulder. Then a swift flush of annoyance dyed that particular rounding of her cheeks where her dimples were. He could read the lips! She felt herself tricked. And it was on the tip of her tongue to say, "Auntie, is this your work?" or something equally severe, when she had an inspiration. Up came the dainty square of her handkerchief, to swing as a guard by a thumb and a forefinger.

"His reading the lips," she said with airy indifference, "doesn't matter in the least. I have only to do this." Which announcement was calculated to take the starch out of any fell designs of Auntie's—if she had

them.

"But, Agatha," cried Miss Connaughton, seized by a terrifying thought, "if the man is deaf, how is he going to protect you from

the surface cars?"

A succession of spasms érossed the face of the escort; his lips moved spasmodically. Then he began to write. When he had finished, he offered Miss Connaughton the pad. Upon it was: "Madam, I guessed rather than read your concern. Let me assure you that when cars approach me I feel the jar." Auntie sank back, somewhat eased in her mind, but Agatha read the words with staring eyes. Then up came the handkerchief again.

"Why," she exclaimed, "he's a regular

professor of lip-reading!"

"Perhaps it's just as well that he can read the lips," said Miss Connaughton. "An exigency might arise, dear." She leaned forward and touched the young man's arm. "What—is—your—name?" she asked, articulating with exaggerated precision.

"If he understands, he's as bad as a man that can hear," put in Agatha, from behind her handkerchief. "And I won't have him."

But the escort was looking from aunt to niece in a puzzled fashion. Finally he shook his head.

"Your-name," repeated Miss Connaugh-

ton

Now sudden comprehension illumined his whole face. With an eager nod he seized the pencil and wrote, "In Yonkers."
"You see?" said Miss Connaughton.

"You see?" said Miss Connaughton.
"He doesn't always understand." She gra-

ciously wrote the question.

Again his face lit up, and he looked a smiling apology. Then he hastily scribbled, "John McVicar."

"Agatha," said Miss Connaughton, "Le's a little too—er—actory-looking, according to my idea. But, being deaf and dumb, he will never presume——"

"Put up your handkerchief," warned

Agatha, coloring.

Just then the young man produced his own handkerchief, and began to cough violently into it. (It was a smart affair with a

blue-dotted border.)

"Don't cut me off in the middle that way," said Miss Connaughton petulantly. "There is danger, Agatha, in bringing a strange young man into such close association with you. Have I ever seen any young man spend two hours in your company without—""

"Boo!" said Agatha, her dimples playing

again.

"So," said Miss Connaughton, "I shall engage him." So thoroughly satisfied was she with the whole outcome of the matter that she even omitted to call up Mr. Avery to thank him.

A few minutes afterward Agatha and the escort were proceeding down Fifth Avenue. It was a walk Agatha always took when opportunity afforded. She liked the shops; she

liked the moving lines of vehicles; she liked

the swarming humans.

Just before the two reached Twenty-third Street, the escort drew to one side for a moment and wrote something on the pad. It was, "As I do not hear, I must put you to the annoyance of taking my arm when we cross streets."

"But," Agatha scribbled back, "I thought you could hear rumbles."

"Not wagon rumbles."

Agatha took his arm—and kept it. She found the going noticeably pleasanter. He walked with his chin in, his shoulders back, his look straight ahead. Every now and then she glanced up at him, sidewise, from under the dancing plumes of the crocus confection. After which she always shook her head sadly. "What a pity he is d— and d—," she said to herself. She could not bear, somehow, to say the whole words.

They were threading their way slowly along Avenue A when the escort was saluted by a friend—quite a presentable young man, who gave Mr. McVicar a resounding slap upon the shoulder. (Agatha had been separated from her escort by struggling pedestrians.) "Hello, Cub!" sang out the pre-

sentable young man.

Mr. McVicar turned with a start, glared for a second, went white and red by incredibly swift turns, and then—strode on.

"I say, Cub!" persisted the other. "Cub!

Where you steering?"

The escort now halted abruptly, excused himself to Agatha by a bow, led the young man away a few steps, produced the pad and pencil, and inscribed a line. Whatever the statement was, the young man met it with relish and composure. He had, by now, caught sight of Agatha. So he removed his hat and swept the air with it. Then, grinning, he pulled off a glove and made a few, swift finger-signs.

He must have signaled something rude, for as Mr. McVicar wheeled abruptly and joined Agatha, his expression was furious. And presently, having torn away a leaf of the pad, he wrote: "Morrison is a rank idiot. Known me a long time, but always forgets

my infirmity."

Infirmity! Agatha, as she tripped along, saw buildings and people suddenly reel and blur—through a mist of tears. His society had been thrust upon her: she had rebelled at it. Yet hers was a tender little heart, and that tender little heart ached to think how

frankly he referred to what would have been worse than death to most men. Ah! that was the kind of bravery she liked! (They had come to a crossing where the pavement was torn up. She took his arm again.)

She resolved not to make his first day a difficult one, so she hailed a cross-town car that would carry them near to Macdougal Alley. She had promised to see a certain painting in one of the studios there. When they had seen it Agatha was thirsty. They sought a drug-store and had, each, a glass of sticky lemon-soda. Next, Agatha was tired. They made toward the nearest square and sat down.

It was one of those late summer days that suggest the nearing autumn: the sun was not too warm, the breeze was not too cool, and there was a delicious leafy smell in the air. Agatha leaned back, and dilated her nostrils

to drink it all in.

Mr. McVicar, however, drove his pencil busily. "That picture you selected," he wrote "—you thought the subject good?"

Agatha looked at him in grave astonishment. "I thought the picture dreadful," she answered, "but the artist needs money. It's the third I've bought."

He gave a hearty laugh. (She was relieved to find it clear and pleasantly modulated.) "I thought you were a sociological student. Do you favor indiscriminate char-

ity, Miss Agatha?"

"I am opposed to it, theoretically, but we cannot judge the failures and condemn them and deny them help unless we first know what has been their *milieu*."

"What a generous, womanly thought!" he commented. Presently he added, apropos of nothing, "You would be all forgiveness." His expression became more grave than her

own.

Agatha might have thought him too personal, even impertinent, but there was that level gaze, all honest admiration. Auntie herself could not have taken umbrage. Nobody could have. His eyes were gray—a very dark, expressive gray. She met them steadily for a moment. Then her own fell, and those long, up-curling, black lashes swept a cheek which had grown suddenly rosy.

He was writing again. "I can understand almost every word you say when your

face is near."

"Really?" she asked him.

He had leaned toward her. "Really," he answered on the pad.

So Agatha moved close. "I—am—so—glad," she said, articulating carefully. Her eyes grew moist with earnestness. He lived in a world of silence. Oh! the tragedy of it!

He looked his gratitude. It was strange how perfectly he seemed to know what she had said; for he had not watched her lips: he had watched her dimples. how late it was. She signaled a passing taxicab, and they were whirled home together.

"Aren't we going somewhere to-night?" he asked as they neared the end of their ride.

She looked rueful. "I'm—afraid—I—can't," she said. Her face was lifted. His head was lowered attentively, so that his hat-



THE ESCORT LED THE YOUNG MAN AWAY A FEW STEPS,
PRODUCED THE PAD AND PENCIL, AND
INSCRIBED A LINE

It was so slow and difficult putting things down that soon he devised ways of conversing more readily. He formed swift letters in the air with one forefinger, or scratched them in the dirt with her parasol.

Five o'clock found them still in the square. Agatha was surprised when she discovered brim touched the fluff of her hair. "I've promised—to—see—a—play—with—Auntie. But—after—this—I—sha'n't—make—engagements—that—will—conflict—with—my work."

When they entered the library Miss Connaughton had fresh tea brought. "I trust,"

said she, "that nothing unpleasant happened

to-day. Agatha pondered, the tip of her teaspoon against the tip of her chin. "No," she said. "Only, we met a friend of Mr. McVicar's. But he was not d- and d-."

"D- and d-!" Miss Connaughton was horrified. "Hush, Agatha! It sounds pro-

But Agatha was smiling into her cup. There was a "to-morrow's visitor" floating in it-a tall visitor. She lifted it to the back of one hand and struck it smartly with the back of the other. It transferred itself. She gave Mr. McVicar a swift glance.

He was holding his cup aloft. Across its rim his gray eyes were watching her.

She held up the "visitor" triumphantly. He nodded.

III

THE following day the "tall visitor" came again, and he and Agatha took their second walk down the avenue. Agatha had on a It enhanced her color charmblue linen. ingly. Mr. McVicar carried her parasol, a new one with a brass tip. She was in the best of humor, and stood on her toes now and then while she said something. He was in the best of humor, too. But of a sudden his face became very sober, even anxious. He began to take longer steps.

Agatha remarked his nervousness. She looked round. There were three young men close at hand who seemed to be observing Mr. McVicar. They were well-groomed youngmen. "Collegey," was Agatha's verdict.

Just then a young man approached them, going the other way. He took off his hat politely with one hand; with the fingers of the other he signed the escort an elaborate

Mr. McVicar gave him a cold stare.

Scarcely half a block farther on, a second young man lifted his hat with a bow and wiggled his fingers!

Mr. McVicar glared.

When a third young man passed them, with a well-bred smile, a bared head, and a mute greeting, Mr. McVicar's face became almost distorted. Agatha heard him gurgle.

Not a minute later, a fourth young man advanced toward them, one hand rising to his hat as he came on. Mr. McVicar, guiding Agatha, abruptly stepped aside into a shop and made a quick purchase. When

they had gained the street again by a side exit, he wrote: "I have a headache. Do you mind if I wear these?" "These" were colored glasses.

"Not-in-the-least," she declared.

The morning was given over to tenementhouse inspection, and Agatha was a fairyfigure amid the sordid gloom of it all. Mr. McVicar kept beside her (the inspector led), helping her up long, dark stairways, and down into pit-like cellars, and through dank halls full of poor, little gaping children. When noon came they sought a near-by café.

It was while they were here that an ex-traordinary thing happened. They had gotten comfortably placed, both on the same side of a table-so that he could understand what she was saying (his glasses were off now)—when there entered, in single file, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven well-dressed young men. They seated themselves opposite Agatha and the escort. And, presently, after each had given the menu a casual glance, all began to talk at once-on their fingers!

Agatha opened her eyes. "Everyone of them d- and d-!" she said to herself. "Is this a d- and d- café?" Her eyes roved

from waiter to waiter.

But the seven young men were evidently from Mr. McVicar's institution, for they caught sight of him a moment later, bowed to him in great surprise, and began to make him finger-signs.

He bowed in return, but he regarded them darkly and made no return signs.

Agatha reflected that there were more dand d- people in the world than she had ever imagined. Presently she noticed that Mr. McVicar was not eating. "Don't you like the goulash?" she wrote.

"I have a headache," he answered. "You must go home, then."

"But the Amalgamated Shirt-Makers?"

At this juncture the seven young men opposite rose and filed slowly out, each working a right hand in what seemed to be a friendly adieu.

When Mr. McVicar rose his lips were pressed together as if he were striving to master himself. He refrained from looking at Agatha and fiddled with his hat.

She saw how ill he was. Her expression grew troubled and wistful. "A hansom," she said to the head waiter. But she did not send Mr. McVicar home. She let him drive to her aunt's with her.

On the way, for some reason or other, Mr. "Where do McVicar grew much brighter.

we go to-morrow?" he asked.

Agatha stole a glance toward him. "Tomorrow," she said, "I-shall-devote-toautomorphic -deductions - and -to -thecorrelation—of—all—the—new—concrete examples-I-have-noted."

"Then you'll need me," he declared.

"Will-you-be-well-enough?" asked

"Why, I'm well now."

"Come-then-in-case-I've-forgotten

-any-of-the-examples."

The following morning they did not go down the avenue, but turned into Central Park at the Sherman statue instead, and out of it again at the West Seventy-second Street entrance. Then they headed toward the Hudson.

It was a day even more perfect than the The wide topaz river sparkled in the sun. The shaded walks wound invitingly between leaf-strewn stretches of green. There were children at play along the smooth crescents of the drive, and sparrows

darted to and fro, chirping.

Thus far Agatha had walked, head down and brows puckered-evidently concerned with "automorphic deductions." (They had gone, in all, some twenty blocks, which was a sufficient distance for any number of deductions.) But now she roused from her thoughts and looked up at Mr. McVicar. His chin was on his breast, his eyes were lowered, and his manner was undisguisedly dejected.

She touched his arm. Then she stopped and stood on tiptoe. "Aren't-you-wellto-day-either?" she inquired, her red mouth very close, so that he would be sure

to understand.

He looked down at her for a long moment. Then he wrote, "I never felt better or happier in all my life." When he took the pad again his hand covered hers for a second. Of a sudden her manner became distinctly reserved.

Presently they reached a shaded bench. He dusted a seat for her, and they sat down, when he wrote: "But I know my happiness can't last. I meant to tell you last night. You see, I have an uncle-a lawyer-who thinks I'm wasting my time. I must quit."

Agatha colored painfully. Mr. Avery had driven a close bargain with him! She hastened to write in return, "You shall get

what your uncle thinks is fair."

"There's another reason, little woman, You saw my friends yesterday. They're inquisitive. I'm afraid they'll annoy you. So this is my last day." He gazed across at the New Jersey shore.

She moved nearer, touching his arm ever so lightly. "Is-that-the-real-reason?"

she asked.

He watched her red mouth frame each word, and his face lowered, as if irresistibly drawn toward hers. Then his head sank to a hand. He studied the path. Soon, "No," he wrote, "it isn't. The real reason involves a great happiness that I daren't hope for."

Agatha leaned even closer. "There-isa-possibility-of-your-speech-returning?" she guessed. She held her breath at

the very thought of it.

He nodded. "Yes, it's very likely that

my speech will come back."

Agatha turned away, and glad tears swam beneath the black lashes. He would speak again! He would be like other people! Oh, how good! Presently, she blinked the tears away. "You-haven't-always-been-this -way?" she said.

"Not always."

"When-did-it-happen?"

"Quite recently."

Her face was sweet with pity. you-struck-dumb?" she asked.

He observed her steadily for a moment. "I was terribly hard hit," he wrote.
"It—affected—your—hearing—too?"

"It even affected my heart."

"Will—these—both—improve?"

"It depends on just one person." She gave him a smile full of cheer. "Doctors-do-wonderful-things-these-days. Is—this—one—homeopathic?"

"No, magnetic-awfully." His gray eyes searched hers again. "Would you advise

me to hope?"

"Oh—yes! Just—hope—has—wrought—marvels." Her face shone with earnestness.

"Bless you. But you don't know that this is all the result of my own wickedness."

"You-have-been-more-than-punished-then."

He clenched his two hands. "Yes, I have been punished," he wrote. "If you ever have to pass judgment upon me, remember that."

"Was-it-so-dreadful-what-youdid?"

He thought a moment. "Not when you consider the temptation."

" What —was—the—temptation?"

He hesitated so long that she believed he had not understood her. So she wrote the question, "What was the temptation?"

"A girl."

at

Agatha shrank back in sudden, inexplicable indignation. Then she rose abruptly. She had meant to tell him that if he were to regain both speech and hearing it would make no difference in their arrangements. But now—

He rose, also, and dropped the pad into a pocket. Then he handed her the parasol. His attitude was one of resignation.

Walking homeward, Agatha looked straight ahead, and two bright, red spots burned in a circle about her dimples. At the bottom of the Connaughton flight, she gave him a dignified good morning. He held out a card to her. Then he raised his hat.

All that afternoon Agatha wandered about the library. She felt a surprising indifference toward her thesis.

Every little while she drew forth Mr. Mc-Vicar's card. It contained, in addition to his name, a line written in pencil, "Telephone, River o630." Why had he written that? She had no further need of him!

But as tea-time neared she remembered a place that she felt absolutely called upon to visit in connection with her work: a narrow down-town street, with its hosts of children all a-dance on the gas-lighted pavement. Could she visit the crowded block alone? And was Mr. McVicar's time up for that day before, say, ten or eleven o'clock? Certainly not. And if she paid for his time was she not entitled to his company? She asked central for River o-six-three-o.



HER FACE WAS SWEET WITH PITY. "WERE—YOU—STRUCK—DUMB?" SHE ASKED

A maid's voice answered the telephone. "Tell Mr. McVicar," said Agatha, "that Miss Kerr will want him this evening at eight."

"Very well, miss."

Agatha, smiling and rosy faced, made her way tunefully up the staircase.

"What! Going out at night?" demanded Miss Connaughton, from the drawing-room. "Of course," said Agatha; "what have I an escort for? Oh, tra-la-la, tra-la-la," and, singing, she disappeared.

IV

AGATHA had promised to telephone Miss Connaughton, so she rang up directly they stepped from the cars at the down-town station. "I can't possibly get home till eleven, Auntie dear," she announced. "It took us forty minutes to come just this far."

"Oh, Agatha!" came back the reply.
"Come home—awful news—Mr. Avery——"

"I can't hear you," cried Agatha. "The elevated is making such a noise. Rattle your 'phone."

"Insolent trick," went on Miss Connaughton. The remainder was a jumble.

Agatha told Mr. McVicar about it. "I—can't—go—home," she said. "This—evening—is—dreadfully—important. Don't—you—think—so?"

"YES," he wrote—all in capitals. Offering her his arm, he hurried her away.

It was not an ideal evening for Jones Street. There were clouds overhead in massive motion before a hot wind. The gas-jets leaped and hissed down the narrow streets, which looked particularly dark and forbidding. Perhaps the children would not dance on the pavement that night. Agatha did not care.

Mr. McVicar obviously did not feel as cheerful as she. It was as if all the heart had gone out of him. And he kept looking back. It made Agatha nervous. She took to glancing behind also. What was he ex-

pecting?

They approached the lone figure of a man—a forlorn figure that slouched into the entrance of a building just ahead. Mr. Mc-Vicar crossed the street. They passed other figures. He looked each over keenly. She shivered a little. Oh, she was glad he was

so big!

They hurried forward. Each thoroughfare seemed to grow narrower and gloomier than the last. They turned innumerable corners, Agatha clinging to his arm with increasing timidity. All at once, on turning another corner into a street that looked very much like one they had already traversed, they came face to face with two swarthyskinned persons, a man and a woman. The pair were evidently gipsies, for the woman wore a red handkerchief upon her head, while big, gold earrings swung against the neck of the man. The latter carried a monkey. He did not get out of the way. Instead, leering, he held out a hand.

"Give me da mon for da monk!" he cried.
"Hurry!" Agatha entreated. Oh, for Auntie's brougham now!

Instead of hastening, Mr. McVicar faced

the man and gave him a resounding cuff upon the ear. Agatha, the sociologist, became that moment just a normal, terrorstricken girl. She screamed. With her cry mingled the raucous protests of the man and the hoarse commands of the woman, for Mr. McVicar now had the former by the shoulders and was shaking him fiercely.

The hubbub brought aid. Around the nearest corner came a well-dressed young man, piloting a policeman on the run. A moment, and around another corner came another well-dressed young man with an-

other policeman.

Next, "Cut for it!" Agatha heard a voice exclaim—a deep voice. But, strangely enough, the gipsies did not attempt to get away. They stood and grinned at the little crowd that had gathered.

Mr. McVicar sprang to Agatha's side. He was panting and—could it be true?—gurgling what sounded like words!

Agatha smiled at him through the dim light. He had protected her. Her hand crept into his. Then she gave a fresh cry of fear. His fingers were wet—with blood. "Oh, he's wounded!" she called.

"Did he bite you?" demanded one of the policemen—the one who had the man-gipsy by the coat. "Well, here—bite him back! The dog!"

"I did not bite him," protested the man-

gipsy. "It was the monkey."

"Where is that monkey?" shouted the woman-gipsy. "Say, you fellows, hunt him up. If we lose him we're out twenty plunks."

Three or four of the onlookers scattered

in different directions, searching.

"Shut up, you she-devil!" ordered the second officer.

"No thanks, miss," said officer number one. "Just come along, please, for to testify."

At that Mr. McVicar took one of the little fingers that were resting between his and deliberately pinched it! Agatha understood. To go with the officers meant a police station; a police station meant publicity, sniffy servants, hysterical aunt.

Agatha was, at times, a girl of resources. She knew they must get away, and she was quick to devise how. "I must help find that poor, little monkey," she said. "You

go on. We'll follow."

But the officer shook his head. "If you

was to miss the station," said he, "we'd have a poor case. Forget the monkey, miss."

Agatha grew desperate. She resolved on flight, so she seized her skirts in her two hands, turned like a flash, and with her escort fleeing beside her, and almost carrying her along, she raced away.

The officers were in a predicament. They yelled, they whistled, they beat on the pavement. Then one handed over his prisoner to the other and gave chase. After them, in

loose order, came the onlookers.

Up one street went Agatha and her escort, turned a corner, rushed down another, turned another corner. Luck was against them. A third officer met them squarely as they came. His arms were out, made longer by his leather-bound stick. Gasping, they fell into them.

The next moment the pursuing officer had them in his grasp. "Thank you, Sheehan,"

said he. "Face about, you!" This to Mr. McVicar. They began the return march, everyone panting. Counting the onlookers, they made quite a procession.

The other officer met them halfway, a gipsy in either hand. "Say, Flynn," said he, "they's something crooked about that young couple."

"Crooked!" burst forth Agatha, with sudden rage. "I ran because I don't want to be dragged into a police station. Please let go of my sleeve." She could hear the onlookers whispering among themselves. Oh, it was too mortifying!

She clung to the representative of the law, and began to sob. Her tears had instant effect upon the little crowd.

"Oh, let the young lady go, officer," said one voice. "Yes," chorused others. "But pinch the tall gentleman," added the mangipsy.

The inexorable officers moved forward. Presently they all trooped into a police station, and the principals came short in an un-

even line before a battered desk.

A blowzy Celtic visage was lifted to regard them. Beneath that visage was a wide, open book. It seemed the very Book of Judgment to poor Agatha. She glanced at Mr. McVicar. He was watching her sorrowfully, his face startlingly pale, his whole attitude woeful.

"Hello!" said he of the wide book. For Mr. McVicar, his look was casual; for Agatha, it was more prolonged, yet not unkind—though the buff-and-crocus confection was tipped rakishly to one side; for the gipsy twain, however, it was condemnatory.

The gipsies smiled up at him. "Hello, Sergeant!" returned they audaciously.

At this there was some small commotion and a general giggling in the rear of the room. Agatha peered swiftly round, and beheld five young men who were ranged against the rear wall. They were well dressed. They were grinning. They all wore colored glasses.

Officer Flynn was talking. "I was comin' along my beat," said he, whereat there began an astonishingly truthful account of the late mêlée. It was interrupted by wild yowlings from a room evidently near at hand.

"Ah!" said the man-gipsy; "the monkey!"



"GIVE ME DA MON FOR DA MONK!" HE CRIED

"Th' dhrunks in Noomber 3," explained

Officer Flynn continued, "And we was ready to run the gipsies in when the young

gent up and skedaddled."

"So did I," protested Agatha, but the sergeant scowled only at Mr. McVicar. "I made him," added Agatha stoutly, after which she resolved into tears again.

"Now, now," comforted the sergeant. "Till me, how come y' t' be down in this

ind of th' town, annyhow?"

"I am concerned," sobbed Agatha, "with the phenomena of social evolution."

"Ah!" said the sergeant; "sittlements." "So-so," she struggled on, "to-night I started for Jones Street-

"Jones Street!" said the sergeant. Again his scowl was fixed upon the escort. "Young man, phwat was y' doin' in Greene?"

All eyes were upon Mr. McVicar-the sergeant's with suspicion, the gipsies' with bold delight, the policemen's curiously, Agatha's in appeal. Mr. McVicar was now all tints-even those uncertain, elusive ones that are so much affected in nouveau art. His lips moved spasmodically, uttering inaudible words.

"SPEAK!" thundered the sergeant im-

patiently.

"Yes, speak." This from the grinning

gipsies, sotto voce.

Agatha stepped forward. "Officer," she said, "he's deaf and dumb, but he reads the

"And writes with his toes," announced

the man-gipsy.

Agatha cast him a withering glance. Then she lifted her face to the escort. -were—we—in—Greene—Street?"

He was now startlingly scarlet. After a little indecision he took out his pad and wrote, "I was trying to shake the gipsies." He showed the page to Agatha.

"Of course," said she. Then, to the sergeant, "He was trying to shake the gipsies."

"He succeeded," cried the man-gipsy. "He shook loose my four-dollar earrings and a twenty-dollar monkey."

This statement was hailed with mirth from the rear. The maudlin occupants of Number 3 joined in noisily. Even the po-

licemen smiled.

The next moment one of the latter gave a shout of triumph. "Sergeant," he announced excitedly, "this dago is wearin' a wig!" He pointed at the black mop of hair that hung down over the temples of the man-

The man-gipsy drew himself up haughtily. "I am not a dago," said he, with dignity. Then, to the sergeant, "Your eminence, he insults me."

Agatha's eyes were keen. "The other

one, too," she whispered.

Officer Flynn seized the wide, scarlet kerchief on the gipsy woman's head and gave it It came away-with it a full and a jerk. ropy coiffure.

"Stung!" cried the woman.

Now, shorn of its late protection, her head was masculine in appearance, the short, brown hair showing itself to be well cut and carefully kept. When Officer Flynn had plucked off the man-gipsy's wig there was disclosed another head no less modishly barbered.

The sergeant was a man of long experi-

ence. "College," said he.

The woman-gipsy bowed. "You are inspired."

From behind them came sounds of suffering-the five gentlemen in the rear were bent to the floor. Seeing them, the gipsies fell to chortling shrilly.

The sergeant was turning the leaves of the book. "Inspired nothin'," said he. "Whin Oi see a youngster makin' a jackass of his-self----"

And it was then that something dawned upon Agatha: these were all friends of Mr. McVicar's, and this was what he had meant when he spoke of their "annoying" her. But she was a college girl, and knew just how much fun could be gotten out of a lark -even a silly, sophomoric lark. She glanced over at Mr. McVicar and dimpled.

"An', mebbe," went on the sergeant, almost agreeably, "this is a' inittyaytion?"

"Something on that order," said the woman-gipsy.

"It was all in the interest of science," added the man-gipsy. "We were endeavoring to make the dumb speak." Here he began to make finger-signs at Agatha's escort.

Agatha, shocked by the cruelty of the jest, fairly whirled round upon the offender. Her reproof, however, remained unspoken; for there, between the gipsies and the door, advancing on quick foot, was an open-faced, shrewd-eyed young man. This person halted at the sergeant's elbow, and took the company in with swift comprehension. At the same time he drew a pencil from a breast

pocket and a yellow pad from a sagging pocket lower down.

Agatha had only a second in which to wonder if he, too, were d- and d- when, "Aloysius," said he to the sergeant, "what's doing?" He pointed at the wigs.

It was then that Agatha realized that she was in the presence of the danger that she (and Auntie) so much feared. The shrewdeyed young man was a reporter! She turned helplessly to Mr. McVicar.

"But he sha'n't have my picture," she

muttered.

Mr. McVicar looked down at her quickly -almost as if he had heard. Then his gray eyes went back to the sergeant and the newspaper man. His hands were twitching.

The sergeant glanced up. "Aw," he said disgustedly, "it's only a fool thrick." Then, to the waiting line, "Ye kin all go."

At this the reporter became excited. "But it ought to make a story. Have you got their names?" He sprang to the side of the woman-gipsy.

It was now that Mr. McVicar did an extraordinary thing. Without a moment's hesitation he stepped between the reporter and the woman-gipsy and gave the latter a shove that sent her spinning backward. Then he turned to the desk.

"It is a trick," he declared, "a mean, contemptible trick, and I am mostly to blame for it. But it has gone far enough."

Agatha gave a cry of amazement. It was the deep voice she had heard when the officers were approaching. And it was his! This was not gurgling: this was speech! She sank upon a bench, her face hidden in the crook of one trembling arm, and began to sob wildly.

"Sergeant," went on the deep voice, "I ask you to save this young lady from no-

The sergeant promptly leaned far over and addressed the woman-gipsy. "Ye git," said he harshly, "an' yer gang wid ye. An' if Oi hear of y' givin' anny names—"

The woman-gipsy held up a defensive hand. "Now that the dumb hath spoken," said she, "far be it from me to bring grief-

"Hike!" interrupted the sergeant. The gipsies stole out, after them the five well-dressed young men. Next the officers saluted the desk and passed Agatha with pitying glances. Only the reporter remained.

"Say," said the sergeant to him, "Oi've give y' manny a scoop, ain't Oi?"

"Yes," said the reporter, "you have." "Wull, thin. An' d' ye know yere missin' th' story of yer loife this siccond?"

"For heaven's sake! What is it?"

The sergeant leaned toward him, dropping his voice dramatically. "Hist!" he exclaimed. "They's a man dead in Brooklyn!" He gave a prodigious wink.

"Oh, I see. All right," said the reporter.

He waved a hand and went out.

Then Mr. McVicar began to speak again -to Agatha, and so quaveringly that the sergeant knew the tears were close there, too. The sergeant turned his back and fell to

studying a map.

"I've been a coward and a cad," said that quavering voice, "and you'll never forgive me. But, honestly, I did it all because I-I wanted to be with you. So I pretended I was-was-uncle that morning I telephoned. Every day I thought the truth would come out. And lots of times I came near skipping town. The fellows wouldn't let me alone a minute-from the time I had to tell one of 'em (you remember) that I was deaf and dumb. The fiends! Oh, don't cry so! I'd—I'd die if it'd do any good."

Agatha raised her tear-wet face. not c-c-crying because I'm angry," she sobbed, putting out her two hands to him. "I'm c-c-crying because you're not d-

and d-."

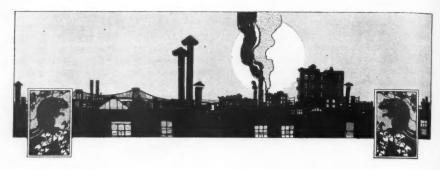
His strong arms caught her up then and held her close, and for all the silent, pent-up hours he had spent with her there now gushed forth a thousand whispered words of rapturous endearment. And he kissed her poor, trembling lips, her chin, her blacklashed eyelids—even the fluff of her hair.

"Dearest," he whispered, "I loved you the second I spied you from behind that

reference table.'

Agatha suddenly stopped her sobbing. Then she leaned away from him—and looked down. The plaid she saw above his half-shoes was red and brown at right angles upon a French-knotted ground of blue. It was not exactly the plaid that had been displayed that other day, but it was a full cousin to it.

The sun broke through the clouds then, for as she looked up once more a smile lit all that scarlet rounding of her cheeks where her dimples were. "Then, d-dear," she began, both gloved hands creeping up to rest on his shoulders, "wh-what is your tr-truly name?"



Owners of America X. The Astors

By Charles P. Norcross



I is a singular fact that the real owners of America are not great landowners. Their control comes in other ways. In England, Continental Europe, and even Asia, on the other hand, great fortunes and great power almost invariably come from the own-

ership of enormous domains, with hundreds and thousands of tenants, and titles founded upon soil-dominance. Our overlords have achieved eminence and edged into proprietorship through the seizing and monopolizing of public necessities. Rockefeller and oil; Harriman and railroads; Armour and meats: Carnegie and steel; and so on. These strong men, with superb enthusiasm and wonderful administrative ability, have stepped in and systematized the production of the country's necessities, and by dominating the producing and distributing ends have secured monopolies which have resulted in the accumulation of great fortunes. It would not be so bad if these owners were content with the fortunes so acquired, but a sustained menace lies in the fact that in the very systems so constructed fetters have been forged, and a method of indirect taxation created which levies its toll upon every person, man, woman, and child, who in the very course of sustaining life must utilize the necessities the distribution of which the owners have so carefully arranged at a profit to themselves.

It is the exception that proves the rule, and we find it in the Astor family. Here is an enormous fortune, running into hundreds of millions of dollars, which is founded almost absolutely upon land values. With the exception of a slight divergence into railways and banks, where some of the estate money has been invested, the Astors are strictly landlords. Theirs is a clean fortune. It is tainted with none of the scandals and high-handed methods of outlawry that have characterized the building of many great estates. It is the product of a superb belief in this country and its future. It has been accumulated by four generations of a clean-living, public-spirited, far-seeing, and industrious family. The family record shows that in every national crisis its members have been among the first to support the government loyally, and in hours of financial distress the money of the family has been at the disposal of the government.

There is but one blot on the escutcheon. William Waldorf Astor, expatriate and calumniator of the country from which he draws the income which enables him to live in royal luxury in Europe, by his acts and deeds has served, in contrast, to illuminate the patriotism and loyalty of the other members of the family. After a disastrous political experience, he shook the dust of this country

from his feet and went to England. Since living there he has written a history of the family in which we find the following feeble attempt at self-justification,

"I once heard my father say—after some peculiarly venomous criticism—that it was almost enough to make one wish to abandon such a country, a feeling I came later to share."

Since his adoption of England as his home, he has allowed no opportunity to pass, either in conversation or in print, to abuse the country of his birth. This vindictiveness he carried to its apotheosis when he purchased the flags of the ill-fated *Chesapeake*, captured by the *Shannon* in the course of the War of 1812, and presented them to a British museum so that they might not be returned to the United States. Public condemnation of the act ran high, but Mr. Astor seemed entirely unmoved and rather gloated over the uproar.

It is a real relief to leave William Waldorf Astor in his magnificent Hever Castle and his son serving King Edward VII, and turn to the cleaner, sweeter side

of the family.

The founder of the Astor fortune was John Jacob Astor, who was born July 17, 1763, in a peasant's cottage in the small village of Waldorf in the great duchy of Baden, in Germany. The family has been traced back to the twelfth century, and the family tree printed herewith shows the members to have been of an adventur ous and roving disposition. The original John Jacob Astor, we are told, was driven from home by the bitterness of a stepmother. Having a common school education, and reared in the Protestant faith, at the age of sixteen he went to London, where his elder brother George had established a prosperous pianomanufacturing business. He remained there four years, and in 1783, at the close of the War of the Revolution, he came to America. He landed in

Baltimore, but proceeded almost at once to New York, where his brother Henry was established. He had with him a number of musical instruments from his brother's London factory and undertook the sale of these as the American agent of the London house.

It is told how he received furs in payment for a horn. The owner of the furs painted such a glowing picture of their value in order to persuade young Astor to take them in payment that his mind turned to the fur trade. With patience and industry he studied every angle of it and then decided to abandon the musical-instrument business and undertake the fur business. So successful was he in this undertaking that at the end of sixteen years, or in 1800, he was worth a quarter of a million dollars.

Some reflection upon the conditions existing at that epoch is necessary to a proper



THIS RECORD OF THE ASTOR FAMILY, WHICH IS ATTESTED BY WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, IS QUESTIONED BY EMINENT GENEALOGISTS

appreciation of the career of John Jacob Astor. The thirteen colonies had just completed their long and exhausting struggle for independence.

The government

The government was still inchoate. Manufacturing and industrial enterprise had hardly begun. Population of any consequence was restricted to

a few seaboard towns whose wealth and progress depended primarily upon foreign commerce, and exploitation of the vast internal resources of the country was as yet hardly

thought of.

In such circumstances it is a remarkable proof of the original genius of young Astor that, instead of adapting himself to the conventional methods of easy though perhaps moderate success, he almost immediately embarked upon schemes which seemingly involved a considerable element of risk. The fur trade was as old as American colonization, and was remunerative to all engaged in it. But right there was a difficulty; it involved an unusual number of transactions, from the remote source of supply to the final agency of distribution, and its gains were thus dispersed among a variety of interests. If prosecuted systematically and comprehensively by a great company, of which trapper, shipper, and manufacturer should be but factors, and the company itself the merchant, the gains could be consolidated with unlimited pos-

It remained for young Astor to demonstrate

the sufficiency of private and unaided enterprise for the masterful control of this complicated trade in all its extensive range.

He opened a store at 81 Queen Street (now Pearl), New York, where he prosecuted the sale of furs. With the accumulation



JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S RESIDENCE, NEW YORK

of capital he began to broaden his operations, organizing the means of supply, and soon had his representatives throughout the country, even at the most distant trading-posts. Before the close of the century his interests reached to the limits of settlement in the United States territory, then extending to the Mississippi.

His far-reaching enterprises were a great stimulation to emigration westward; and historians ascribe to him no minor part in the development of the national domain. About the year 1800 he inaugurated his celebrated ventures in the Chinese and Eastern trade, having, through personal influence, received authorization from the British East India Company to trade freely at any of the ports monopolized by that concern. The first ship sent out by him from New York to China brought back a profit of \$55,000, largely from the sale of sandalwood, which by a lucky accident had been taken aboard at the Hawaiian Islands, its existence there having

been previously unknown. The secret was kept, and for nearly twenty years Astor enjoyed a monopoly of this lucrative trade. During the embargo of 1807-9 he was the only American shipping merchant able to send a vessel into a Chinese port, a



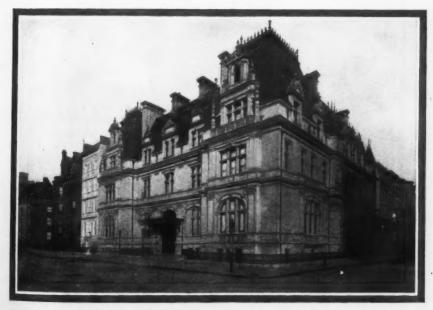
BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR, WALDORF, GERMANY

stroke accomplished on a diplomatic pretext; and this single voyage returned a profit of \$200,000.

After the Louisiana purchase (1803) Astor conceived and prepared for the execution of his mighty project for a system of settlement and route of trade across the American continent to the Pacific coast and commercial intercourse thence with China, India, and other Asiatic countries. This scheme, one of the greatest and most comprehensive ever formed by the mind of man, included the establishment of a chain of posts extending from the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast; the erection of a town on that coast at the mouth of the Columbia River; the acquisition of one of the islands of the Hawaiian group as an intermediate station; and the opening of communication with all these points by a line of vessels, thus connecting New York, the central station of Astoria, the Russian possessions in the far North, the tropical island, and China and India across the Pacific Ocean. As the practical means to this end he organized the American Fur Company in 1807, and the work was at once begun, resulting in the founding of Astoria and the opening of the whole gigantic system of trade under most favorable auspices. The

War of 1812 brought the undertaking to an end, Astoria falling into the hands of the enemy.

Coincidently with his earliest successful ventures in commerce, Astor had begun his policy of real-estate investment which, even more than his vast business transactions, was to develop and solidify his wealth and that of his descendants. His first recorded purchase, August 14, 1789, was of two lots of ground on the Bowery Land or road near Elizabeth Street for two hundred and fifty pounds sterling. From that time he never ceased buying lands and houses, and he seldom parted with these for any price, having boundless faith in their large future increase in value. In this policy, pursued with utter disregard of contemporary prejudices, he was thought to be a visionary, burdening a large fortune with unsubstantial and unproductive property. Yet his prescience was abundantly vindicated by the light of after developments, which showed others to have been in a Rip Van Winkle condition while he was thinking and calculating and waiting with the genius and patience of a great financier. His purchase of Aaron Burr's property on Richmond Hill was of this character. He bought for thousands of dollars what is now



JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S TOWN HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK

worth millions, and in the purchase of those wild lands, including swamps, rocky knolls, and barren commons, which lay a waste from Canal Street on to Bloomingdale, he made one of the greatest investments of the nineteenth century. A famous transaction was that by which he secured the immense confiscated estate of Roger Morris, the lovalist, comprising more than fifty thousand acres, in Putnam County. He obtained the property for about \$100,000 and ultimately realized from it five times that amount.

For many years John Jacob Astor resided on Vesey Street near Broadway in a handsome house facing St. Paul's Church. One of his early ambitions



MRS. ASTOR, WIFE OF THE ORIGINAL JOHN JACOB ASTOR—FROM A MINIATURE

was to erect a structure unrivaled in the city. and after retiring from active business he proceeded to do this by demolishing not only his own residence but all the other dwellings on the Broadway side of the block and building on the site the Astor House, which is still a notable landmark of down-town New York. He then removed to another mansion that he had built on Broadway near Prince Street.

Mr. Astor was a man of strong public spirit, and much might be written illustrative of this side of his character. When in 1834

the New York Life Insurance and Trust Co. was robbed of its entire surplus of over \$250,000 he made a gratuitous loan sufficient



OLD ASTOR HOME, WHICH STOOD AT FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET ON THE PRESENT SITE OF THE WALDORF HOTEL

Across Thirty-fourth Street is the A. T. Stewart mansion where the Knickerbocker
Trust Company building now stands



Respetfully your

to enable it to continue. His enduring monument is the Astor Library, for which he provided, in his will, the sum of \$400,000. In that instrument he also gave to his native village of Waldorf \$50,000 for the endowment of an orphanage. He had at heart the encouragement of literary and artistic culture by every judicious means, and was the friend of the principal literary men of his time. Between him and Washington Irving a close intimacy subsisted, of which a memorial remains for all time in that author's book

"Astoria." The poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, was another of his friends, whose ability he employed at a generous recompense as his secretary. He was himself a man of most sound and extensive culture, an instance of the remarkable scope and grasp of his intellect, which, in whatever direction exercised, was capable of the highest achievement. His dominant characteristics are thus summed up by Irving: "He began his career on the narrowest scale, but he brought to the task a persevering industry, rigid economy, and

strict integrity. To these were added an aspiring spirit that always looked upward; a genius bold, fertile, and expansive; a sagacity quick to grasp and convert every circumstance to its advantage; and a singular and neverwavering confidence of signal success."

The original John Jacob Astor was no merchant sitting behind a desk and planning his campaigns from there. He was an adventurer and explorer. He drove his agents into the great Northwest, but he followed them in. He tramped the lonely forests with Indian guides and Jesuit priests. He made friends with Indian chiefs, and there are in existence to-day medals that he had struck off to present to the Indians for their courage and friendship. In later years, when age had steadied him, he withdrew to New York and spent most of his declining days at a country place located where Astoria now is on the East River. Here with his books and his friends he passed a serene old age. Two years after his arrival in this country he had married Sarah Todd, the daughter of Revolutionary parents. He had seven children, but the great fortune he had built up was bequeathed to his third child, William Back-

house Astor, named after a friend and commercial associate, William Backhouse. Mr. Astor died at his home on Broadway, March 29, 1848.

William B. Astor, born in 1792, succeeded to the great fortune with a mind and physique well equipped for the administration of it. He was a tireless worker and a keen student. After receiving an elementary education in the schools of New York he was sent to Europe, where he pursued his studies at Heidelberg and Göttingen and also under the tutorship of the distinguished savant, Baron Bunsen, with whom he made a tour of the Continent. Returning to America at the age of twenty-three, he was admitted to partnership in his father's business house, which now became J. J. Astor & Son, and from that time he was his father's able and tireless coadjutor.

Although in his younger years engaged actively in mercantile pursuits, the care of his great real-estate interests ultimately required all his attention, and the executive ability manifested by him in developing his inheritance was perhaps as noteworthy as the far-seeing judgment by which it was acquired. Within less than twenty years after his father's death he had more than doubled the value of the estate and was the owner of some seven hundred houses in New York city (later increased to nearly one thousand). He was constantly occupied with building operations, the structures which he erected being as a rule superior to those that were then deemed first class.

William B. Astor married a daughter of Gen. John Armstrong. They had seven

children, two of whom, John Jacob Astor and William Astor, shared equally in the division of the fortune on the death of William B. Astor in 1875.

John Jacob Astor III, a scholarly man, was educated at Columbia College, the University of Göttingen, and the Harvard Law School. After the completion of his university training he entered the office of the Astor estate, to whose affairs his active life was devoted. In 1862 he enlisted in the army



MRS. WILLIAM B. ASTOR

and became an aide on the staff of General McClellan, with the rank of major. Later, on account of meritorious service, he was made a Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In 1879 President Hayes offered to

appoint him minister to England, but he declined the honor.

Mr. Astor married Charlotte Augusta Gibbes, of the well-known South Carolina family. Only one child was born to this union, William Waldorf Astor, who has been referred to above.

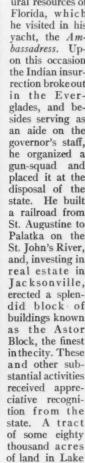
William Astor, brother of John Jacob Astor III, was born in New York city, July 12, 1829. His education was completed at Columbia College, where he was distinguished for his persistent application and scholarship, being generally at the head of his class and graduating second in 1849. Several years were then spent in foreign travel, extending to

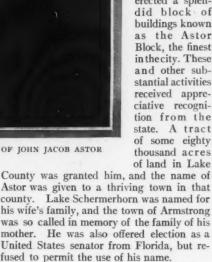
Egypt, the Holy Land, Turkey, and Greece. The observations made in the East left a lasting impression on him, and throughout his life he had a particular interest in Oriental art and literature.

In 1861, at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, Mr. Astor, then in his thirtysecond year, took part with great enthusiasm in the preparations for the defense of the Union. He organized a regiment at Rondout, of which he was elected colonel, and also

the Astor Gun-Squad at Rhinebeck. It was his intense desire to enter the army, but he was finally dissuaded by his father, and declined the proffered colonelcy. After the war he became much interested in the develop-

ment of the natural resources of Florida, which he visited in his yacht, the Ambassadress. Upon this occasion the Indian insurrection broke out in the Everglades, and besides serving as an aide on the governor's staff, he organized a gun-squad and placed it at the disposal of the state. He built a railroad from St. Augustine to Palatka on the St. John's River, and, investing in real estate in Jacksonville, erected a splendid block of buildings known as the Astor Block, the finest in the city. These and other substantial activities received appreciative recognition from the state. A tract of some eighty thousand acres





He was a member of the masonic order and of several leading clubs, was fond of travel, a great yachtsman, and enthusiastic-



WILLIAM B. ASTOR, SON OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR



MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR, CREATOR OF NEW YORK'S "FOUR HUNDRED"

ally devoted to sports with gun and rod. He owned not only the Ambassadress, the finest sailing yacht afloat, but also the Nourmahal, the largest steam-yacht at the time of its construction. He took delight in farming and stock-breeding, and had a magnificent country place, including both park and farm, known as Ferncliff, at Rhinebeck, New York; but the greater part of his life was spent abroad and in travel.

William Astor married Caroline Webster Schermerhorn, daughter of Abraham Schermerhorn, in 1853. Mrs. Astor was a woman of marvelous beauty and attainments and up until her death, which occurred recently, was the acknowledged social leader of New York. It was she who created the "four hundred" in New York. The cachet of her approval was all that was necessary to secure social recognition; her disapproval meant being outside the social barriers. There were five children, of whom Col. John Jacob Astor, the only son, is the eldest.

John Jacob Astor, the fourth of the name and the present head of the family, is a man of varied pursuits and recreations, but the management of the great Astor estate occupies most of his time. He was born in 1864 and is therefore forty-five years of age. Mrs. Astor, mother of Colonel Astor, unlike most fashionable mothers, gave her time and attention to her son's education and business training, and she being a woman of great brilliancy, he profited greatly by this care. Succeeding to the headship of his family and the responsibilities thus involved at a much earlier age-twentyeight years—than either of his

predecessors, he assumed the direction of the estate with a thorough business equipment and also with full acceptance of the personal

obligations of management.

With the passage of time Colonel Astor has not remitted his active supervision of the estate, but, indeed, has directed its affairs with increasing vigor and enterprise. His administration, while not departing from the hereditary policy of the Astors in permitting no reduction of their lavishness of expenditure, has resulted in the erection of several of the chief architectural ornaments of the city, even

in this day of mammoth and expensively furnished construc-

tions.

Colonel Astor always had a fondness for military affairs and early became identified with the National Guard of the state of New York. He was appointed on the staff of Governor Morton with the rank of colonel. Continuing his connection with the military force of the state, he was one of the first to offer his services to the government at the breaking out of the Spanish-American War. At the same time he made a free tender to it, for the Navy De-partment, of his steam-yacht, the Nourmahal. This was declined, as the vessel was not exactly suitable for naval purposes, but the offer of personal

service was accepted. May 13, 1898, he was appointed inspector-general in the army with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and on May 15 he entered upon his duties on the staff of Major-General Breckinridge. He was for several weeks occupied in a tour of inspection of the military camps established in the South, and was then ordered to Tampa and Cuba with the first army of invasion. In the

ensuing campaign and at the battle and siege of Santiago he served with efficiency and was recommended for promotion by General Shafter. After the surrender of Santiago he was sent to Washington as the bearer of despatches to the President. The protocol of peace being signed about that time, his active services were no longer required, and he returned to his home. At his own initiative and expense Colonel Astor had recruited and equipped the famous Astor Battery, with a complement of one hundred and two men and six twelve-pound Hotchkiss guns. This

was presented to the government and sent to the Philippines, where it arrived in time to participate in the operations against Manila and its final capture (August 13).

Colonel Astor married, in 1891, Miss Alva Sowle Willing, of Philadelphia, who was regarded as one of the handsomest women of her city. Since the death of Colonel Astor's mother the duties of social leadership have fallen upon her shoulders, and she has borne them most gracefully. They have two children, William Vincent Astor and Alva Alice Muriel Astor.

Two hundred million dollars is probably a fair estimate of the value of the Astor estate in New York city, and this immense fortune is practically under the

control of two men, Colonel Astor and his cousin, William Waldorf. The property inherited by William Waldorf from his father is his outright and under his personal control. One-half of Colonel Astor's share was left in trust by his father and is managed by a committee of trustees, of which Douglas Robinson is one of the leading members. With this exception, the vast estate which has been ac-



WILLIAM ASTOR, SON OF WILLIAM B. ASTOR

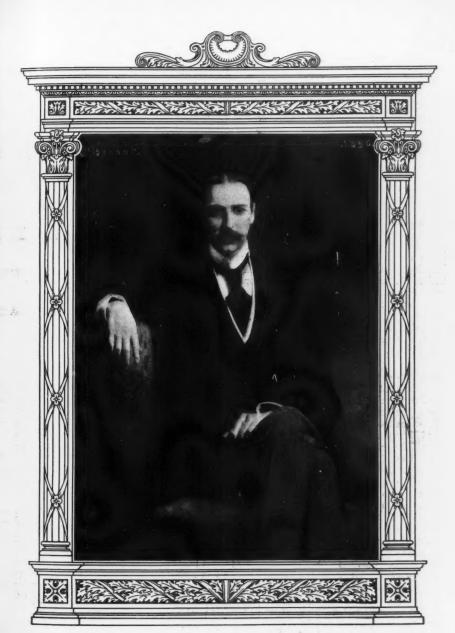


MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, PRESENT SOCIETY LEADER

cumulating for generations is in the absolute power of these two owners of America.

The business policy which makes this estate one of the biggest revenue-producing fortunes in the world is based on the principle of direct cooperation with the tenants. It has been found that the old policy of investing in mortgages, which was a favorite means employed by the first John Jacob Astor and his immediate family successors, is not so profitable as a direct investment in real estate. To-day the Astor holdings in New York city comprise practically every kind of property, from sweat-shops and tenements on the lower East Side to immense office-buildings like the Schermerhorn and the Vincent and even truck-farms in the Bronx, which are leased chiefly to foreigners. In other words, the policy has changed absolutely from what it was in the early days of the building up of the fortune.

Another radical change in the business policy of the Astor management marks a noteworthy departure from that pursued by other large landowners. To-day it is a settled principle with them to invest in men as well as in property. They demand no security for their leases, the idea being that if they are requested as a business proposition to advance the money for a building to be used for business purposes, the more money the tenant has to put into his own business the greater will be his chance of success. This, of course, assures a greater profit to the estate and lessens the danger of the tenant's failure to payrent. It was on this principle that the big hotels like the Waldorf and the Knickerbocker were built. In fact hundreds of the big office-



COL. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, SON OF WILLIAM ASTOR AND HEAD OF THE ** ASTOR FAMILY IN AMERICA

buildings in all parts of New York have been erected in this way, and many millionaires have been made through the opportunity thus given them to conduct a successful business.

One little incident will show how far this policy has been carried. A business man whose building had been erected on the terms just mentioned found that at a certain season of the year he was hard pressed for ready cash. Relying on his former experience with the managers of the estate he laid the situation frankly before them. He told them exactly the predicament he was in and made a suggestion which in his judgment would help him out and enable him to keep on with his business. The suggestion was that extensive alterations in the building be made which would enable him to save a large bill every year for insurance. The managers of the estate could not hope to derive any direct benefit from this outlay of money, but they believed in the man and made the alterations, eventually finding that the risk paid them well. In a large number of these investments, so far as concerns the estate of Col. John Jacob Astor, the trustees are the conservative element in the management. The colonel himself is a firm believer in his own



WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, SUBJECT OF KING EDWARD VII



JOHN JACOB, SON OF WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, IN HIS UNIFORM AS A SUB-ALTERN IN THE LIFE GUARDS

judgment of men, and in his own personal investments has carried this directing principle of business to greater lengths than probably any other landlord in the world. His motto is, "It pays to invest in men."

The general opinion with regard to the vast estate of the Astors is that none of their property is ever sold. That is not true. It would be true to say that none of it is ever sold at a loss, because their enormous holdings, almost entirely in New York city, are constantly increasing in value. But transfers are continually being made and new property being added. The skill and foresight which characterize the selection of sites for investments are well illustrated by a recent investment. According to the plans of the Pennsylvania Railroad for its terminal in New York city between Thirtysecond and Thirty-third streets, an arcade big enough to accommodate the thousands who will pass daily through the terminal will open into Thirty-fourth Street. When this is completed it will be found that the most valuable piece of property near there, namely, a site of two hundred feet directly opposite and extending through from Thirty-fourth Street to Thirty-fifth Street, has recently been acquired by the Astor estate. It is this shrewdness and keen insight which has been one of the chief factors in building up the enormous Astor fortune through succeeding generations.



The Impersonal Note in Criticism

THE THEATRICAL CRITIC OF TO-DAY IS ALIVE TO HIS OWN SIGNIFICANCE AND HAS DROPPED THE PERSONAL NOTE IN HIS CRITICISMS. SOME GOOD PLAYS AT THE END OF THE SEASON

By Alan Dale

HE dramatic critic no longer writes in the easy, familiar, and pleasantly vulgar style implying that the mad whirl of his rollicking life is passed supping with brilliant actresses, hobnobbing with potent managerial Moguls, and buttonholing haughty playwrights. It is not considered "good form" to write in this style. So much of the theater's "machinery" is served up to the public to-day that the dramatic critic and his mission have been "discovered." That poor creature who slinks into the theater at each opening, and plunges into the depths of his labyrinthine program, is known to playgoers. All his pleasant myths have been exploded. He writes seriously, sometimes dejectedly. And he does not talk

of "dropping in," of lounging around; he

does not call stars by their Christian names,

nor apostrophize managers as "Bill" and "Jim"; he does not announce his discovery

of popular playwrights, and insist that he has introduced them to theatrical magnates.

Sometimes readers must miss that lost personal note. Perhaps it was a vulgar note, but it had its illusions. Moreover, if it was a vulgar note, it was vulgar people who found to out, and their judgment is quite fallible. The personal note had its elusive charm. One loved to believe in the magic power of the reviewer in the good old days, when no manager barred him, no theater-magnate objected to his face, no irate and explosive play-juggler lectured about him, and no bumptious actor set him down as an evildoer, and an encumbrance.

Let me go back to the good old days when a reviewer might have begun his article like this,

"I met Mr. Clyde Fitch on Broadway, and we had a good old chat together."

Let me write that to-day. I insist upon it. And it is quite true. I did meet Mr. Clyde Fitch on Broadway last night, and we did have a good old chat together. Nor is this fact as banal or as trivial as it sounds. If I write it, it is not because I feel that the chat with Mr. Fitch gives me any prestige, but rather that it confers prestige upon Mr. Fitch. If the personal note has gone, a certain self-importance has taken its place. The critic to-day is no longer humble, sycophantic, and fawning. He is alive to his own significance, which is an exceedingly good thing. He may allude to himself as a "poor creature," but he does not believe that he is one.

But, as I said before, I met Mr. Clyde Fitch on Broadway last night, and we had a good old chat together. This is awfully interesting. Jibe not, neither scoff. This chat, or rather the fact that this chat took place, is really fearfully thrilling, though you may not discover why until I tell you. This is why. I had just seen Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Happy Marriage," at the Garrick Theater, New York. This was the jorty-second play by Mr. Clyde Fitch that I had seen and reviewed!

Yet—pause and note—we met on Broadway, and had a good old chat together. For years, and years, and still years, Mr. Fitch had been writing plays, and I had been saying what I thought of them. Some of them were

failures, of course, and it was necessary to write fractiously and even indignantly of what seemed to be insults to public intelligence. Some were inclined to frisk around the moral question, when it was incumbent upon me, for the sake of "the home" and its proprieties to write in adjectival amazement of Mr. Fitch's want of taste and of his indelicacy. Others were just silly, and I said so, just as though I had no scalp to lose, or no nose to be punched. In fact, looking through Mr. Fitch's stupendous series of plays, and my comments thereon, I find that I have written matter calculated to cause the playwright a variegated assortment of sensations, ranging from anger, grief, remorse, surprise, consternation, disgust, contempt, horror, loathing, and agony, to joy, love, pleasure, felicity, comfort, hope, and encouragement. These last, however, are always unimportant. Every well-regulated playwright forgets a column of praise and treasures up a paragraph of censure.

But, as I said before, I met Mr. Clyde Fitch on Broadway last night, and we had a good old chat together. He was serene, well groomed, optimistic, and spick and span. He had no regrets. He appeared to regard me as a human being, and not as a reviewing-



EDWIN ARDEN, MILTON SILLS, AND DORIS KEANE IN A SCENE FROM "THE HAPPY MARRIAGE"

machine. He did not tell me that he thought I was "the greatest ever," and that he didn't care what anybody else said about him. Nor did he opine that I was no better than I should be, or wither me with flowery invective.

chatty, and good-natured, and careless as though he were Oh, much a relative. more than that, for relatives always seem privileged to say rude things. And I was as easy and completely unbaffled as though I'd never written a word about himgood, bad, or indifferent. We talked about plays, the weather; we discussed foreign hotels and Continental cities; we even drifted to the opera!

1

Now, you must admit that this is almost disgustingly interesting. Surely it is. For a critic who has reviewed forty=two of one man's plays actually to be hobnobbing with that one man, whom he has treated in each of the fifty-seven varieties of treatment, is certainly startling. It proves two things: that

Mr. Clyde Fitch is a philosopher, and that Mr. Alan Dale is a stoic. Both have suffered in the whirligig of theaterdom. Both can forget their sufferings in the pleasure of familiar intercourse.

Mr. Clyde Fitch is an extraordinary person. There is no doubt about it at all. He has managed to retain his perspective in spite of everything. He has been raked over the coals, sneered at, criticized unpardonably as well as pardonably, but he has failed to acquire that cynical acidity which is usually the result of such a fate. He has never yet joined the chorus against criticism. He has never yet, in all the various interviews ascribed to him, had a refractory comment to utter against the reviewer. He has bobbed up as smiling after failure as after success.

He has dealt with ungracious and ungrateful stars, he has had contracts with tight and unreliable managers, he has passed through all sorts of bad times and adverse conditions. He has seen old critics pass away, and new

> has had as his rivals the most eminent of the European playmakers. He has been produced abroad, and has had to cope with conditions that were foreign to him. Yet he has maintained his mental equilibrium. He may be seen at first nights sometimes, perfectly undismayed. Usually he tells the manager that he has enjoyed himself He is imimmenselv. perturbably happy.

So I do not apologize for my personal note. That I met Mr. Fitch on Broadway and had a good long chat with him is a fact worth doing into history. I don't say that it is unprecedented, though I can recall no

other playwright with forty-two plays to his credit, anxious to chat with a man who has commented upon every one of them. I do say that it is exquisitely significant. Mr. Fitch is too wise to look upon me as a fool with a maliciously destructive bent-a popular way of regarding a critic. He realizes that even if I were an idiot at the beginningupon which I do not insist-my idiocy must have been routed out, or stunned into sense, if you prefer it. And I am too wise to look upon Mr. Fitch as an infallible success, because he has done many delightfully successful things. So that I think we are both worth noting, having acquired that stability of poise which keeps one self-satisfied, at any rate. And to be self-satisfied is not the impudent curse that many people deem it.



SCENE FROM "THE BEAUTY SPOT"



SCENE FROM EDWARD LOCKE'S SUCCESSFUL PLAY, "THE CLIMAX"

It is one's salvation in a rude and iconoclastic world. It is the only thing that keeps a man going.

Perhaps in his early days, Mr. Fitch both liked and disliked critics. He perchance did what the amateur fools do—thought them great when they praised him, and despicable when they didn't praise him. Yet he never told them so. That is something. He never told them so that is something. He never told them so that is something in foolish utterances of either pleasure or displeasure. He was, as a rule, silent. He plodded away at his self-appointed task. He had his own ideas, and he kept them. During some episodes they seemed stupid, during others plausible. But he has never altered his style or his outlook. And he has written fortytwo plays—more, perhaps, that I have not seen.

And we met on Broadway last night, and had a good old chat together.

All of which, as a prelude to his latest play, "The Happy Marriage," may induce in you the belief that I am going to say I liked it immensely. You are wrong. I did not like it at all. I thought it was Clyde Fitch in a very pot-boiling mood, anxious to write a play, but owning nothing worth writing about. As I have said, it was my forty-second Fitch evening, but it was one of the sad ones. Possibly Mr. Fitch knew it; it

would be absurd to imagine that he didn't. This, however, being the end of a strenuously evil season, may have caused him to believe that one foolish play, more or less, didn't matter. And it didn't. "The Happy Marriage" came and went. Nobody said very much about it; nobody cared. The end of the season finds most theatergoers apathetic.

"The Happy Marriage," stupid as it was, was thoroughly Fitch. Its heroine was the feminine idiot who, though emphatically in love with her husband, is frantic to elope with another man, whom she does not love. We have had that idea set forth many times before, and shall probably get it again at some other season's end, but we have never before had it quite so illogically educed. The lovely heroine of "The Happy Marriage" has a nice little boy, and she wants to take him with her on her eloping picnic, as well as a trusty maid! All of which we could not help looking upon as piffle. Much as we don't know about woman, we do know that she will not run away from a husband whom she adores, with a man whom she doesn't adore, and take a child and a companion along with her. There may be new varieties of plays, but there are no new varieties of women. Woman is immutable. She may be an enigma, but she is an immutable

Miss Doris Keane played this heroine, and

made her even more inane than Mr. Fitch succeeded in doing. Miss Keane let loose the baby-voice against which I have already protested, and she was a very exasperating person. This young woman has not "ar-rived." The hit she made some seasons ago in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Hypocrites," must have turned her head. Very young actresses who make unexpected hits often suffer in this way. The words of adulation spoken by the critics stunt their growth. It is a great pity. Critics love to write words of adulation. It is cruel to know that such words are artistically pernicious in their influence. Since "The Hypocrites" Miss Doris Keane has done nothing that was worth while. Perhaps her failure in "The Happy Marriage" may stimulate her to renewed effort, as success failed to do. Milton Sills and Edwin Arden played the lover and the husband in this valueless play, and-well, no more need be said.

It is delightful to turn to the cunning little play called "The Climax," which was "discovered" by Mr. Joseph Weber, and tried at a series of matinées, before it was presented at Daly's Theater. Most of us went to see it in fear and trembling. We stayed to see it through, charmed at its fresh simplicity, its pathetic interest, and its novelty. For it was a genuine novelty.

It had a heroine who was aspiring for operatic honors, and yearning to become a Patti-a heroine with two sweethearts, one of whom despised the operatic career and longed for domesticity. He was a doctor, and when her vocal chords needed treatment it was he who undertook the job. little Adelina entrusted her precious throat to this sensational lover, and we actually saw it being "sprayed" and treated, on the stage. This was the dramatic scene, oddly enough. Would she lose her voice forever or would she recover it? By mental suggestion, the medical lover induced in her the belief that she had lost it forever; that the operation had failed!

Now a situation like that

sounds maudlin, doesn't it? In these days, when every girl chirps, we cannot realize any poignant distress at the notion that one pleasing maiden has lost her chirping powers forever. Yet in Mr. Edward Locke's play we were not only thrilled, but harrowed. It was so prettily written, so exquisitely acted; it seemed so true, so simple, and so unerringly natural that it moved us to enthusiastic approval. And when, in the last act, in her wedding dress, on the eve of marrying the doctor, he confessed all, as her voice returned and her powers were all found to be undimmed, we were all "wrought up." It was a lovely, winsome little drama, and it came as a surprise-I might almost say, as a shock.

Miss Leona Watson, a newcomer in our midst, made an immediate success in "The Climax." I suggested that our glowing comments on her work might turn her head. Be comforted. Miss Leona Watson wrote me a letter in which she promised that they should not. Therefore I am going to rely upon this promise, and repeat my unalloyed praise of her most delightful acting. We shall hear more of Miss Leona Watson. You can be quite sure of that. Also of young Mr. Effingham A. Pinto, who played one of the lovers in a remarkably virile and convincing manner.



OLGA NETHERSOLE AND WILLIAM MORRIS IN "THE WRITING ON THE WALL"

consider that he has made one of the sensational achievements of the season. He discovered Mr. Edward Locke's play, with its freshness and charm, as well as Miss Leona Watson and Mr. Effingham A. Pinto to in-

terpret it.

Miss Olga Nethersole has changed the quality of her heroism, but not its quantity. Owing to circumstances over which she would like to have control-but hasn't-she has been induced to shelve the sexual problem play with its freckled ladies and its penitent Magdalens. The Saphos, and the Mrs. Ebbsmiths, and the Mrs. Tanquerays have been temporarily laid in tar-balls (which is rough on the tar-balls), and Miss Nethersole, securing the services of an American playwright, has in "The Writing on the Wall" elected to appear as a perfectly good and almost astoundingly virtuous lady, teeming with all the delectable qualities of effulgent womanhood.

But do not imagine for one moment that any playwright of any nationality could induce Miss Nethersole to play a joyous or a cheering rôle. A perfectly good lady can be as miserable, and as tear-soaked, and as irritating as a perfectly bad one. She is that, and more, in "The Writing on the Wall," by William J. Hurlbut. Although she has interminable editorials to let forth on such subjects as tenement-house reform, prison abuses, and race suicide, she is able to get in a veritable load of anguish and mental distress. The story of the piece deals with the efforts of a woman whose husband is enriched by ill-constructed, unsanitary tenement-houses to induce in him more altruistic sentiments. Their own child, the little darling, goes to a Christmas-tree celebration in one of the rickety tenements, and is burned to death. In addition to this, Miss Nethersole has to combat a husband's infidelity and a lover's persistence. She is a busy little thing!

But "The Writing on the Wall" was very old writing indeed. It might have been called "The Writing on the Tract." Most of the play seemed more tract than drama, and the rest of it was not worth while. Mr. Hurlbut evidently thought he had a mission to

perform, as most young playwrights are inclined to think. He will grow wiser as he grows older. He will discover that it takes genius to render the discussion of weighty topics on the stage acceptable to a nonweighty public. The dose may be administered, but only an artist can administer it. Mr. Hurlbut did not show us in either "The Writing on the Wall" or "The Fighting Hope" that he had much artistic instinct. When he shows us that, we will let him preach to us-but not till then.

Miss Nethersole herself was a mixture of good and bad, with the bad preponderating quite hopelessly. It was hard to sit through

The Writing on the Wall."

"Going Some," the new farce at the Belasco Theater, with its satirical, "sporty" plot, was real humor, and its keenly entertaining dialogue by Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach gave me as good a laugh as I have had this season. Further comment is almost unnecessary. I love those who make me laugh. I feel that I am in their debt. They can take of mine anything that they want. So Messrs. Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach can help themselves to my belongings. Walter Jones, Lawrence Wheat, Herbert Cothell, C. H. West, T. J. Karrigan, E. L. Fernandez, and that pretty little minxy girl, Oza Waldorp, appeared in this amusing play, most of the honors of which went to Walter Jones.

In "The Beauty Spot," at the Herald Square Theater, there were lovely girls in lovely dresses, and plenty of both. The music and the plot I have already forgotten. Some things are made to be not remembered. These were. But the dainty girls in their picturesque duds haunt me. I'd like all their pictures framed on my desk, and I say "all" because I don't want to create jealousy. Perhaps one would really be enough. I

decline to say which one.

It is a pity to end with a calamity. This has been so cheery and helpful, hasn't it? But I must write down on my record the sad fate of the cruel misnomer, "The Gay Life." I need not mention the name of the author, or enumerate the actors in its cast. It came out, that "Gay Life," and it was then snuffed out. We were too gay to stand it.





LILLIAN LORRAINE IN ANNA HELD'S PLAY,
"MISS INNOCENCE"



LOUISE LE BARON, PRIMA DONNA OF THE IMPERIAL OPERA COMPANY, TORONTO



MALVINA LONGFELLOW IN J. HARTLEY MANNERS'S BUSINESS ROMANCE, "THE GREAT JOHN GANTON"



PAULINE FREDERICK, WHO WON POPULARITY AS ELISE VERNETTE IN "SAMSON"



LOUISE DRESSER, PLAYING IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE CANDY SHOP"



G. CECIL KERN, WHO PLAYED DURING THE PAST SEASON IN "THE MAN OF THE HOUR"



PHYLLIS SHERWOOD, WHO WAS THE LEADING WOMAN WITH WILLIAM COLLIER IN "THE PATRIOT"



LIFTING THE SASH SOFTLY, CRAIGHEAD STARTED OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW. DETERMINED TO RUN FOR IT (" $Virginia\ of\ the\ Air-Lanes"$)

Virginia of the Air-Lanes

By Herbert Quick

Illustrated by William R. Leigh

Synopsis: Virginia Suarez is the guest of her uncle, Finley Shayne, on his great air-ship, the Roc, which is hovering over the coast of Alabama. Others on board are Max Silberberg, the wealthy head of the Fedflying-machine—is to be made. The attentions of Silberberg, which, encouraged by Mrs. Shayne, he forces upon Virginia, are most unwelcome to the girl. In a spirit of fun she seats herself in the car of the helicopter, and accidentally touching a lever finds herself adrift in space. After a thrilling flight through the air, the helicopter descends close to the edge of the water, the trailing painter is seized by two men, and Virginia tumbles out upon the sand. Her rescuers prove to be Theodore Carson, a young Southerner, who is at work on a new idea in flying-machines, and Captain Harrod, a typical Gulf fisherman. After the girl has recovered from her shock, Carson takes her in a boat to Palmetto Beach, a near-by resort. Returning to the scene of the mishap the following day, Shayne and Silberberg learn of Virginia's rescue from Captain Harrod, who urges Shayne to see Carson. The air-ship heads for Carson's Landing, the young man is invited aboard, and being urged by Shayne he agrees to accompany them north to discuss his invention.

Picking up Mrs. Shayne and Virginia, the Roc starts for Chicago. Silberberg becomes jealous of Carson and finally insists, upon the alternative of breaking off an important business deal, that Shayne put the young man off. Therefore Shayne reluctantly tells Carson that his project does not interest him, and offers him money for the rescue of Virginia. Carson indignantly knocks the bank-notes from Shayne's hand, and being further insulted by Silberberg, adjusts a parachute which he has taken aboard with him, and to Virginia's horror drops from the Roc into the black abyss beneath. He lands safely in the grounds of Doctor Witherspoon's Sanitarium for the cure of inebriates, where he meets an eccentric inmate, a lawyer named Craighead, and being mistaken for another patient is forcibly detained and treated. When the management discovers the error it tries to induce Carson to sign a release for all claims, but Craighead abruptly

prevents this and announces himself as Carson's attorney in a damage suit.

Having secured financial backing in the person of Mr.Waddy, Craighead's former "jag-boss," Carson returns south to complete his aeronef. At Carson's Landing he finds Virginia Suarez, who had sought refuge there thinking that its owner, of whose identity she was ignorant, was her uncle. Carson dallies here until a letter from Captain Harrod informing him that Wizner is trying to get at the air-ship calls him to the beach. Wizner is unceremoniously driven away, and, plotting vengeance, he secures command of a smuggling submarine for purposes that are sinister and deadly.

AN OVERSUCCESSFUL EMBASSY



IRGINIA, left alone, was rather glad of it. Her desertion of the Shaynes in a fit of resentment of the insults heaped upon Theodore Carson was a cruel blow to Max Silberberg's amour propre, as well as a crisis in her own life. She had been impulsive, and needed time

for thought. Her aunt had told her plainly that her treatment of Silberberg was violative of the design with which the Shaynes had given her a home; to wit, that Virginia should have a chance for her market. If she refused to speak to the best bidder there was no use in continuing the experiment. Mrs. Shayne scarcely meant this for an ultimatum; but Virginia, so accepting it, took flight to Carson's Landing and to shelter in

the shade of the sole remaining branch of her family tree—as she supposed. She went full of confidence that she would find there a silver-haired uncle and a delicate old-lavender aunt, tenderly loyal to the Carson blood and ready to receive her.

Instead of silver hair, she found a boyish and audaciously false uncle, and there was no aunt. The grandniece of old General Carson, related to Theodore Carson by no chain of descent save the dubious one of the original third Carson brother of hundreds of years ago and the ownership of this plantation, was weakly allowed to assume kinship from the place and name, and never thought of sitting down with Theodore and tracing the thing out. Her flight, her astonishment at finding her rescuer, the supposed smuggler, as the head of her family, her guardian and protector, his disturbing influence over her mental faculties, their uninterrupted series of ex-

cursions by field and flood, the feeling of un-

certainty—not to say apprehension—which their relations had begun to produce in her all these made her glad of a day or so to herself. She wanted the current cut off so that

she might become demagnetized.

Of course, she said, it was absurd of him to run away just after he had held her a little tighter than was necessary in picking her up—that was crude and made the situation worse. She wondered just what the relationship was, anyhow. Aunt Chloe said that Cahsonses were Cahsonses, and she never bothered about different kinds. He couldn't be a real uncle, Virginia felt sure of that. He might be a son of General Carson by a second wife. He was the head of the family, anyhow; she must be satisfied with that. If he would only quit looking Sapphic odes and prowling about nights! And if he would only come back!

Of his invention, save that it was in the mysterious shed, chosen because of its remoteness on an unobstructed beach, she really knew nothing. She began to wonder now whether he was a world-genius, or only the crude product of a country college, with nothing to command a second glance except his sinewy erectness, the pathetic yearning in his eyes, and the wonderful softness of his voice. She was enacting vaudeville skits, too. Oh, the dramatic uplift was active, down at

Carson's Landing!

The devil was there as usual, and helped the thing along. Virginia stood on a stool to reach the "Dolly Dialogues," and Sathanas guided her fingers to "Doctor Pascal," which he had bound to match Mr. Hawkins's delicious piece of foolery. Like Eve, she bit, and Mrs. Stott found her deep in the love of Clothilde and her uncle.

"A great story of a great passion," said

Mrs. Stott.

"Is it?" asked Virginia the Uncandid.
"Zola is so uninteresting—I just picked it up, you know!"

"They were uncle and niece," said Mrs.

Virginia flicked the covers with her thumb, making a sound like a fly in a web. "Shocking!" said she. "I didn't think the law allowed such alliances."

"Love," said Mrs. Stott, "is sometimes

very different from marriage."

"It's an unpleasant topic," said Virginia.
"Very!" assented Mrs. Stott. "It is growing warm, you are quite flushed.".

"But what is the law?" asked Virginia.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Mrs. Stott.

"Being a question," said Virginia, "that can never arise, the law wouldn't cover it."

"Zola," replied Mrs. Stott, "would not have used an impossible case. To be sure, he put Clothilde and Pascal into constant and intimate contact and ——"

"Oh, it's quite unthinkable!" said Virginia.
"Pascal was old and—she'd always known

him as her uncle."

"Such circumstances," assented Mrs. Stott, "make all the difference in the world."

When the absorbed Virginia saw the force of this remark she almost snapped at her companion. "Not at all!" said she. "Not the least difference in the world." And she threw the book away, and went down to watch for boats—especially for a remarkably fast motor-launch, which had cleared from Week's Bay up river recently with magnolia blossoms, youth, and palpitations of the heart. It was a long time coming. So Virginia took up Penelope's occupation. She wove a web of fancies every night and raveled it out the next morning.

One day her heart fluttered when Aunt Chloe announced a man to see her, for it must mean an emissary from the Shaynes or from Uncle Theodore. It was in fact Harrod, unchanged save that he wore boots.

"Miste' Theodo'," said he, "reckoned Ah'd bettah stop by an' ask how yo'-all is, an' tell yo'-all we-all ah tol'able well, an' gittin' the machine raght neah ready to la'nch, ma'am."

"Thank you," replied Miss Suarez. "Is

that all?"

Captain Harrod felt himself in an equivocal position. It really was all his message; but it seemed too bald and Spartan now for real courtesy. "He says," extemporized the ancient mariner, "they's maghty little to see thah, but we'd be raght pleased, ma'am, if yo'-all could pass that a-way and stop by."

"We'd be in the way," said Virginia grate-

fully.

"Oh, no," the captain assured her; "not at all; but it maght be onconvenient for yo', ma'am."

"I found," said she, "life quite giddy

The captain did not allow himself the luxury of a smile. He consented to stay to luncheon, during which meal he described the aeronef with an approximation to enthusiasm. "If she flies," said he, "an'

Miste' Theodo' allows she sho' will, she'll mek the long-toms an' skaoucks think they's

a new breed o' hawks loose."

"Uncle Theodore," remarked Virginia, turning to Mrs. Stott after learning about long-toms and skaoucks, "has invited us to visit him. And, do you know, I think we'll go back with Captain Harrod, if you can overcome your aversion to the water."

"Will the bay be rough?" asked Mrs. Stott, as if confident that Captain Harrod

served out the weather.

"Dead ca'm, ma'am," said the captain;

"flat as a flounder."

"And think," went on Virginia, "how interesting it will be to see the first great aeronef launched! Please, please, let's go!"

"When do you start?" asked Mrs. Stott,

"Ea'ly this evenin'," replied the captain.

"We'll go," said Mrs. Stott.

The captain, considering all that part of the day between the midday meal and nightfall as "evenin" and after dark as night, had to make the distinction clear to the ladies, who, when they understood it, hurriedly packed their dunnage and embarked. They were a gay party. Virginia was full of laughter; her color rose and her eyes dilated as they took the stream, early enough, to the captain's relief, to let them through the new canal from Strong's Bayou to the lagoon by daylight, for there were ghosts in this region by

"Do you see any signs of a storm?" asked Mrs. Stott, noting his upward glances.

"No, ma'am," he returned. "Ah was jist tryin' to make out if Ah'd eve' seen that craft befo' aloft thah."

The craft alluded to was a great silvern Condor, gleaming in the sun, her rudder a dark line across her bow, and along her side the stripe of a narrow aeroplane.

Virginia studied the ship absorbedly with field-glasses. She was standing over from Mobile, and was now above Montrose, sailing low as if for a short voyage.

"I think," said Virginia, "that she's the

Roc. I'm sure of it."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Harrod; and not another word was said until the captain saw the air-ship librating, sinking, balancing like a hawk far to the eastward.

"She's lyin' to," said the captain. "Thah

goes huh lift down."

"Why," said Virginia wonderingly, "what can she want over there in the woods?"

"She's jist about ove' yo' home, ma'am," said Harrod.

Virginia grew pale, and scanned the great aerostat, with the lowered lift like a nexus to the ground. "Can't you go a little faster?" said she, laying down the binoculars.

"Aftah we clear Week's Bay," said the captain, "we'll go raght brisk, miss. But we cain't go much faste' hyah, Ah'm afraid."

Once clear of the channel, they stood for the south shore, the engine firing in continuous explosion as the captain threw on the last speed. The bay was a great mirror, and suddenly, with a little scream, Virginia leaned out to look upward past the awning. In the water she had seen, coming up from the depths under their rail, the Roc, under full speed, her screws shimmering, her giant hull a resplendent bubble of steel. Looking up, Virginia saw her overhead, and cowered back into the boat; for peering over the rail and calling like an evil bird was Silberberg.

"Shall Ah answer the hail, miss?" asked

"No!" whispered Virginia. "Take no notice, I beg of you, Captain!"

The Roc swept on like a meteor, leaving the launch behind. Virginia asked the captain if he supposed she had been recognized.

"Ah reckon not, miss," said he. "Jist a

chance meetin', Ah reckon."

The Roc was miles ahead now, and Virginia breathed freely. She was not fright-ened, she told herself, but she didn't care to meet the Shaynes or Silberberg.

"She's come to, raght ove' the inn," said the captain. "We're ove'haulin' her."

"Is there no way of getting to Theodore," asked Virginia, "except by passing them?"
"No, miss," said the captain. "It's that

a-way o' none."

Virginia sat under the middle of the awning, quite in a tremble. The boat slowly threaded the shelly entrance to the bayou, and passed the wharf of the inn. The people on the quay were craning their necks at the descent of the passengers from the Roc.

"Hurry, Captain, hurry!" said Virginia.
"Ah cain't, ma'am," said he. "Ah' hev to lie to a minute foh that boat. Neve'

fear, miss; yo' all raght with me."

"Here you see," said a voice from the wharf, "two soon-to-be-discarded modes of navigation, the boat displacing water and the aerostat floating in the air upheld by gas. The hydroplane must replace the boat; the aeronef, the aerostat. I have made a specialty of this. I know. The value of that cigarshaped craft up there as junk, deducted from her present value, is the measure of Mr. Finley Shayne's loss when our big show opens

its ticket-wagon. Seest thou?"

Virginia looked attentively at the speaker, startled to hear Shayne's name mentioned almost in his presence. She saw a youngish man of more than medium height, thin habit of body, and long thick hair, who was gazing with every appearance of interest, not at the air-ship, but at a lady of perhaps twentyseven years, short, plump, admirably gowned in a sort of reduced half-mourning, with her jolly little face, her brown hair tousled about it, turned toward the Roc, her prominent little chin carrying the facial angle forward and downward.

"That talk will do with me," said she, "but you've got to show papa something besides oratory pretty soon, or there'll be

trouble."

"Never mind, honey."

"Now that will do," said she.
"Well, I'll think it," said he. "The body
may be in custody, but the spirit is free, begad! And my youthful Edison can't elude us much longer. Your respected dad, dear-I mean, of course-why, here he is now!"

Mr. Waddy carried a daisy, which he handed to the lady, who began picking off its petals, turning toward the younger man an incurved back up and down which ran a row

of buttons.

"I don't think I'll git you another posy, Caroline," said the old man. "Pickin' it to bits like that."

"I'm trying my fortune," said she.

"Humph," said her father.

The younger man, recovered from his perplexity, was touching the row of buttons one by one; and as the launch gathered way Virginia heard him say, to button after button: "She loves me. She loves me not. She loves me. Hooray!"

The shout greeted the favorable answer of the oracle. The lady, as if feeling the finger in her curls, turned and gently slapped the gentleman's ears. The launch shot into the

canal, and out of sight.

"Hooray!" shouted Virginia.

"Why," said Mrs. Stott, "you are quite excited, Miss Suarez."

"It was the fortune-telling," said Virginia. "I wanted it to come out that way. And I said 'Hooray!' to him."

Captain Harrod did not shout. He was

grave. He wondered what Mr. Theodore would say when the launch discharged the cargo resulting from his oversuccessful embassy.

STABLE AND UNSTABLE EQUILIBRIUM

WHATEVER anger Mr. Carson may have felt toward Captain Harrod for bringing Virginia Suarez and Mrs. Stott into camp was sternly repressed. The ladies were made sole owners of the cabin, and the men slept with the aeronef by night, while by day Captain Harrod stood by to aid Theodore, slipping away to the top of the dunes at times to scan the offing for the slimy-nosed Stickleback, inexplicably reappearing now and then with her oval deck just awash, her thin, semi-invisible periscope in air. Having arranged with Reagan for a cessation of the contraband business until the aeronef was off the stocks, the captain was worried. He waved the Chautauqua salute one day, whereupon the submarine sounded like a scared rorqual. The captain's ingenuity was not equal to the task of developing a theory to account for her presence, or her alarm. Perhaps she was not the Stickleback; but if not, why was she prowling about? And why was she frightened at the old signal?

So the talking of aeronautics to Theodore, and inspiring him to greater application, fell to Virginia, for Mrs. Stott was studying shells, and became possessed of an unremitting energy that commanded Virginia's admiration; but if Virginia wandered away for a little while the sound of Carson's tools ceased, and he came looking for her. As he told her of his struggles, his experiments, his falling into Doctor Witherspoon's garden, his meeting with Craighead, the financial enlistment of Mr. Waddy, and the puzzling messages he had received, she became an enthusiast, too.

"I'd like to meet Mr. Craighead," said she. "I'd like to feel sure of him. How can he secure a monopoly of the navigation of the

air?"

"I have no idea," replied Theodore, "but

he says he has."

"Now, what," she queried, "could ever prevent the Roc from freely swooping down and taking me away?"

"I could," said Theodore firmly.

"Maybe," said Virginia, "if you wouldn't be glad to have them-"Virginia," he began, adopting the familiar

"But," she went on, "from swooping, you

know? Your Mr. Craighead couldn't prevent them from either snooping or swooping, it seems to me."

This statement was worthy of consideration, so he sat down beside her to ponder.

"No," said she, "you mustn't quit work. We must do our part, whatever Mr. Craighead does."

Theodore was really tired, but he rose and returned to work. A tired person helps himself to rise by putting his hand on something. Theodore placed his on the bench; and if Virginia's hand happened to be just there was it his fault? He fell to work furiously. When he looked again, she was hugging the hand to her bosom as if it had been a doll and she a little girl.

He opened the gyroscope globe now, and set the heavy little wheels spinning, rocking the aeronef from side to side to note the operation of the balancing-devices. Preserving their perpendicularity as if of intelligent purpose, the gyroscopes moved the levers of the wingdifferentials which would accelerate the propeller-wheels of the lower wing and correspondingly retard the upper. Right or left, stern or bow, the depressed area would work harder, the raised part slower, while powerful rudders would cooperate, moving like a fish's

"See how it works, Virginia!" he exclaimed. "It knows the levers to be moved. Why, if a puff starts to overturn her, she'll strike with the lowered wings alone, like a bird. And see the intelligence of those rudders! And that fellow said she'd turn turtle!"

Virginia gazed in admiration. The clutch had been off ten minutes, and still the gyroscopes spun, so silent, so immovable, that one might have laid hold of them, thinking them stationary.

"How long they run!" she cried.

"Long!" said he scornfully. "Why, with the globe on and the air out of it, they'll run a whole day after the engines are stopped. They're the heart and brain of my invention, Virginia. I'm proud of it."

"And Mr. Craighead doesn't get any re-

port! What must he think?"

"I told him about it," said Theodore proudly. "And it was no time to telegraph apologies. It was a time to work."

"I won't bother you any more," said she, stepping from the car. "I give you my word."

He rose to follow, his foot on the gunwale,

his eyes demanding explanation. "If you go," said he," I shall cease work at once. You help me."

"Then go back to work, unkie," she "Please. And I'll read some of pleaded. poor Mr. Craighead's telegrams."

She sat where he could see her by turning his head—quite the thing, as between an affectionate uncle and a charming young niece. Blood is thicker than water, thought she-oh, vastly thicker!

The first message was addressed to "General Theodo' Cahson, M. A.," and ran: "A' God's name, sweet knight, discover. Art asset or liability? Answer yes or no." Then came one addressed to "Palmetto Beach, or somewhere, it is hoped," and seemed to be regarded by Craighead as very important. "My luck hath turned! It is Craighead Felix now," it read. "I could fall in a well and come up bearing the jewel of the tutelary toad in my ear. Have found a gang of grafters organized to get us grants in no time, to cinch New York by Friday, Chicago already hemmed in. But is there any aeronef? Answer, for the sake of divine pity, just one leetle teeny peep! Napoleon Craighead."

"What does it mean," asked Virginia, "all this about grants and cinching New York and hemming in Chicago? It's awfully

queer."

"I don't know," replied Theodore. "Some visionary thing. Now listen, Virginia, and

watch. She's ready to try."

The Stickleback, outside, if her inexplicable prowling had to do with anyone's desire to see what the air-ship would do, was not to have While Virginia was reading long to wait. the telegrams Theodore, whose genius and strength were fast winning her rather fearful respect, replaced the vacuum globe over the gyroscopes. Now he threw in the clutch, and the wings began whirring like great buzzes, blowing the sand on the floor into the farthest corners, and setting light things flying in the tremendous currents of air. Faster and faster the wing-sections whirled until the aeronef strained upward on her lashings like a restive horse. Theodore tipped a lever, and she leaped forward, stretching the ropes at an angle of forty-five degrees; he reversed it, and she slacked backward, as might an eagle repulsed by a foe.

"Pull the line on the end of that wing," said Theodore, "and see if you can tip her.

Pull!"

Virginia walked gingerly forward, her dress

flying, ner hat whisked to the top of the room. Grasping the flying rope-end, she pulled downward, the wing settled slightly, and then, as the gyroscope-brain felt the depression, the lowered wing lifted as if consciously rising to a load. It was marvelous.

"Can't you pull harder?" cried Theodore, bareheaded, his hair flying. "Try!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" cried Virginia cheerily. "Try it is!" Reaching up, she pulled herself clear of the floor, her strong little form swaying like a most charming pendulum. The enormous dragon-fly, throwing its power into the depressed wing, rode level with nine stone weight of solid American girl dangling from the tip of one wing, a mechanical paradox! Back and forth she swung until, with muscles weakened, she dropped to the floor. Instantly the released side rose a thought too high, and the other took the power; there was a momentary vibration as the momentum of the swing was taken out by the differentials, and the boat stood in air, as level as a ship in a calm.

"Hurrah!" shouted Theodore, swinging his arms. "Never anything like it in the world! Carried you on one wing, and kept level! Hurrah for the *Virginial*"

He eased her down, and stepped to where Virginia waited, hands outstretched, hair blown abroad, palms red from the rough rope. "Are you going to name her that?" she

cried. "Oh, how perfectly dear of you!"

Theodore held the chafed hands, triumph in his face, happy as only he can be who tastes the fruit of achievement. "She carried you on one wing," he cried. "She did, didn't she?"

"She did," replied Virginia; "and it made my hands too sore for squeezing purposes, unkie. But she did."

Theodore opened the little hands and kissed the red palms over and over again. Mrs. Stott came in and saw him doing it.

"I hurt my hands," said Virginia showing them, "and unkie is kissing them well."

"Very kind and self-sacrificing, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Stott.

"I'm going with you now," said Virginia, taking Mrs. Stott's arm.

"It may be as well," said Mrs. Stott.

Virginia looked back, rosy, smiling, a little reckless. Theodore went for Harrod to help with the launching. They were all excitement, for by noon of the next day they would have her in the air. Mr. Wizner, outside in the Stickleback, thought it quite time.

MR. CRAIGHEAD IN CUSTODY

MR. WADDY, having submitted to his local lawyer Craighead's scheme for monopolizing the air, hesitated, and was lost. "I'll go into it," said he. "We'll make everybody come and settle that wants a trip by air-ship. Hey?"

"Exactly," replied Craighead.

"Jest as if the whole country was our farm," cried Mr. Waddy.

"It will be for circumambient purposes," replied Craighead. "And as you so well said, a farm's a cinch. And remember, Mr. Waddy, in putting Shayne and his pirates down and out we and our pirates are making way for the matchless, unsinkable, double-acting, universal-speed, direct-drive, non-halation, orthochromatic Carson aeronef."

"Huh!" ejaculated Mr. Waddy.
"Oh, say not so, Mr. Waddy, say not so!" urged Craighead protestingly. "Our aeronef has everything—the in-shoot, the drop, the float, the out—everything! Tested under all conditions, margin-of-safety factor so completely looked after; basic principle is so demonstrably correct; gyroscopic libration-devices for automatic power-distribution to correct perturbations of all sorts, perpendicular, horizontal, and oblique—why doubt these and doubt the advance of science?"

"Well, you'd better have your partner on hand," said Mr. Waddy, "as he promised, or I'll know why he took my good hard money."

It was on occasions of this sort that Craighead had sweated telegrams begging to know if Theodore really had an air-ship, and asking Carson's status as asset or liability. For Mr. Waddy had accompanied Craighead East, and these telegraphic moans of a spirit agonized by doubt had been evoked by his truculent attitude toward the possible failure of Carson to come north, cleaving the air in the invention which was to change the world.

"But think, my dear sir," protested Craighead, "of the untold millions in the Broom idea—aerial monopoly! Even if Theodore should be only four clubs and a spade, we still hold the aces, my dear Mr. Waddy. Do not grind your teeth thus, so long as the American Nitrates and Air-Products Company remains as the Archimedean lever with which to pry up and dump the world. We are ahead, whatever happens to the aeronef end of the deal."

"Well," said Mr. Waddy, "the aeronef end had better come to the center, or I'll see what law there is for getting money by false pretenses."

And Craighead sent another frenzied query as to whether the tardy Theodore really had an aeronef, Carson meanwhile being oblivious of it all in his effort to be a well-behaved uncle to Virginia down among the pines.

. The two men were the best of traveling companions. Mr. Waddy insisted on going in the smoker; Craighead took a stateroom while his money lasted, and then borrowed of Mr. Waddy. In New York Mr. Waddy stayed at the Mills, and would not let Craighead go to the Vathek because they ought to be where they could consult. This necessitated Craighead's sneaking to the nearest subway station every morning and going uptown to make the start for the day. Here he would enter the Vathek's lobby, solemnly fee a boy, buy a cigar, and rejoin Mr. Waddy in the street. This, he explained, was to get the proper psychological aura for financial operations; to complete which he took an electric hansom to Wall Street, and awaited in the anteroom of a friend's office the appearance of Mr. Waddy, who came by car, scrutinizing the buildings like a prospective buyer. Yet they got along swimmingly.

Craighead advertised for people able to organize a rapid business campaign covering the civilized world to meet him in West Third Street at the studio of an acquaintance, to whom he neglected to impart any knowledge of the tryst with the specialists. Mr. Waddy and Craighead arrived somewhat late, on account of the time consumed in adjusting Craighead's aura, and found a crush of people entirely alien to the fine arts filling the studio and the hall outside. The sculptor was disputing acrimoniously with a Romannosed captain of industry as to whether the sculptor would or would not contribute a nickel with which to free the telephone for the purpose of calling the police that the sculptor might be "pinched" for putting in "them

Craighead broke through by impersonating an officer, shouting, "Make way for the police!" and upper-cutting the crowd with his elbows. "Hello, De Land!" said he, nodding to the sculptor.

"That you, Craig?" called the sculptor.
"What! Not sober? Go after the police.
Turn these people out. Please, Craig!"

"Friends of mine," said Craighead. "I advertised for 'em. Hope you haven't been incommoded, old man!"

"Not at all!" replied the sculptor sarcastically, "but get them out, please."

Craighead's manner of disposing of the crowd commanded Mr. Waddy's sincere respect. He went about with marvelous rapidity, sending away those whose nonutility was unquestionable, and making engagements with others at "our Wall Street office," the name of which made everybody more respectful

The dinner to which Craighead took Mr. De Land and Mr. Waddy was the first of a series which reduced Mr. Waddy to torpor. The old gentleman in his long frock coat which buttoned to a surtout, his frowsy face, and his evident attachment to Craighead was remembered in certain ultra-bohemian circles for his surreptitious slinking into the dimmest corners of cafés and roof-gardens. He felt obliged to keep with Craighead, because of a suspicion that the aeronef was a figment of two Slattery Institute imaginations, and he did not propose to let any guilty man escape. So he providently engaged a detective to shadow both himself and Craighead, the unremitting presence of whom in very plain clothes made Mr. Waddy feel and look guilty and furtive. His second reason for becoming Craighead's double was his sense of the duty of preventing that pupil of Doctor Witherspoon from breaking the vow of abstinence. So he drank most of the intoxicants served to Craighead, somewhat to the injury of his health, but much to the betterment of his reputation as a roisterer.

Altogether, it was a relief to get Craighead home, where he installed him as a lodger and a boarder, charging him well for his accommodation, and lending him the money on his note to pay for it. On arrival he went to bed and turned Craighead over to Mrs. Graybill, with strict injunctions to telephone the sheriff's office if he was unaccounted for for more than an hour. He told his daughter that no tongue could describe what he had been through, and he was not to be disturbed except for something important.

"If Mr. Carson comes," said Mrs. Graybill, "I'll call you."

"And if Craighead elopes?"

"While in my charge," said Mrs. Graybill, "Mr. Craighead will not depart."

It was a situation with some unique aspects. Craighead began whiling away time with a work on the morphology of the crawfish, and dipped into De Quincey's "Spanish Nun." Looking from the library window, he saw

Mrs. Graybill enter a summer house, leaving a red hat on the railing outside. The "Morphology" grew uninteresting. He shut his eyes, but the red hat blazed on inside his eyelids, red, yellow, green, and finally purple. He stepped through the window, scanned the skies for the aeronef, saw nothing aeronautical save the usual flight of aerostats, went into the summer house, and started at finding Mrs. Graybill there, her hair tousled about her head, her little nose elevated in that comical resemblance to her father's, her chin aggressively carried forward, her dress fitting as marvelously as ever.

"Don't insist on my going!" he begged.
"I had no such intention," she replied.

"You may smoke, if you wish."

"Thanks," and he lighted a cigar. "Mr. Waddy informs me that the late Mr. Graybill was a minister of the gospel," he ventured. "Yes," she replied. "He was."

"And that he has been called," Craighead went on, "to a better life some year or more." "Fourteen months," answered Mrs. Gray-

"I have been reading," said Craighead, "a work on the morphology of the crawfish. It holds me enthralled."

"So I see," she replied.

Craighead looked up suspiciously, but she looked innocent. "The crawfish," he resumed, "is admirably adapted to a very lowly station. But how wonderfully his morphology illustrates the overruling design in nature. The person who fails to glean wisdom from the crawfish has never tested his intelligence with a bare toe, nor studied his morphology. Passing wonderful—"

"Mr. Craighead!" Mrs. Graybill had dropped her work and was looking at Craighead sternly. "Don't pose," said she. "Don't think that I want a beautiful lesson in everything, if I have been a minister's wife. Tell me of Mr. De Land, and—and that life.

Tell me, Mr. Craighead!"

It was a very, very marine Bohemia of which Mrs. Graybill heard. Whether Craighead's statues were the equal of Mr. De Land's when the former took up chemistry may be doubted; but Mrs. Graybill got the impression that they were. The point here is that there was no danger of Craighead's running off while she listened with such breathless interest to his adventures. He explained that his natural transition was from the study of artistic anatomy to surgery and from medical jurisprudence to law;

and over all gloomed the shadow of his wonderful, his poetic, his epic dissipations. Mrs. Graybill was shocked, but she asked for all the horrible tale, that he might so relive it that nothing would ever, ever induce him to drink again.

"Only one thing would ever do that," said he, "or maybe two. The pangs of despised

ove----

"Which you have never experienced?" she asked.

"Never," said he, "as I am now likely to."

"And the other shock that might overturn your self-control?"

"The failure of Carson," replied Craighead. "That would put me down and out—

down and out."

The jailer and the jailed walked together, motored, and played tennis, in growing familiarity and friendliness. The captive approached the edge of love-making, looked hungry and yearnful, secreted gloves and handkerchiefs, and interfered seriously with Caroline's household duties; all of which was borne by her with an equanimity that spoke volumes for her loyalty to the command under which she had taken this strange gentleman into custody. She was a very dutiful daughter.

But the relations of Craighead to Mr. Waddy became more and more strained. Carson, long overdue, had not appeared; no great bird came into view by day; no mechanical dragon-fly settled in the yard by night. The Nitrates Mr. Waddy was irascible. Company had already spread its nets over many states, through the confidential relations of its agents with the National Federation of Farmers, spinning aerial monopoly as a spider spins its web. But the more promising this grew the more galled and embittered grew Mr. Waddy at Theodore's delinquency; for the aeronef, after all, was the thing which had appealed to his imagination and enlisted his desires.

"Oh, never fear," Craighead protested.
"He'll be here in time. Delays, delays, Mr.
Waddy. Think of the spark-plugs and differentials and mufflers and things. Why, just imagine—"

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Waddy. "I don't b'lieve you know a thing about it!"

"Sir," said Craighead, "this amounts to an imputation upon my pledge that the aeronef is a perfected and certain success, an imputation unworthy of you, sir, until I have had a chance to put the thing in proof or you have shown its immateriality. This is unjust, sir."

"All right," said the old gentleman. "We'll go an' find the dumbed thing. Start to-morrow morning."

"Certainly," said Craighead, in no apparent embarrassment. "With all the world, if you like."

"Very well," said Mrs. Graybill; "that includes me."

"Ah, no," rejoined Craighead; "you include it."

Thus it was that the three were at Palmetto Beach when Captain Harrod passed through Strong's Bayou with Virginia and Mrs. Stott, on his way to the cabin where the first Carson aeronef was preparing for its delayed flight north. One may draw one's own conclusions as to the significance of Craighead's questioning of the oracles, daisy-petal-fashion, by the buttons on Mrs. Graybill's incurved back, and of his punishment by that slight box on the ear; but however he stood with Mrs. Graybill, his relations with Mr. Waddy had become more strained. Tickets had been bought to Palmetto Beach on Craighead's statement that Carson was there, and they had disembarked in glum silence on Mr. Waddy's part, nervous loquacity on Craighead's, and anxious endeavors on Mrs. Graybill's to smooth things over.

"Ah!" said Craighead. "How natural it all looks! I seem never to have left these balmy, if somewhat sandy, shades. Dear old Yupon Hedge Inn."

They were halted by a liveried attendant. "Beg pardon, sir," said he. "This is a private club-house. The inn's over there."

"Oh, certainly!" replied Craighead. "All cement walks look alike to me."

"The one over at the inn looks like brick," said Mr. Waddy grimly.

"Oh, see the magnolia blooms!" cried Mrs. Graybill: "I wonder if we can get any."

"Right after dinner," replied Craighead,
"I'll go back into the wood——"

"I guess not," said Mr. Waddy, still more grimly. "Find Carson first!"

"That, my dear sir," answered Craighead jauntily, "can await the morning. Mrs. Graybill's desire to see the points of interest, and—"

"No, papa," said Mrs. Graybill, with a nervous little laugh, "I shall not stir till I've seen everything."

"Angel!" whispered Craighead, pressing

her arm, as he helped her up the steps. "Keep him busy while I take a hike around."

Certain guests were interested a little later in observing the slender man with the voluminous hair slinking along shore anxiously questioning every waterside character he met and bestowing tips at parting. They were mystified when the short old gentleman with the wild and turbulent beard set out on a frenzied hare-and-hounds chase after him. The mystery and interest grew intense when the cheerful-looking widow, who was clearly the old man's daughter, emerged in unimpeachable walking-costume, overtook the young man by a short cut, and was strolling along discussing hermit-crabs with him when the old gentleman hove in sight, slackened his speed, and overtook them at a leisurely pace out of keeping with his heat, perspiration, and shortness of breath. The theory was suggested that the young man was off his head, and trying the sea-air, while his keepers saw to it that he did not cut his throat with an oyster-shell.

"I discover," said Craighead, as they walked back to the hotel, "that our young conqueror of the upper seas is not here. Confoundedly odd of him to remove to his plantation now. Mechanical reasons, eh, Mr. Waddy?"

"I guess so," said Mr. Waddy, "an' o' course you don't know where the plantation is, an' we'll have to wait some more. Hey?"

"Don't know," replied Craighead. "Don't know. Well, wait till morning. Steamer up Fish River at nine, plantation at noon, long chase over. I fear one thing only, that he has completed the aeronef and flown to keep his tryst on the front lawn. That would amount to something like a complete joke, wouldn't it?"

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Waddy. "Don't worry. You bet he ain't flew none."

If Craighead's easy flow of speech was somewhat impeded by his sense of the uncertainties, not to say dangers, of his position, it was worse when they returned from the plantation, having elicited from the reluctant Chloe the information that Mr. Theodore, his machine, his niece, and his niece's companion, were at Harrod's camp on the beach, which was "off thatterway." They jist went down the river. It was through a canal, across some land, and then they were thar. She didn't know about no aeronef, but Mr. Theodore was a-projickin' aroun' with some flyin'-machine. She reckoned the

canal at Palmetto Beach was the one, but she didn't know. This information, Craighead declared, made everything clear; but on returning to the inn Mr. Waddy hired a local officer to guard Craighead's room, and began taking thought of having a warrant issued against him for something. Mr. Waddy was

not quite clear for what.

Craighead was trapped, lost, betrayed. He sat in his room chewing a cigar and calculating the distance to the ground. It looked feasible to get down a pillar of the veranda into the woods. Carson was an impostor, they were guilty of fraud, there was no aeronef, and the Air-Products Company would collapse at Mr. Waddy's defection. Life might be sustained on shell-fish along shore, though the hermit-crabs were not tempting. Lifting the sash softly, he started out through the window, determined to run for it. His bluff had been called, and he had no cards. He had put too much realism into his description of things down here. Nothing was to be gained by awaiting arrest. The world was wide. The weather was warm. His foot touched the roof, when-

"Ting-a-ling-ting-ting-ting-g-g-g!"

His telephone rang. Was his good angel on the wire? She was.

"Is this you, Mr. Craighead? You know who this is!"

"Know these tones?" he gushed. "Why, were I in deepest hades, through geological depths of burning marl and lignite and other carboniferous deposits, I'd know it! What is it, fair one?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I have just learned at the post-office that Mr. Carson is back here a few miles, and the man will get us a guide in the morning. Is that all right, or have I made a mess of it as a woman always does?"

"You are— My God, Caroline, you have saved me from you know not what! I shall love you, love you, love you,—"

And the receiver was hung up.

Morning saw Craighead himself again. He lectured Mr. Waddy on the old kitchenmidden shell-banks. "These piles of shells," said he, "are neither Indian remains, in the ordinary signification of the term Indian, nor Aztec, in the proper sense of that. I have made a specialty of these things. They are——"

"Boat waitin', suh," said the man with the

launch

They went through the canal and the narrows, skimmed the black waters of the freshwater lake, and landed at the shelly hammock. While the boatman searched for a path to the Gulf beach, they sat on the shell-mound, fascinated by the strange land-scape. The black pools and reedy marshes between them and the line of surf, which they could hear roaring beyond the dunes, were dotted with clumps of tall pines and splotched with scrub-oak thickets.

"Those pines," said Mrs. Graybill, "are like palms on coral islands, so tall, so slender,

and- Why, what's that?"

Well might she speak thus, for, rising from beyond the dunes as if from the sea, there soared a great something which moved like a With enormous wings steadily outstretched it made inland, like a foraging hawk. It swelled like a magic ship as it neared them, sailing low, and dominating the sky like a cloud. It came with the most amazing speed, like an eagle in mid-swoop, so swift, so light, so facile that all impression of weight was abolished, and the huge thing filled the mind with the notion of levity-like a humming-bird. It swerved, as it neared the lake, and sheered round as swings a gull to pick up food. The whir of machinery came down to them like the rush of a thousand quail bursting from covert, as, with a wide graceful curve, it departed as suddenly as it had come, leaving them gazing after it, spellbound, almost struck dumb.

"Oh, of course," said Craighead, his hands trembling, his face white, "this man Carson is a fraud! Oh, yes, we knew it all the time! But you see that his aeronef has gone through the empty form of eventuating all the same. Flying like a frigate-bird. Shayne, charge! Roll over, Silberberg! And don't dare move till I say so. Oh, this is rotten, rotten! I've got to kiss some one!

Hooray!"

Mrs. Graybill was running along the path after the guide, who was straining every nerve to attain the beach where the view would be unimpeded. Craighead ran after her. Mr. Waddy puffed along behind, hopelessly unplaced.

"Did you see Carson?" said he. "And there was a girl with him. Some confidence

to risk a lady on board, not?"

"Oh, let us hurry," said she. "It's the most marvelous thing in the world."

Emerging from the dunes, they saw the air-ship skimming the line of beach foam, growing smaller with a rapidity that spoke eloquently of her speed. Down the beach stood Mrs. Stott and Captain Harrod, looking

after the air-ship in amazement and delight. It was the day of the first trial. The prophecy of the night before was fulfilled. They had her in the air.

Perhaps two miles she sped from them, then turned like a frightened heron, swept seaward about to the line of the outer bar, and came back down the wind like an arrow, Virginia waving an American flag over the rail, and Theodore swinging his hat. In all three groups was joy. The wonderful creation of Carson's genius was awing, as he had promised, her every movement under perfect control.

Suddenly, as she passed them with a maneuver so astounding for an aerial craft that they could scarcely believe their eyes, she stopped. The sharp whir of the beating wing-sections told of the sudden reversal of their stroke and the unprecedented phenomenon of the almost instant arrest of such a machine in mid-air. It was an unnecessary strain, thought the captain-Theodore ought not to have done it. He saw the reason, however, a moment later. A black slimy nose-the nose of the Stickleback-had poked itself above water right ahead of the Virginia. A boat that looked stove and sinking had drawn away from her, with a struggling, gesticulating figure on it waving a signal of distress. The slimy nose had then sunk, leaving the apparent castaway to perish, unless rescued by the Virginia.

Accepting the humane task, she had reversed with that boiling whir that had reached the ears of those on land. Lower, lower, lower sank the aeronef, until its car seemed almost to touch the waves. The man in distress seemed to throw something like a lasso over the nacelle of the air-ship; and the great bird rose slightly, as if to be safe from the billows. The Stickleback again peeped above the waves, her manhole opened, and the castaway of the stove boat went down into the submarine.

It was absolutely beyond the power of anyone looking on to guess what was taking place. Why had the man made the signals for help, if the submarine was standing by? If the coming of the submarine to his rescue was unexpected, why had he not cast off the line from the aeronef? Why—and suddenly they all felt that something sinister, something devilish, was taking place. They heard a shout from Theodore, a scream from Virginia. The submarine had come awash again; and from her open manhole came the

crack of a pistol, a pistol aimed at the air-ship. Then she sank again. The air-ship was drawn downward by the line. Struggling toward the land, hanging by the fatal thread like a trapped bird, she strained at her tether, while the grim submarine, like a devilfish which had been empowered to get a tentacle about a waterfowl, made seaward, out into the gulf, out into deep water, with a purpose as manifest as it was deadly.

DEVIL-FISH VS. BIRD

When the aeronef was run out on her ways by the long shed in which she had been built there was a flutter of expectancy among those so deeply concerned in her flight. Captain Harrod forgot his periodical visits to the hillock to scan the offing for the erect periscope or the fishlike back of the mysterious lurking submarine, which, like a shark awaiting the dropping overboard of a man or other morsel, had haunted these waters since the day Wizner had been driven from the camp as a spy. The captain was a moving kit of oil-cans, wrenches, spanners, extra parts, odd cells of battery, plugs, screws, and the like, which in his excitement he kept carrying about long after the machine was ready for her flight. Virginia was a close second to the captain in the matter of aiding the inventor. She moved levers, tried sparks, and made herself useful about the machine in so many ways that Theodore promoted her to the position of first mate on the

"The first mate always sails with the ship, unkie," she suggested.

"I thought you had enough of air-ships," said Theodore, "in the wreck of Wizner's helicopter."

"But that was only what Captain Harrod calls 'a chickananny thing.' This is as stable as the *Roc* herself."

"Would you really go on the trial trip?" he asked.

"Try me!" said she. "I want to."

"You'd be worth a dozen of the captain," replied Carson. "He hasn't the faintest idea of the principles of the *Virginia*, while you could fly her in a week.

"I could now," asserted Virginia. "She is a simple, manageable little thing like her namesake."

"If she shows all her namesake's sweet traits—" began Theodore.

"Then I'm to go?" she pleaded.

"Captain," said Theodore, "here's a girl who wants to ship as first mate."

"Yes, suh?"

"Well," went on Theodore, "she will not be allowed to displace you. Get ready, Captain, we're going."

'Did-did-did yo' allow fo' me-fo' me

to go?" asked the captain.

"Why, certainly," replied Carson. "Didn't

you expect to go?"

"No, suh," replied the captain. "Ah neve' allowed to go on any o' these aiahboats. Of co'se, ef yo'-all insists, Ah'll go aboa'd ontil I fall out, which'll be about fo' fathom high. Ah git dizzy-like, an' cain't he'p it. Hows'eve' hyah goes."

"Now you must let me go!" she pleaded, with her hand on his arm. "If the captain

"Blin', staggerin', drunk dizzy, Ah do," interposed Captain Harrod.

"It would be dangerous and foolish to take

him, wouldn't it, unkie?"

Theodore hesitated. The weakness of height-sickness, and the horrible vertigo of those subject to it, seemed to prove the captain's disability, and yet— "It would be foolhardy," said he. "Well, I can do it alone, if everything goes well. A little help might be important, but I-

"I'm going, unkie," said Virginia. "There's no danger. I like it. Think of my thous-

ands of miles in the Roc."

"I can't consent to it," said Theodore, entering the car. "There's a grave theoretical danger. I should be blamed-

But Virginia was seated beside him, a closefitting little cap on her head, wearing a dress of soft white wool and carrying a jacket over her arm. Evidently she had come out with the full intention of doing this. "My danger is theoretical," said she. "Yours in going alone is quite real. Now, shall I keep the manometer readings? Oh, you haven't any! Well, then, the altimeter-statoscope?"

"It's self-registering," said Theodore. "Really, there's nothing to do, except in

emergencies, and-

"And there'll be no emergencies," she cried. "Throw in the clutch, Admiral of the Circumambient Inane. You do the work, and I'll play lady. We're off."

"Are you willing," said he, turning to her, "to forgive me for this, and everything I may ever have done, whatever happens?"

"Whatever happens, or doesn't happen, I forgive you," she cried. "Throw in the clutch before the gyroscopes stop and the Virginia gets brain-fag. Or shall I?"

"Just for luck," said Theodore, "you

throw it in."

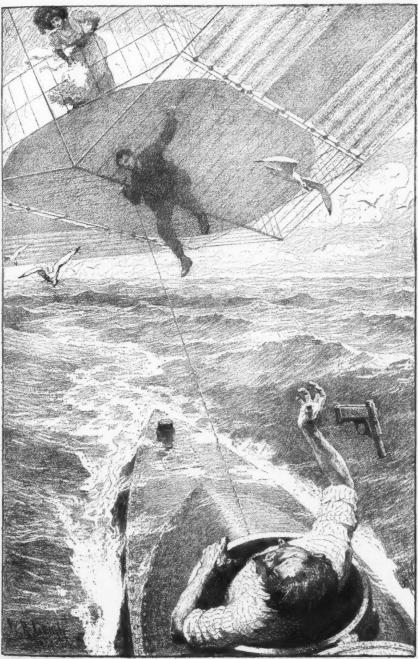
She threw over the lever, rather too far, and the wing-sections started with a deafening buzz. A storm of sand roared back from under the wings, powdering Mrs. Stott's dress, and forcing her to turn her back to the tempest. The deafening howl, as of many winds, lessened as the big bird rose perpendicularly from the ways, and beat the ground no more. Theodore turned on a little more speed, put the rudders apart to bring her head to the light seaward wind, and as she mounted higher and higher he tried her control. He pushed over the lever that determined the thrust of the driving-blades, and she shot in over the dunes like a wild thing until he headed her back for the gulf. Well inside the bar, so that an overturn might not mean a drowning, he circled about in a wide curve, which he gradually narrowed by a more extreme use of the helm, until she was spinning round and round in an orbit, in which the tips of the inner wings were almost stationary.

"That tests out the balancing-device," shouted Theodore. "How's that?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Virginia. "That do sure test out the balancing-device. you let her chase her tail like this much longer I'm going to be indisposed. Please whirl her the other way a while, unkie."

All fear, all uneasiness even, had gone from Theodore's mind. He felt the subjection of the machine as a horseman feels the obedience of his steed. He had much to learn of her navigating qualities; but the thing which all aeronefs had required, the mastery of balancing, he had not to learn. The gyroscopic brain in the glass globe did To every perturbation the machine presented the resistance and correction of the automatic differentials of the wings. The powerful engines purred with an almost perfect freedom from vibration, one to each wing, each at the same normal speed; but to meet the least lowering of any part, the little gyroscopes spun in constant readiness to give to the depressed area the advantage in speed which the operator could not impart if he chose, and to shift the rudder's slant as a fish its fins.

"Walk about the deck," commanded Theodore. "See how the rudders pulsate, like a butterfly's wings, as you go back and forth! See it, see it! It looks alive!"



WIZNER HAD JUST LIFTED HIS ARM TO FIRE AGAIN, BUT IT FELL BACK AS IF STRUCK DOWN BY A GIANT'S BLOW

Virginia walked up to her commander and took his hand. "From the bottom of my heart," said she, "I congratulate you. You are a great man, Theodore Carson."

"Thank you, my dearest," said Theodore, lifting her hand to his lips. "It is all yours,

you know, yours!"

Virginia withdrew her hand and walked forward. They were flying higher now, and she could see the pine woods far inland, with their square patches of plowed fields, their white houses behind the great green globes of the china-trees. The freshwater lakes lay almost under their feet, one beyond the other, like a string of beads; to the west lay the blue water of the lagoon, its farther beach lost in amethystine haze. Over the land beyond glimmered the waters of Mobile Bay. The mooring-balloon at Fort Morgan was almost lost in the white haze of spray from the twenty miles of breaking combers, and the Sand Island light split the far western horizon like a spike driven up through from below to hold the gulf in place. The sun blazed overhead, but the breeze was cool; and the Virginia cut through it so swiftly that, except in the protected lee of the wedge-shaped wind-shields, she was swept from bow to stern by something like half a gale. Far to the northwest soared a great aerostat, silver-white as if covered with tinfoil.

"I wonder if that isn't the Roc?" queried

Virginia.

Theodore was too busy with his levers and wheels to look. "If it is," said he, "and she comes about this place, we'll show her what real aviation is. What's that over on the freshwater lake? A party?"

"There's a launch," replied Virginia, "and three men and a woman coming across to our

beach."

"Excursionists, probably," answered Theodore. "Let's give them something to re-

member!'

It was now that the Virginia made her swift swoop across the isthmus to the lake, hovered over the heads of Craighead and his companions, and bore off to the eastward like a homing pigeon. They on the ship could not recognize their newly-arrived friends, nor hear Craighead's wild shout of triumph. They were far down toward Perdido Bay, flying like a driven leaf, Virginia gazing at Carson with something like fear in the admiration which now possessed her, as he tried every combination of factors in flight which he could conjure up.

"She's as near perfect as a machine can be," said he; "more nearly so than I ever hoped. You see, I had so much time to work things out while I was waiting for the money. You don't know what this means to me, Psyche!"

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"I believe I can partly guess," said she.

"Money-that's something---'

"But an uncertainty," observed Theodore, "The power of the Shayne people may ruin me commercially."

"Maybe," said she. "After living with the Shaynes as I did I can understand that better than you can; but they can't take from you the glory of achieving what the race has been trying so long, and dreaming of so much longer. You're a great man, unkie! That's the real thing."

"It was," said he, "but it isn't now. Can't you understand, mate, that there may be some one living whose approval means more

than any fame? I want you to."

Now there's nothing in the word "mate," applied to the second in command, that need call the blush to the cheek, ordinarily speaking; but when the word is uttered in the most meaning way, and emphasized by a long look into the mate's eyes out of two languishing orbs that speak odes and sonnets and rondeaus, a young person, however experienced in the ways of eyes and voices, may possibly blush. If she does, she may turn her eyes downward; and in looking over the rail of an air-ship she may see an extraordinary thing below, and make a diversion by calling attention to it.

"Oh, look, look!" said Virginia. "There's

some one in the water."

Below floated the half-collapsed and sinking "go-devil" of a submarine. Beside it lay a great blotch of darkness, so symmetrical that Theodore was impressed with the sudden idea that it was a submarine rather than a patch of dark sand. 'A man on the derelict was struggling, shouting, and waving a white cloth as if in distress. If he could not swim he was doomed. Theodore's eyes flashed. Here was a test of the Virginia for which he had laid no plans, and he welcomed it. He reversed the thrust of the wing-propellers, and in an instant they were fighting the air with all the power of the mighty engines. The passengers felt their bodies sway forward with the momentum, as the ship slowed up, halted, and moved astern; and as accurately as if he had had years of practice, Carson brought her to over the struggling

man, and lowered her slowly, slowly, toward the swells which rose to meet her, until the line thrown over by Carson dabbled in the water by the castaway's side.

"Can you climb up?" cried out Theodore.

"I don't dare come much lower."

"For God's sake," called the man, "bring her down a foot or so! I'm too weak to climb."

"Cheer up!" called Theodore. "It's risky,

but I'll try."

The man, who looked forward, as if to conceal his features, or from weakness, was apparently in great distress, and in terror from the fact that his collapsible skiff was half deflated as if by the bursting of her airchambers. If he was to be saved there was no time to be lost; so thought Carson as he depressed the Virginia more and more, holding her stationary by a slight windward thrust of the wing-blades, a feat quite beyond the power of any other air-ship, and speaking to the man in the water, as well as to him in the air, the triumphant success of the new machine. Wizner set his teeth in a fierce determination to put both man and ship out of the field at once. The thing became immense to him; swelling as the astounding behavior of the Virginia grew upon him. He was the sole custodian of the secret of her construction, save for Carson. If he could drown her, and master the secret of the glass globe, he could rebuild her, make his terms with Shayne, be the greatest in his line.

The lower works of the air-ship descended almost to his head, and Wizner, glancing upward, saw Virginia looking down and singing out their aerial "soundings." The swell lifted Wizner as the Virginia sank to her lowest, and he seized the nacelle with fierce energy, drew himself up into the trusswork, threaded a steel chain through an opening in the structure, and dropped back into the water, holding the chain in his hand. It ran around the aluminum beam with a

sharp rasping, startling rattle.

"He's fallen in!" cried Virginia. "He climbed up under, and fell off! Oh, he'll

drown, he'll drown!"

Theodore looked over the side. A small double chain ran down from the air-ship, its ends moving about in a most mystifying manner in the sea. And as he looked in astonishment the dark blotch of sand rose to the surface and defined itself as the rounded top of the Stickleback, on the black hull of which sat Wizner blowing brine from his

mouth, his head shining with water. The manhole opened, Wizner snapped the chain into a ring, slipped into the submarine, and reappeared with something small and flat in his hand.

"I'll fix you, you damned whelp!" he yelled. "I'll show you what it means to

choke me! Take that!"

He aimed at Carson, fired, and the bullet sang away into the sky. Theodore seized Virginia in his arms, and drew her down into the bottom of the car, where they lay panting in each other's arms, panic-stricken.

"I must put the ship out of range!" cried Carson, leaping to the lever, and throwing

on full speed upward and ahead.

She rose like a feather, for just a moment, and then she swung about like a kite with its string fouled. Carson stepped to the side again and looked over. The ship hung some thirty yards above the water; and straining backward and downward ran the steel chain looped through her works and fastened by both ends to the submarine. The harsh, raucous laugh of Wizner rose with horrid significance from the Stickleback's manhole, which was again above water and open.

"Don't be in a hurry!" he shouted. "Stick around with us a while! We're goin' out where it's deep. Come in, the water's fine! Got your bathin'-suits? If you hain't you'll have to let us lend you some. Sorry to incommode a lady; but we're goin' out where that chain won't put you up so high out o' water. When she draws short, telephone down. Don't yell, for they won't no one hear you. They won't no one hear either of you again in this world, except just you two. By-by! See you in Davy Jones's—

damn you!"

And with this, as if pulled down from below, the man vanished into the dark interior, the manhole closed, and the chain, like a line taken by some titanic fish, started out to sea. The air-ship had been captured by the submarine! The mechanical devil-fish was not running very deep; her round deck rose awash sometimes, but with the manhole closed, and with no sign, save the erection of her periscope, that she was more than an inert mass of steel, she swam on, remorseless, silent, the evil element in a battle unprecedented and undreamed of.

Still seated where Theodore had placed her, Virginia looked at him in questioning terror. He was white and horrified, but he

was managing the air-ship with a set determination to save her and her freight if possible. At this moment he was depressing her in her flight to get all possible slack in the chain, so that by a sudden upward rush he might break the tether. Once, twice, thrice he did this; but the chain held.

"What is it, Theodore, what is it?"

"I don't know," said he; "but I think it's the end."

He was not looking at her, he was looking upward, like a man seeking some sort of inspiration. His expression seemed to say that there was work to do; and as long as every tick of the watch might make the difference between death and life, he had no time for her questions. She stood looking out over the great desolate sea, and back to the receding shore, on which she saw a group of forms—the forms of their friends. Nothing could seem more helpless. They were chained to their fate—a dark fiend of a machine that was taking them out to sea, to deeps profound enough to drown them. It might be an hour; it might be the next moment; but the immitigable cruelty of the plan by which they had been snared took away all hope of its abandonment by the demons who had devised it.

Carson stood over her with a pistol in his hand. She looked up in wonder, thinking of those cases in which men kill the women they love, rather than allow them to fall into

the hands of ruffians.

"Virginia, can you shoot?" he asked.

She took the pistol with the air of one who knew how to use it, and nodded her head.

"I shall have to ask you to protect me," said he, "while I try to cut that chain. They can see what I'm doing with the periscope, and when it is necessary they will come up into the open and shoot. By pulling out to sea, I can get her at an angle that will force them into the open to shoot. When the manhole opens shoot into it. Keep them back. If you should hit one of them, don't let it trouble you, you-

"I shall kill one of them if I can," said she. "Never mind that. Tell me the things to do."

"I shall take pliers and a file," said he. "I don't think the pliers will cut it. It will take quite a while to file it. Even if I can hang on that long, I may be too weak to climb back. I don't know that I can do it, anyhow. You must take us back if I cut her free."

"I will," said she. "Never fear, I can do it. I know every lever."

"There's another thing," said he. "We came out with only a little gas. If we go much farther, we haven't enough to get ashore with. I shall have to be the judge of that for you. I think I could soar her in with the aeroplane set of the blades, but I don't know. I think we had better fly low going back, and not waste fuel in a vertical lift. That takes power. Keep her gliding about a hundred feet from the water; but if you want the aeroplane set, this is the way to fix it."

With a swift movement he showed her the way to manage the mechanism. Then he required her to tell him how to turn, how to rise, how to fall, how to vary the speed, how to determine the thrust of the blades. He lashed a pair of pliers about his neck with a lanyard, thrust a couple of files into his pocket, took off his boots, his coat and waistcoat, pulled his little cap's visor far down over his eyes to shelter them from the glare, and stepped to the side.

"You may get ashore," said he, "while I may not. If so, good-by, and God bless

you, dearest."

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him over and over again-he felt her warm tears on his lips. But he controlled himself sternly, almost fiercely.
"Don't cry," said he. "Clear your eyes,

and shoot straight. Good-by!"

She stepped to the rail and looked fixedly at the black shadow like a gigantic fish that represented the submarine. Carson had disappeared over the side, in a terrifying handunder-hand descent, until he reached the truss-work of the nacelle, where he clung, now, trying his pliers on the chain. The submarine seemed in no way interested, at first, but presently her black shadow grew more distinct, the round deck broke water; and as the manhole opened Wizner appeared and aimed at Carson, coolly as at a target.

Too hastily, Virginia fired; the bullet struck the edge of the deck with a vicious spat. Wizner's pistol spoke, his bullet struck metal, flew singing away, and the girl replied with the third shot of this strange duel. She braced herself against the rail, aimed carefully at the middle of the mark presented by the villain below, and fired-fired with the curious certitude the marksman feels when he has made a good shot.

Wizner had just lifted his arm to fire again, but it fell back as if struck down by a giant's blow; he dropped back into the darkness, the manhole closed, and the submarine went on toward deep water as grimly as before.

"All right down here," sang out Carson.
"How are you on deck?"

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"All right here," said she. "Do you think they'll shoot any more?"

"No," said Theodore. "But watch the manhole just the same. I shall have to file the chain. The pliers won't do."

The girl waited. It was well for her that she had something to do; otherwise her reason might have given way. She stood by the rail with the pistol in her hand, listening to the screak of the file on the chain. Suddenly this sound stopped, and she heard Carson calling.

"They've hove to," said he. "I think they're going to try drowning us here. Don't lose control of yourself. Remember, this is a fight, and we aren't whipped yet. Do you hear?"

"Yes," said she. "But it's so awful! So awful! If you were only up here where you could—Tell me what to do! Tell me what to do!"

"Do you see how the chain shortens?" asked Carson. "She's going down. If the water's deep enough she can drown us, unless we can overcome her gravity. Turn the index so as to show a dead-down thrust of the blades, and then full power on the last speed. It will take fuel, but it's the only way. Hurry!"

The air-ship sank, sank, nearer and nearer to the water; but without waiting to learn how the girl was carrying out his orders, Carson again attacked the chain, and the shrill screak of the file greeted Virginia's ears again, as she turned the indicator and threw on the power. As they had never done before, the great engines purred, the wingblades trod the air with a terrific roar; but with remorseless suction-like force the submarine drew her down closer, closer to the water, and she seemed lost. The sinking was slower, now; but nevertheless more and more of the chain disappeared in the sea every moment. Virginia looked and despaired. The waves were so terrifyingly near. Death in their cold depths seemed so unthinkably horrible. She bowed her face in her hands. And the screak, screak, screak of the file kept on with the regularity of a machine. Carson was at work. He might be drowned; but when he went under he would go fighting. He was a man! And suddenly Virginia felt herself

strengthened and comforted. Death was due everyone at some time. Why not now? Why whimper and shrink from what must be met?

She stepped to the side and called to him. "I think," said she, "that we are doomed. Is there anything I can do?"

"You might advance the spark," said he.
"Not much. Just the least trifle. Yes, I reckon they've got us."

She sprang to the machinery and did this last thing ordered by her commander-did it with unshaking hands, as a soldier might take up the weapon of his comrade at his post. By the faintest trifle she advanced the spark, and went to the side to see the effect. They were lower now, and the truss-work in which Carson hung must be in or near the crest of the swells; but the screak of the file went on-not so strong, perhaps, but steadily still, the pæan of the unconquerable spirit of the man clinging to the truss-work beneath her. It was grand! It was immense! Her spirit rose to the occasion, rose to the prosaic grating of a file in a hand that was dabbled in the waves at every lifting swell of the stolid gulf that rolled on just the same where its prey dangled within the lapping of its tongue, and out yonder where, perhaps, no man had been since creation's morn.

"Theodore!"

The file stopped for a minute.

"Keep her as she is," said he. "We've got the submarine stopped. I've got the chain about filed through, but—I'm a little tired. Keep her as she is—for just a little while."

Again the file began its work. The immediate danger was over; but both the man below and the girl in the car knew that the terrific consumption of gas in the engines made the seconds too precious for use in conversation. A minute's supply of gas, ten seconds' supply, one second's supply, might save their lives in the home stretch, when the chain should be filed through, and they should take their flight toward landto make triumphant landing after this deadly peril, or to sink in the waves from which they were now fighting to save themselves. roar of the machinery filled the air with tempest; the wind from the wing-blades driven down on the water set it boiling like a whirlpool; one moment the straining submarine drew them down by a link or two of the chain; the next the struggling air-ship lifted the submarine up an inch or so from her

dark lair in the depths. At last, at the very height of the fierce struggle, the air-ship shot upward with the jingle of dropping chains, a worn file fell into the foam of a white-capped wave, and the girl leaped to the levers in obedience to the voice of Carson telling her to make haste, and set the wings for a forward flight; to cut the speed down one-third, and to steer straight for shore.

She did so. They had risen to a height of perhaps two hundred feet before her inexperienced hands could change the propellers; and Carson told her to keep the height. She asked if she might not use a little higher speed, but he said no; the economy in gas

was in the moderate speed.

"Can you come up?" she asked. "Have

you the strength?"

She asked this two or three times, and got no reply. Suddenly she screamed with fear that he had fainted, and as if aroused from a stupor he asked her to advance the spark a little, and, when she had done so, to retard it again.

"Are you in danger?" she asked. "Can

you hang on?"

"I'm all right," said he, "only my hands.

Can you see shore? Is it far?"

The shore was rising fast, she told him. It was not so very far now, but the gas was almost gone. Could she do anything? Was there nothing to be done to eke it out so as to bring them a little closer before they fell into the sea? Could he do anything if he were in the car?

"Keep her as she is," said he. "When we get close enough so she can glide in, I'll lighten her."

"How lighten her?" she asked.

"It's easy," said he, "from down here.

Keep her as she is."

The dunes lifted white in the sun, shimmering in the heat, swelling as the Virginia darted nearer and nearer to shore. The horror-stricken people on the beach saw her coming, like an albatross before a gale. The girl on the deck prayed fervently for the miraculous renewing of the little cruse of oil from which was made the gas which kept them up—and the man underneath hung on grimly, awaiting the cessation of stroke which would prove that the mixture which was the breath of the life of the great engines was exhausted at last. Once, twice, thrice, came

the halting in the machinery that was the death-rattle of the motors.

"Virginia!" said he. "Yes," she replied.

"Fix the gliding-mechanism. The gas is done."

"Yes, Theodore!"

"Turn her nose down a little. With momentum enough, she'll make it from here. And when she gets within those breakers, if she is less than twenty-five feet high, tilt her up again a little. Do you understand?"

"Yes. I'll do it. Anything more, Theodore?"
"No—only remember what you said about forgiving me, if I'd let you come with me. Remember, turn her prow up a little when she nears shore. You'll make it, dear, you'll make it."

Mrs. Graybill, standing on the shore, noted with the rest the new motion of the air-ship when the engines were stopped, and wondered why it behaved so queerly; and it was her eye alone that detected a man's form clinging to the truss-work under the car. This, she thought, was the person they had tried to rescue. She wondered when she saw the girl managing the machinery, which was so operated as to send the aeronef on a long, long, swift swoop down toward land. In across the line of breakers she came, the very swiftness of her descent making for her peril as she neared the waves.

And then Mrs. Graybill screamed. She had seen the man under the car deliberately let go his hold and drop into the water. The lightened car, tilted slightly upward now, as Virginia obeyed orders, soared slowly onward, rising a little as her momentum brought the great gliding surfaces against the air, and then, clearing the foam of the surf, she softly settled on the sand, with her stern rudder, like the tail of a great dead bird, washed by the hungry waves which she had, as by a miracle, escaped. And rowing in from the offing where he had gone in his fishingboat in the wild and improbable belief that he might help his master, came Captain Harrod, with a white-faced young man lying in the bottom of the boat, whose fingers dripped blood from the remorseless work of the file; while from the air-ship they took the senseless form of the girl who had risen above the fear of death, and by sheer pluck had brought the Virginia into port.

As It Happened to Moey

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by J. D. Gleason



OME people are born to failure, some achieve failure, and some have failure thrust upon them. The phraseology of this bit of wisdom was suggested by a man named Shakespeare; the application of it was suggested by Moey Blumenfeld. If all the men in this world who

have failed—failed, that is, to reach whatever goal they were striving for—were to catalogue and publish the causes of their failure it might help future generations to avoid falling into the same pitfalls. It also

might not. I think it might not.

Lezinsky, for instance, never fails in what he undertakes. That is to say, if he sets his heart upon the achievement of a certain purpose, he achieves that purpose. He told me this many years ago, and I did not believe him. I now believe him. The secret of it is that Lezinsky never sets his heart upon achieving anything unless he is absolutely certain that he can achieve it. In other words, he has a correct idea of his own capacity, and he measures his ambitions and his undertakings accordingly. He would not set his heart upon acquiring the moon, because he knows he can never acquire the moon. Nor would he undertake to make a name for himself in the realm of art or literature or music or any of the professions. He might succeed, but there are too many chances against him; anyway, he isn't sure that he would succeed. Therefore he will never undertake it. In his line, however-Lezinsky's line is pickled fruits-Lezinsky knows exactly how far skill, imagination, and energy will carry him, and when Lezinsky announces to you that he has set his heart upon accomplishing a certain end in that line you may count upon it that he will succeed. I am very fond of Lezinsky. It is so refreshing to have an acquaintance who knows just what he can do and does it. He

plays no part in this story save to show the kind of man that Moey Blumenfeld ought to have been but wasn't.

The kind of man that Moey Blumenfeld wasn't would take many pages to describe; the kind of man he was is much easier to explain. He was simple and good natured. "Is that all you can say of him?" I hear some critical reader inquire, and, in the words of my friend Maloney, echo answers, "That's all!"

Moey was married. He was poor. He worked in Lezinsky's factory, in the apple and apricot department, although Lezinsky knew him only as a name upon his pay-roll. He was as regular in his habits as the earth in its orbit. When he was through with his day's work he went home and ate his supper. Then he went to Natzi's café, drank a cup of coffee, and gossiped for a few hours. After that he went to bed. He did not drink. He did not smoke. He had no bad habits. He was very simple. He was very good natured.

Mrs. Blumenfeld had a rich uncle who lived in Philadelphia and who had never forgiven her for marrying Moey Blumenfeld. Uncle Reuben was the staple subject of conversation in the Blumenfeld household. He was old and had no other kin in the world. He was a very erratic and crabbed person with a great many prejudices and, as far as I was ever able to make out, no redeeming qualities.

"If only he would see you and talk with you," Mrs. Blumenfeld said to her husband at least once every day, "I am sure he would like you. And when he dies we would get his money." Moey only sighed: he had no suggestion to make. He had never seen Uncle Reuben, and his imagination could not picture what might happen if he did see him.

It happened one night that Moey Blumenfeld sat alone at a table in the café waiting for his nightly cronies to arrive. He suddenly felt a hand laid upon his shoulder. "Hello, Bill!" cried a cheery voice. Moey looked up and found a dapper young man with a glass eye gazing at him with an ex-

pression that was amiability itself.

"I ain't Bill. I'm Moey," he said simply. The young man looked at him in astonishment and then, seating himself opposite Moey, brought his fist down upon the table with a resounding crash.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed. "I would have gone on the witness-stand and sworn till the cows came home that you

were Bill Morrissey! By Jingo! I never saw such a resemblance in my life! Say! Have a drink on me, or a cigar. Bill will be flabbergasted when I tell him!"

Just how it came about Moey was never afterward able to

tell, but within an hour he was telling the stranger the whole story of his life. Moey was naturally of a quiet and retiring disposition, and rarely discussed his personal affairs even with his cronies. But, somehow, it seemed to him that for the first time in his life he had met a sympathetic soul — a human being who listened with gravity to everything

he said and took the deepest interest in all the details of his life.

"Call me Sam," the man had said, and for the rest of the evening Moey called him Sam without inquiring further into who he was, where he came from, or what he did. One thing about the stranger fascinated him. Every now and then Sam would remove his glass eye, toss it into the air, catch it, and restore it to its place. He seemed to do this

oftenest when he was listening most intently. Sam heard the full story of Uncle Reuben.

"Well, sir," he finally said, "it's the easiest thing in the world. The trouble with you, Moey, is that you're too modest. What Uncle Reuben wants is a jolly sort of fellow who'll drag him out of his hole, take him around the town, slap him on the back, and give him a good time. I wish I had a rich uncle! I'd show you how to make a hole in his bank-account."

"Uncle never drinks. He hates a man

who drinks," said Moey.

"You don't say! Waiter, bring me a glass of beer. Well, Mo, you take my advice. Telegraph

your uncle to come on to New York. Say that you insist on seeing him immediately. See? When he comes you go down to the ferry to meet him. Slap him on the back. 'Uncle,' you say to him, 'tell me, between man and man, what's the matter with you? Why aren't you and I friends?'

And take my word for it you will make a big hit

with him."

Moey's eyes glistened.
Like all quiet men he
admired the aggressive
spirit in others. "I never
thought of it before," he said.
"But maybe when he comes
I will get scared. My wife
says he is a rough man."

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"You never drink, you say? Well, make an exception for

this once. While you're waiting for him drink a cocktail. One won't harm a fly. And it'll brace you up so that you wouldn't be afraid to crack a joke with old Nick himself. Lemme know how it turns out. I've got to be going. Ta-ta! See you when I get back to town."

The next morning Moey sent his uncle a telegram. "You must come to New York right away," it read. "Let me know when



STRAIGHTENING HIMSELF WITH A JERK, "YOU ARE DRUNK!" HE SAID

you will arrive." At noon he received an answer, "I will arrive at six o'clock to-night." Moey's heart bounded with joy. Why hadn't he thought of that long before? His heart went out in gratitude to Sam. What a charming man Sam was! For the first time Moey began to wonder who and what Sam was.

Moey arrived at the ferry fully half an hour before the train-boat was due, and as he watched the hurrying throngs that alighted from other boats his spirits began to sink. The courage was oozing out of his soul. Mindful of Sam's advice he sought the nearest saloon, and for the first time in his life he called for and swallowed an alcoholic drink. It was not so bad, and, sure enough, in five minutes Moey felt the strength and courage of a whole army coursing through his veins. What a fool he had been all his life! Why had no one ever told him that such strength and joy were imprisoned in a single, simple drink?

The boat was in, and Moey watched the passengers emerging from the ferry-house. Ah! There was Uncle Reuben! It did not even require his resemblance to the photograph in the Blumenfeld family album to identify him. In that hurrying throng of well-dressed travelers, alert business men and women, Americans from all parts of the country, the austere figure of the Russian Jew, moving slowly, looking in bewilderment to right and to left, was sufficient

identification in itself.

Moey hastened to his side. "Hello, Uncle Reuben!" he exclaimed jovially. The tall figure straightened. The old man turned around, and slowly his eyes focused themselves upon Moey's smiling countenance.

"You are Moey Blumenfeld?" he asked. Moey nodded. The old man's head was bent nearer and nearer to Moey. A suspicious light was in his eyes. He held his nose close to Moey's lips and sniffed. Then, straightening himself with a jerk, "You are drunk!" he said. And without another word he turned and reentered the ferry-house.

Moey, flushed with mortification, all his courage and high spirits gone, wandered off in gloomy dejection and cursed the day he had ever set eyes upon Sam. He hardly blamed Uncle Reuben. Such crabbedness and injustice were, to his mind, all of a piece with the old man's nature as he had come to regard it. He knew that he was perfectly sober; knew also that no sane person could

have suspected otherwise. The odor of liquor upon his breath had offended the old man. It was Sam's fault.

He went to the café and inquired if Sam had been there. No one seemed to know him. He described him to the waiters and

"If the man with the glass eve comes any evening when I'm not here, ask him to wait and send for me. He's not so smart as he thinks he is."

Every night for the next two weeks Moey, while sitting with his cronies, kept a vigilant watch for Sam. Patience is its own reward. It soothes the spirit and uplifts the soul. In addition to which, one night, Sam came.

"There's the man I've been looking for,"

said Moey, rising hastily.

"Oh, I know him," said one of his friends. "That's Buck."

"Ain't his name Sam?" asked Moey,

"I don't know," was the reply. "He was here once before, and they were all calling him Buck."

Moey approached him. His anger had died out many days before. His soul, however, was still full of gentle reproach which he was eager to unload upon the man with the glass eye.

"Hello, Sam!" he said. The man with the glass eye had seated himself at a table near the door. He looked up and smiled.

"Hello, Izzy! Wie gehts?"

Moey gazed at him sadly. "Don't you

remember me?" he asked.

"Sure I do. You're the fellow that looks like Bill Morrissey. Didn't you tell me your name was Izzy and that you had a rich uncle?"

"Moev Blumenfeld my name is."

"By Jingo!" Sam's hand crashed down upon the table. "If I didn't get you all mixed up with Izzy Aaronson. Ever meet Izzy? Sit down and have a drink, Mo!"

Moey sat down and gazed sadly into Sam's wandering glass eve. "Sam," he said slowly, "you gave me bad advice. My uncle came and smelled a drink on my breath. Then he turned around and went back to Philadelphia and didn't even speak to me. He said I was drunk. That's all he said."

Sam looked deeply pained. "Say, old man, I'm awfully sorry. I wouldn't have had that happen for the whole world. Why didn't you take a clove?"

"A clove?" asked Moey. "What for?"

"Why, you know, if you take a clove after drinking, then your breath doesn't give you away. Cinnamon is good, too. Look. Here's what I always use. 'Mooney's Breath Sweetener.' I can drink all night long if I like, and then when I take one of these my breath is just as sweet as a baby's."

He handed Moey a tiny vial filled with silver-coated pellets. Moey, for the life of him, could bear no resentment against the man. There was something in his way of talking, something that was so much of a personal appeal, that Moey found himself thoroughly happy to be in his company. He examined the vial closely, opened it, and smelled of its contents.

"They don't smell at all," he said.

"Not like that, they don't," explained Sam. "But after you've had a drink and put one of them on your tongue it dissolves and takes away all taste and smell of the drink. Here. Just try it."

Sam had been drinking a glass of beer. He held it out to Moey. "Just take one sip of it. It won't hurt you. And then put one of those 'Mooney's' in your mouth. You'll never know you had tasted beer."

Moey held one of the pellets between two fingers of one hand. In the other hand he took the glass of beer. He raised the glass to his mouth. His lips barely felt the touch of the cool liquid when, "Drunk again!" cried a rasping voice. Moey looked up in consternation. There stood Uncle Reuben, glaring down at him. And ere Moey's scattered wits could gather in a single coherent thought, Uncle Reuben, with a loud "Bah!" turned and walked out of the café. Sam took out his glass eye, tossed it up as far as the ceiling, caught it, and returned it to its place.

"Is that your uncle?" he asked. Moey could only nod. He could not speak. He could not move. He could not think.

"He looks just like Sammy Oppenheim," continued Sam. "'Oppy' we call him for short. Ever meet Oppy?"

Moey staggered to his feet and ran out of the place. Uncle Reuben was nowhere in sight. With a weary sigh Moey went home. At the door of the tenement in which he lived he met his wife.

"Oh, Moey!" she cried in great excitement. "Uncle Reuben is here. I told him you were at the café, and he went to look for you. How did you miss him?"

Moey sadly shook his head. "I did not miss him," he answered. "I saw him."

It took a week for Moey's mind to resume the normal tranquillity of its course. And another week for him to map out a scheme that was all his own, that owed nothing to the man with the glass eye. It took the form of a letter that he composed, with the aid of his wife, in four days. It was a long letter and a dignified letter and a persuasive letter. It was the letter of a man who has determined to be master of his own fate and captain of his own soul.

"And now," it ended, "to make up for the great wrong you have done me, you must give me a chance. If you take the same train to New York I will be at the ferry to meet you. Never again will my lips even touch a drink. When I see you I know you will understand everything. To-morrow at six I will be at the ferry."

Upon the morrow at six Moey was at the ferry. He waited. But Uncle Reuben did

not come.

About a month later one of Lezinsky's salesmen died, and Moey Blumenfeld conceived the brilliant idea of applying for the position. If he succeeded he knew it meant a bigger salary, in addition to which his work in the apple and apricot department was beginning to pall upon him.

"What do you know about selling?" Lezinsky asked him.

"Nothing," replied Moey, "but I can learn quickly."

"Are you a smart man?"

"Yes, Mr. Lezinsky. My wife thinks I am very smart."

"Well, I don't. If you make a good salesman I will be surprised. But I need a man to go to Philadelphia right away, and I will give you a chance. I think you will fail. But maybe you will surprise me."

The task was a simple one. A Philadelphia grocer who had hitherto purchased regularly of Lezinsky had announced that he was now buying the same goods of the firm of O'Connor & Company. It was Moey's task to reclaim the erring grocer and lead him back into the path of legitimate orthodoxy. The grocer's name was Isaac Aaronson. Moey traveled to Philadelphia elated at the prospect of proving to the world that he was fitted for better things and wondering whether it might not be advisable after



THERE STOOD UNCLE REUBEN, GLARING DOWN AT HIM

he had concluded his business to call upon his uncle.

Mr. Aaronson was stubborn. "You tell Mr. Lezinsky," he said, "dot ven he sells me as cheap as der Connor company den I buy mit him. Unt ven he don't, den I don't do it."

"But," persisted Moey, in his most eloquent Yiddish, "the Connor company is a Goy [Christian]. And how can you buy of a Goy when Mr. Lezinsky is so

religious?"

"In der grocery business," said Aaronson, "dere iss no religion. Cheap iss cheap, unt dear iss dear Anyvay I haf no time to talk mit you all day. I haf business to do."

Moey scratched his head in perplexity, and, to his delight, an idea came to him. "To-night," said he, "when the store is closed, maybe you will go with me to a café to have supper, and we will have a nice talk." And inasmuch as a free supper appealed to Aaronson he promptly accepted the invita-

During supper that night Moey exhausted every argument in favor of his position. He went into the details of manufacture in order to show Aaronson how vastly superior the

Lezinsky products were to those of all their rivals. But Aaronson was obdurate. "Cheap iss cheap, unt dear iss dear!" was his invariable retort. At the conclusion of the supper Moey played his trump card. "Mr. Aaronson," he said, "sometimes cheap is

sometimes, maybe, cheap is terrible dear. So is it when a Jew buys from a Goy and not from a Jew. Does not the Talmud say you must buy from a Jew and not from

a Goy?"

Mr. Aaronson frowned. A knowledge of the Talmud was not among his accomplishments.

"I ask you now," said Moey, raising his voice and shaking his finger in Aaronson's face. "Between man and man I ask you, does not the Talmud say, 'Don't buy from a Goy'?"

"No!" cried a thundering voice in Moey's ear, and turning in amazement he beheld the tall figure of his uncle, his face red with

"Fool!" exclaimed Uncle Reuben. "Never in my life did I hear such silly talk. The Talmud says to buy from a Goy just as much as from a Jew, especially when it is cheaper. You are foolish! Bah!" And Uncle Reuben strode haughtily from the room.

"You see," exclaimed Mr. Aaronson, "He iss a smart man. He iss right. Cheap iss cheap, unt dear iss dear, Goy or no Goy.

Good night, Mr. Blumenfeld."

Moey Blumenfeld is still in the apple and apricot department of

Lezinsky's factory.

Some people, as I remarked before, are born to failure, some achieve failure, and some have failure thrust upon them. Moey Blumenfeld accomplished it in all

> three ways. You may analyze his experiences, make allowances for a cruel fate and unfortunate coincidences, and even figure out how, under the circumstances,

you would have succeeded in doing the things you set out to do. But when destiny brings you face to face with your own Uncle Reuben will Moey's experiences help you? Perhaps. And perhaps not. I think not.

Lezinsky tells me that he intends to branch out into the mustard business soon. Lezinsky will suc-

ceed.



MOEY BLUMENFELD IS STILL IN THE APPLE AND APRICOT DEPARTMENT



The Dangers of Undereating

ENOUGH WITH NATURE IS NEVER AS GOOD AS A FEAST. WHAT WE REALLY NEED IS PURE FOOD AND MORE OF IT, FOR THE BODY WILL NOT ABSORB MORE WHOLESOME FOOD THAN IS GOOD FOR IT

By Woods Hutchinson, M.D.



EW of the Little Tin Gods of our every-day life are more securely enshrined in the popular Pantheon than the widespread belief in both the virtuousness and the wholesomeness of undereating. We frequently hear it expressed, "If one would always leave the table feeling

as if he could have eaten a little more, he would never be sick, and would live to a good old age." The rule sounds well, and it may be true, but there is no evidence to prove it, for it has never been tried in real life. It, like many other moral maxims with a promise attached, is in much the same case as the famous assurance so confidently given us in our nursery days—when we believed things—that after we had had a tooth pulled, if we would only keep our tongue out of the gap, a silver tooth would grow there. Nobody ever saw a silver tooth so growing, but that is no proof that one wouldn't if—!

Of course, like all popular beliefs, this one has a considerable element of truth in it. My protest is only against its acceptance as a universal law and its indiscriminate application. It has a curiously double origin. Naturally it was recognized at a very early period that a certain amount of real eating, with a reasonably frequent repetition of the ceremony, was necessary to life. Anyone who cherished any radical heresy or delusion

of magnitude upon this subject soon died, and his heresy perished with him. Therefore the habit of eating survived and became popular. But it was early seen to have two serious drawbacks: it was expensive, and if one ate too much one became uncomfortable. Ergo to eat as little as possible, consistent with survival, was a virtue.

This sounds both reasonable and convincing, but it overlooks two things: that appetite, "the feeling that you have enough," means something, and that nature is not an economist but a glorious spendthrift. She scatters myriads of seeds to grow hundreds of plants. Her insects of the air and her fish of the sea pour forth their spawn in thousands, nine-tenths of which go to feed other fliers and swimmers. Enough with her is never as good as a feast; in fact what to our cheese-paring, shopkeeper souls looks like enough is to her far too little. If there be any operation of nature which is conducted with less than at least fifty per cent. of waste, it has so far escaped the eye of the scientist. Her regular plan of campaign is to produce many times as much as she needs of everything and let only the fittest few survive. Is it not possible that the same principle may apply in human diet, that we should eat plenty of the best of everything to be had, and let the body pick out what it wants and "scrap" the rest?

Life, fortunately or unfortunately, is not a thing that can be conducted according to

hard-and-fast rules. It is less a business than a great game of chance. That is what makes it so interesting. We get tired of business, of work, of philosophy, of science, but seldom of life, until it is our proper time to quit. It is a game of chance-a gamble if you like, in the sense that there are large unknown factors involved; that, as George Eliot finely put it, "any intelligent calculation of the expected must include a large allowance of the unexpected"; that you never know what emergencies you may meet. This is not a pessimistic view, for few things are more firmly established than that which we term honesty-which is simply following the age-old rules of the game-and flexible intelligence will win eight times out of ten. But the point is that all life's operations must be conducted upon a very wide margin. As with money on a journey, to have enough, you must always have a little too much.

LIFE NEEDS A MARGIN

There is no better illustration of this law than the human body itself. The truth, as usual, is within us, if we would only open our eyes to it. Every department of the body-republic is ridiculously overmanned: two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, two lungs. two kidneys, two brains, two thyroids, two adrenals, two everything in fact except the stomach with its appendages-which is us and indivisible. In short, we are a physiologic double "Uncle Tom's Cabin"-except Uncle Tom. Practically every one of these "twins" is there simply as an understudy to take the place of its chief in case the latter should be disabled, though, except in the case of the brains, the eyes, and the hands, it is impossible to tell "which is which," and both of the pair are given a reasonable amount of work to do in order to keep them in training.

This sounds rather obvious, perhaps, but the margin goes vastly farther than this. Not only have we two lungs, either of which is perfectly competent to do all the breathing of the body, even under severe strain, but under ordinary circumstances about one-third of one lung is sufficient to—economically—oxygenate our blood. The only reason why nature does not build our lungs about one-third of the present size is that we would not have enough margin to run for our lives, and if we were attacked by pneumonia or tuberculosis we would be very likely to go down in the first round. For

precisely the same reason it is not safe to eat exactly what the economists and the laboratory men say we need. Food is expensive, but it is much cheaper than doctors' and undertakers' bills and the support of orphan-

asylums and hospitals.

The same rule holds good all through the rest of the body. About one-half of one kidney would do all the blood-purifying needed, on the Chittenden principle. Why not remove one kidney? It is simply a drone in the body politic and must be using up a lot of good food-material. And just think of the wastefulness of carrying around in our bodies nearly two pounds of superfluous liver-and so indigestible as it is, too! Of course we would probably die in our next attack of tonsilitis or severe influenza, but what is that compared with the virtue and piety of living economically? A squad of soldier volunteers, as brave as any that ever faced the cannon's mouth, may survive for six weeks on a laboratory diet calculated by the higher mathematics and consisting of proteids, carbohydrates, and hydrocarbons, instead of real food; but what would be the result the next time they happened to be exposed to typhoid, tuberculosis, summer dysentery, or even a bad cold? What was the final effect of this starvation diet on such a squad has already been told by Major Woodruff, and it does not exactly encourage imitation. Five out of nine reported that they felt badly and were always hungry during the test, and were weak and depressed at its close; and all but one had gladly returned to regular diet. One who had continued the diet for three months thought he had been permanently injured by it, and another thought he would have died if he had continued on the diet. Several confessed that they had been compelled to go out and get a "square meal" repeatedly during the test and that others did the same. Moreover, one of those who was later placed on such a diet-a young man in the prime of life and vigor-died of a comparatively trivial disorder, which developed hemorrhagic complications, for no other reason whatever that could be ascertained than his prolonged fooddeprivation.

THE OPTIMUM DIET DESIRED, NOT THE MINIMUM

Such tests may have a certain scientific value, but what we should be concerned about is not the *minimum* amount of food on

which body and soul can be held together, and a moderate amount of work ground out, but the maximum amount of efficiency, endurance, and comfort which can be got out of any human machine by the most liberal and generous supply of food which it can be induced to assimilate. As Robert Hutchison aptly put it, "What we want to find is not the minimum diet but the optimum." It is no principle of progress to hold men down to a starvation diet any more than it is to starvation wages; and while economy may be an admirable thing in business, it is, in dietetics, usually not only short-sighted but wasteful, for compared with human life and health food is one of the cheapest things there is.

The man who attempts to save money on his butcher's and grocer's bills, seven times out of ten, is starving either himself, his family, or his servants. Economy may be the "soul of wealth" in business, but in the kitchen it is much more nearly the soul of starvation, and is usually practised at the expense of the younger or weaker members of the household. Like all business principles, it is excellent in its place, but its place is never in the feeding of young children. For instance, all careful students of the childproblem are convinced that the institutional or wholesale method of rearing orphan children is a failure and must go. A child reared in an institution, hospital, foundlingasylum, or what not, is not much more than half a human being, and can usually be recognized at sight by its dull eyes, pasty complexion, sluggish and lifeless movements and intelligence to match. Part of this is due to the barracks-like life and the absence of individual love and care, but no small measure of it is due to the fact that these children, fed by wholesale and with an eye to economy, are usually underfed, either by actual deficiency of calories or an excess of cheap starches in place of the more expensive meats, fats, and sugars, or by the deadly monotony of the fare. One children's hospital, for instance, has had corned beef and red cabbage slaw for dinner every Tuesday for seven years.

The same thing, I am ashamed to say, is too often true of the feeding of adults also in institutions or hospitals. When a superintendent wants to make a record for economy the easiest point at which he can cut down expenditures is in the food-bill. It has been an axiom with the medical profession ever

since the days of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that people who are fed by wholesale, with some one else holding the purse-strings, instead of being able to follow their own appetites, are usually more or less starved. Although even then they may be better fed than they were at home under modern industrial conditions. Many of our hospitals, however, particularly those for the care of the insane, are beginning to see light on this subject, to provide a more abundant and attractive dietary, to consult the appetites and preferences of their patients, and to allow their physicians, instead of the superintendent or matron, to control the precise diet of each patient, with the result that money is actually being saved by curing the patients faster and enabling them to get up and back to work in a shorter time. Give nature the wide margin that she needs to conduct her operations on, and she will pay you dividends on it in the long run.

THE MEANING OF APPETITE

Now that we have some inkling of nature's general methods of conducting business, we are in a position to consider what is the meaning of appetite, of the instinct for eating-the sense which tells us when to begin and when to stop. It is far too customary to regard this impulse as simply a mere animal appetite, inherited from generations of half-starved ancestors as ravenous and as irrational as a hungry dog, which, if we give it the least right of way, is going to plunge us into all sorts of gorging excesses. Nothing could be more utterly absurd and untrue. The situation, to put it in a word, is this: Man has always found himself under the stern necessity of eating in order to live. So stern was the pressure of mouths upon the means of subsistence that only those who developed a vigorous determination to eat-in other words, had good appetites-could survive. On the one hand, those who tended to eat too little for the fuel-needs of their bodies lowered their vigor, fell behind in the race, and ultimately were eliminated. On the other hand, those who tended to eat too much also impaired their efficiency, devoured their whole kill or crop in a few weeks, and also died off. Only those whose appetites impelled them to eat just about the golden mean, neither weakeningly too little nor surfeitingly too much, survived.

From an evolutionary point of view, the formation and persistence of any instinct in-

jurious to the race is unthinkable, and in the dietetic field only the rational or moderate appetite could have survived. The main part of this gradual acquisition of an accurate, responsive, reliable appetite-guide had little to do with reason or intention, scarcely even with consciousness—though these have played a part in the later stages—but was simply a stern and merciless weeding out through thousands of generations of those who did not have the right kind of an appetite for survival.

THE APPETITE TO BE RESPECTED

Obviously the food-appetite, like all the race-continuing instincts, to be strong enough to keep the race alive must also be powerful enough to lead to occasional excesses. But the important point in the matter is that these excesses, like all other excesses of appetite, in the long run defeat themselves, and the race is, as a rule, neither to the glutton nor to the ascetic, but to the man of moderate appetite. So that instead of treating our natural, unspoiled appetites as mere gross animal impulses, which are more likely to be wrong than right, and which it is a positive virtue to thwart and suppress, the overwhelming concensus of the best and broadest opinion of the laboratory, the hospital, the family physician, the sanatarium, and the dietkitchen is that the appetite is to be treated with the greatest respect, is to be thwarted only for the best of reasons and in special emergencies, and is, all things considered, the most reliable, indeed almost the only active, guide that we have in matters of diet.

One of the most unfortunate popular misapprehensions within the last decade is that the findings of the laboratory and the results of the highest and most advanced scientific experimentation in matters of diet and foodfuel have entirely contradicted and undermined—or at least gravely shaken—all our previous standards of dietetics, both popular and scientific. This has been chiefly due to a small group of well-meaning and highminded enthusiasts-nine-tenths popular and one-tenth scientific-who have sent out a flood of vivid and highly readable expositions of the damage, physical, economical, social, and spiritual, which they firmly believe is done to the human race by our gross and deplorable habit of overeating, especially of that dietetic fons et origo mali, meat. Meat! R-r-red meat, dr-r-r-ripping with b-l-lood, r-r-eeking of the shambles, produced by and provoking to murde-r-r and other c-r-rimes of violence!

The impression is an unfortunate one for two reasons: first, because it utterly misrepresents the actual state of the case, inasmuch as at least nine-tenths of pure laboratory and abstract scientific opinion is still, in the main, in accord with and in hearty support of the prevailing dietetic standards; and second, because, while we cordially welcome intelligent, honest investigation of every problem and challenge of every law or standard, no matter how important or apparently firmly fixed, it is not fair to ask us to accept evidence based upon experiments conducted by the large popular wing of this anti-overfeeding army upon single individuals-and those individuals usually the orators themselves—or by the small scientific wing upon mere handfuls of individuals for a few weeks at a time, as undermining and discrediting the results of our racial experience of hundreds of thousands of years and of our scientific tests in barracks, hospitals, sanatariums, and laboratories covering half a century and hundreds of thousands of subjects.

THE NEW STANDARDS UNSAFE FOR CHILDREN

The new views may be right, and, considered as illustrations of what men in the prime of life and under favorable circumstances can stand in the way of deprivation of food without gross or apparent injury, they are exceedingly interesting. But to insist that the results apparently obtained under these circumstances and the rules derived shall be forthwith applied indiscriminately, and at the discretion of the victim or his guardian, to young and old, rich and poor, sick and well, is not merely absurd, but, in men who may be presumed at least to have had the advantages of scientific training, little short of reprehensible. It is safe to say that should these new standards of dietetics be applied to children and to consumptives, for instance, they would result in the sacrifice of thousands of lives every year as certainly as the sun rises and sets. Soldiers and college professors can live and survive on anything for certain periods -they have had to all their lives; but the man in the street and the child in the gutter and the woman in the home are not adapted to such Spartan fare.

Now what are these standard dietaries, these regulation fuel-requirements, which our economist-reformers dismiss so lightly, as little better than mere arithmetical state-

ments of inherited prejudices in favor of over-About fifty years ago they first assumed definite scientific form in the laboratories of three great German chemical pioneers: the famous Liebig, Pettenkofer, and Voit. They set themselves carefully to work out the precise relations which exist between the amount of food taken, the amount of energy contained in it, and the amount expended by the body in the form of work, growth, or heat. They were literally pioneers, for they had to invent most of their apparatus and make it themselves; but so admirable were their methods that their results have been surprisingly little changed. Almost the only departures from the standards which they established have been such as are due to the crudeness and necessary imperfection of their home-made apparatus.

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS

To avoid wearying details, though the full story of their experiments is as fascinating as a novel, they first carefully analyzed and burned a number of staple foods, such as meat, bread, sugar, butter, etc., so as to determine what elements necessary for the body they contained and what was their exact fuelvalue. Then they constructed a small airtight chamber so that the exact amount of air drawn in through a tube could be measured and the precise amount of moisture and of carbonic acid given off kept track of. A dog was shut into this chamber and supplied with certain measured amounts of water and food, and the exact amount of carbonic acid given off by the lungs, of watery vapor and heat given off by the surface of the body, and of excreta from both bowels and kidneys was carefully measured for several days in succession. Then the dog was taken out and weighed, and to their delight the amount of moisture he had given off, of heat that he had imparted to the air of the chamber, and of his liquid and solid excreta, plus such estimate as could be made of the small amount of movement that he could carry out in the chamber, exactly balanced the food and water supplied to him. Encouraged by both these results and the harmlessness of the method, their royal patron, Maximilian of Bavaria, was induced to furnish the money to construct a chamber of this sort large enough to contain a man, and one of the observers took his place inside it.

In this crude calorimeter was carried out a whole series of painstaking and brilliant experiments, the net result of which was the establishment of the fact that the body is one of the most perfectly balanced machines known, and that its bookkeeping methods are as accurate as a professional auditor's. The exact amount of heat, moisture, and carbonic acid given off, plus the work done upon various apparatus introduced into the chamber, precisely corresponded to the amount of food and drink administered, plus or minus the loss or gain in weight. In other words, if a given amount of work is required of a bodymachine a given amount of energy in the form of food must be put into its furnace, or it must draw upon the reserve capital already accumulated in its interior.

THE STANDARD DIETS

As a result of these experiments Pettenkofer and Voit laid down the now famous standard diets known as the subsistence diet, which is the smallest amount which will prevent starvation, the rest, light-work, moderate-work, and heavy-work diets, ranging all the way from fifteen hundred calories or heat-units for the first to forty-five hundred for the last. So thorough and careful was their work that, with all the perfection and elaborateness of modern scientific apparatus, these figures have never been markedly altered by the thousands of tests both practical and laboratory to which they have since been submitted. The changes that have been made are largely accounted for by the imperfections of the early apparatus and by a slight inclination to increase the liberality of the ration as the modern food-supply has improved and it has been discovered that more work can be got out of the human machine by a more liberal supply of better quality of

These dietaries, based, of course, originally upon the net results of the experience of millions of years, have since been adopted as the working formulas of civilization and tested thousands, yes, millions, of times upon armies in barracks and in the field, in prisons, in hospitals, in the commissary departments of railroad gangs, lumber-camps, and the Suez and Panama canals, upon arctic relief expeditions and exploring trips into darkest Africa, with the unvarying result that the human engine develops power precisely equivalent to the energy put into it in the shape of food. In fact, the relation between food and work is as definite and as fixed as it is between coal and steaming power. Ex

nihilo nihil fit, and any attempt to get a steady succession of day's work out of the average human machine on less than three thousand calories of food is irrational and practically as impossible as lifting oneself by one's

boot-straps.

Figures and statistics are proverbially uninteresting, but they are indispensable for precise and clear-cut comparisons, and I have ventured to introduce these tiresome calories -which are really very harmless things, each being the amount of heat or energy required to raise one liter (quart) of water one degree Centigrade—because it is impossible otherwise to estimate the wide and extraordinary departure from these world-standards which our new food-economists propose. In place of the hitherto universal three thousand calories, most of them claim that the human body can be maintained in full working power and much better health upon eighteen hundred calories, some of them even going as low as twelve hundred and one thousand. celebrated "centenarian's diet" of Luigi Cornaro, the patron saint of our modern starvationists, was about twelve hundred calories.

WORK MUST HAVE ITS PRECISE EQUIVALENT

Such claims, it need hardly be said, are highly improbable and would require an imposing array of evidence to insure their admission, as their acceptance would involve the remodeling, not merely of our principles of dieting, but of our whole habits and structure of scientific thought and reasoning. As well conceive of smoke without fire as of work or life without a precise equivalent of food. It is, however, no longer necessary to discuss them upon a priori or general grounds, for the simple reason that, with the exception of one or two rare, exceptional, and highly abnormal individuals of the Cornaro type they have utterly broken down in practice. The bulk of the starvationist argument rests upon a handful of exceptional cases such as Luigi Cornaro—who, by the way, did not live to be a hundred, only said he was going to, and could do it on the plan he had mapped out, but died by the wayside at ninety-sixand a few of those mythical individuals calling themselves centenarians. No normal, average, unspiritual individual has ever been able to live upon any such diet as fifteen hundred calories a day without impairing either his health or his working power. One of two

results practically invariably follows: either the dietary is abandoned altogether, or the standard is quietly hitched up from thirty to fifty per cent. This latter method has been well illustrated in the case of Chittenden, who, in his first book upon the economics of human nutrition, placed his ideal standard at sixteen hundred calories, but in his second, three years later, quietly raised it to twenty-eight hundred without any explanation.

From all that can be gathered the theory appears to have worked out in the same manner in real life. Very few, even of the reformers themselves, appear to stick to their diet consistently for any considerable period of time. They seem to swear off on protein pretty much as Rip Van Winkle did on schnapps, and, from Tolstoy up and down, alternate their fits of abstinence with periods of real feeding, not to say gormandizing.

Accurate data as to the actual number and precise conduct of these low-protein enthusiasts are of course lacking, but I have been carefully and industriously making inquiries among my friends and acquaintances for the past two years, as to the existence and history of such individuals, and while I have met or heard of score upon score of men and women who have made a trial of this plan of dieting, I have been unable to learn of more than a very few who persisted in it beyond the first few weeks or months. In fact, I am unable at present to obtain evidence of the existence of any consistent and persistent low-protein dietist except the inventors and apostles of the They themselves now decline movement. to be bound by any fixed rules or quantities, and simply say that once they have succeeded in purifying and reforming their appetites they trust them absolutely, and make it a point of honor to pay no attention whatever to the exact amount they eat-which is extremely sensible of them. My experience may have been exceptional, but my inquiries have been fairly extensive and impartial, and I simply give the results for what they may be worth.

A SENSE OF EXHILARATION IN THE EARLY STAGES OF STARVATION

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One rather unexpected physiological fact must be borne in mind, which accounts for the gratifying initial success often claimed for marked reductions in the amount of food. That is the curious sense of exhilaration, of clearness and buoyancy of mind, which comes in the early stages of starvation from any cause. This was long ago discovered by religious enthusiasts and ascetics of all sorts, whose most valued and frequent means of reaching or inducing the trance condition was, and still is, fasting. To precisely what this singular mental state is due we are at a loss to decide, but it is as well marked a symptom both of starvation and, in the course of a chronic weakening illness, of approaching death as the sense of satisfaction and drowsiness after a heavy meal. The feeling is one of clearness and lightness of both mind and body, with the impression that one could work forever without growing tired, and never would be fatigued again.

The sensation is a pure illusion, fit only for the dreaming of dreams and the seeing of visions, and usually lasts for only a few hours or days, during which time the work done is of poorer quality than usual and smaller in amount, in spite of the sensation of buoyancy and boundless energy; and is followed by collapse or an apathetic condition with disinclination for any form of exertion. This is an experiment which can be tried by anyone upon himself, simply by missing a meal or two, or by eating nothing except a little bread and sugar, or fruit. It has been the almost unbroken experience of unprejudiced experimenters-such as Herbert Spencer, for instance, and a score of others both before and since—who have tried vegetarianism, or other forms of graduated starvation, on other than religious or ethical grounds. They nearly all had to go back to their natural diet and to animal food in order to regain their working power.

A LESSENED SENSATION OF FATIGUE A DOUBTFUL BENEFIT

The only explanation that has been offered of this apparent diminution of the sense of fatigue, due to a low diet, is that, since fatigue is not due to exhaustion of our muscles, but to their being loaded with the waste-products of their own activity, and as these wasteproducts are very similar to, if not almost identical with, certain nitrogenous extractives produced in the digestion of meat, our muscles are not so rapidly loaded to the fatiguepoint upon a diet consisting chiefly of vegetable substances as upon one rich in meat. This latter result, while from one point of view a disadvantage, may be, from another, a valuable protective mechanism, guarding us against excessive and laborious overstrain. As muscular overwork or overstrain is one of the greatest and most serious

dangers to which our body is exposed, the apparent increase of endurance for forced spurts, from a lessened sensation of fatigue, sometimes attained upon a vegetarian or low-protein diet, may prove a very doubtful benefit. In fact, it is probably an injury and a detriment to the general vigor and resisting power of the body in the long run. No race or class of vegetarians yet discovered can stand the attack of infectious disease or the wear and tear of war as well as meat-eaters or mixed-feeders, although some individual vegetarians accomplish remarkable single feats of endurance.

One of the corner-stones upon which our diet-economists base their claims is that by diminishing the amount of food, and more thoroughly masticating and digesting it, they can thereby extract the last remnant of nutrition from it, and thus save the enormous waste which goes on upon ordinary diets. Many of them, in fact, have boldly claimed that they can save thirty, fifty, and even sixty per cent. of the food-fuel ordinarily consumed and subsist on from one-third to one-half the standard, popular diets.

THE BODY WASTES BUT LITTLE FOOD

Unfortunately for these claims, however, the reformers neglected to ascertain the exact amount of the food in our average or standard dietaries which actually goes to waste in the body. This, of course, can be determined with as absolute accuracy as the amount of ash made by a particular kind of coal. It was one of the first things ascertained in the scientific study of nutrition, and the results, laid down as tables, have been corroborated a hundred times since. These show that upon ordinary diets, under average conditions, only from five to fifteen per cent. of the food taken into the mouth is discharged from the body as waste. Of beef, for instance, all but about two per cent. of its available nutriment passes into the blood, of milk all but about three per cent.; of bread only six per cent. is wasted. How, out of a wastage of less than ten per cent., our diet-reformers are going to save forty per cent. is, of course, a puzzle to everyone but themselves. If their claims were true we would be justified in leaping to the logical conclusion of the Irishman who, when assured by an enthusiastic hardware dealer that a certain make of stove would save onehalf of his fuel-bill, promptly replied, "Shure, thin, Oi'll take two an' save the whole av ut."

This brings us to the question, What are

the diseases of underfeeding, and what the diseases of overfeeding? To hear the extraordinary claims trumpeted forth on every occasion by the apostles of a slender regimen that "Man digs his grave with his teeth," that gluttony is the deadliest vice of our age, that two-thirds of our diseases are due to overeating, and that the race is fast gorging itself into degeneracy and final extinction, one would surely conclude that the most imposing array of diseases in our text-books of medicine and the hugest totals in our death-lists would be found directly and unmistakably enrolled under the head of diseases due to overeating. On the other hand, from the incessant praises of plain living and high thinking we would confidently expect that all those who, either from necessity or from choice, practised this gospel of starvation would have a high longevity, a low mortality, and an obvious freedom from disease, and that under the head of diseases due to underfeeding would be found a vast and eloquent blank.

FEW DEATHS DUE TO OVERFEEDING

But what are the facts? Of the forty-two principal causes of death in the United States census of 1900 only three are to be found which are in any way due or possibly related to overfeeding-diseases of the stomach, diseases of the liver, and diabetes. Two-thirds of the deaths due to these three causes have nothing whatever to do with overfeeding, but even if we were to grant them in their entirety to the anti-food agitators, they would amount to only three per cent. of the total deaths. Those diseases most often and confidently ascribed to overfeeding, such as gout, dyspepsia, apoplexy, obesity, neurasthenia, and arteriosclerosis, are such insignificant factors in the death-rate that they do not appear in this list of principal causes at all. On the other hand, those diseases which are either directly due to underfeeding or in which the mortality is highest among those who are poorly fed and lowest among those who are abundantly fed—consumption, pneumonia, diarrheal diseases, typhoid, and inanition (a polite official term for starvation) - account for a death-roll of 250,000 victims, or nearly thirty per cent. of all the deaths. Diseases even possibly due to or aggravated by overfeeding, three per cent.; diseases certainly due to or aggravated by underfeeding, thirty per cent. Other factors enter in, but surely, if low diet were such a wonderful promoter of longevity and warder-off of disease, it

ought to have prevented at least half of these 250,000 practitioners of it from falling victims of diseases due to lowered vitality. Such diets as are advocated by our reformers-viz., from sixteen to eighteen hundred calories-are, in effect, starvation diets for men exposed to the wear and tear of workaday life, for women, and for children. They represent a bare subsistence diet, capable of sustaining life and moderate degrees of activity, but giving no reserve for protection against disease or for recovery from its attack.

Thousands, yes, millions, of the human race have been compelled and are yet compelled to live on just such diets as our reformers recommend, and instead of being healthier, freer from disease, and longer-lived on that account, it is a rule as unbroken as any axiom of Euclid that the death-rate in any given community varies in constant ratio with the social position of the individual, being highest in the lowest and most sparely fed classes, intermediate in the middle and better-fed classes, and lowest of all in the wealthiest and best fed classes. The muchvaunted blessings of poverty exist only in the imagination of the poets, if indeed they have not been invented by both poet and priest for the purpose of making the less-fortunate classes better "content with that station to which it has pleased Providence to call them.'

THE FRUGAL POOR HAVE THE HIGHEST DEATH-RATE

It is a real surprise to some of our smug pseudo-philanthropists to learn from the stern and unimpeachable evidence of the mortality and morbidity records that the blameless and frugal poor have the highest deathrate, the highest disease-rate, and the lowest longevity-rate of any class in the community. The same statement is equally true of nations. The most abundantly fed races of the world to-day are those which are in the van of the world's progress. The measure of the spareness and the slenderness of the diet of a race is the measure of its backwardness and stagnation. We have heard so much baseless fairy-tale and poetic cant about the healthfulness and the endurance of the blameless Hindu and the industrious Mongolian that it really comes almost as a shock to us to discover, when we are brought face to face with these interesting peoples, that their working efficiency is from one-fourth to two-fifths less than that of the meat-fed white man; that

their death-rate is from double to treble that of the civilized races; and that the average longevity of the Hindus, for instance, is barely twenty-three years as compared with some forty-seven years in our American whites. Ten days of practical observation abundantly demonstrate that the only reason on earth why a Hindu or a Chinaman or any other Oriental lives upon a diet of rice, or pulses, or vegetables is that he cannot afford anything better! The sole cause of a vegetarian or lowprotein diet in any race is plain poverty. The moment that a Chinese or a Hindu in America begins to earn something like a white man's wages he abandons his former diet and begins, as he expresses it, to "eat American." As soon as he does so he increases his working power from twenty to forty per cent. and diminishes his liability to disease in the same proportion.

The first step in the magnificent modernization and civilization of Japan, for instance, was to put, first her army, then her navy, and then as nearly as possible her population, upon a European diet rich in proteins—wheat, pork, and beef. The so-called vegetarian or low-protein victories of Japan were won by an army and navy which had been for fifteen years upon a ration rich in protein, modeled as closely as possible after that of the German army and originally adopted for the purpose of stamping out beriberi.

FAMINES FOLLOWED BY EPIDEMICS

Finally, apropos of the diseases of underfeeding versus those of overfeeding, I would call attention to the significant fact that practically every prolonged famine is followed by the outbreak of some epidemic. In fact, from one-half to two-thirds of the deaths in a famine are due to some form of fever, which the lowered nutrition of the victims has allowed to gain a foothold. There are a dozen diseases, from typhus and typhoid to cholera

and plague, which are known by the significant name of "famine fevers." If any epidemic or widespread disease has ever resulted from overfeeding or followed on the heels of a too abundant crop it has entirely escaped the eye of medical science.

PURE FOOD AND MORE OF IT

To sum up: Nature is no fool, nor has she been wasting her time these millions of years past in sifting out the best, both of appetites and individuals, for survival. A certain definite amount of fuel-value in food is essential to life, health, and working power, and a surplus is never one-tenth as dangerous as a deficit. Particularly is this the case in growing children and in women during the reproductive period. It is doubtful, in fact, whether these two classes can be induced to absorb more real sound, wholesome food than is good for them. The vast majority of our diseases of dietetic or alimentary origin are now recognized as due to poisons absorbed with the food, or resulting from its putrefaction. What we really need is pure food and more of it, instead of less. The diseases of overfeeding are chiefly the pathologic amusements of the rich, and exercise a comparatively trifling influence upon the deathrate. The diseases of underfeeding are the pestilences of the poor, that sweep them away by the thousand and by the million. Twothirds of the patients who come to us, as physicians, from whatever walk of life, are underfed, instead of overfed. Even gout has little to do with overeating, and nothing at all with red meats. "Poor man's gout" is just as common as "rich man's," now that we have learned to recognize it. To paraphrase Goethe, "Food, more food," is our cry. Every increase in the abundance, the cheapness, and the purity of our food-supplies lowers the death-rate of the community an appreciable notch.





For Sale—A Cemetery

By Dan Sayre Groesbeck

NOT on yer life!" came in emphatic tones from the Hon. J. Baldy Driggs as he brought his chair down with a bump which rattled the windows of the Last Chance Thirst Emporium. "No sirree Bob! Any time I tell you shorthorn galoots another piece of history I'll know it. I heard what some of you coyotes said about that last piece of gospel truth I told yer. Didn't it git around to me that you, Spud Perkins, sez it wuz all a gosh-durned lie an' never did happen? An' here ye've got the everlastin' nerve to stand there an' ask me to deal you another hand an' hev it chucked in the discards, too.

"Allow me to repeat, as the feller sez, 'No! Not on yer life."

Here let it be explained that the said J. Baldy Driggs held the enviable position of official historian of Skull Gulch and thereabouts, and while a few inaccuracies had been noted in his chronicles of the history of Big Horn County, never before had anyone had the temerity openly to doubt his veracity, and the Hon. J. Baldy was deeply and justly grieved.

"I never said no sech thing," indignantly responded the injured Spud Perkins from his vantage-point behind the bar, where his time was divided between polishing glasses and arranging his "cow-lick" in the specked mirror at his back. "You know, Baldy, I allus did stick up fer you. When you told that one about the pickle-vineyard, didn't I say I believed it, an' when the fellers wuz talkin' about it afterwards didn't I finally remember it, too? You bet I did!"

Mr. Driggs was somewhat appeased, but even with the numerous protestations of faith from his would-be audience he was still inclined to look reminiscently out of the window, nursing his injured feelings. It was not until Spud Perkins signified the willingness of the "house" to set up the smokes that Mr. Driggs showed any interest in the present affairs of Skull Gulch or the past affairs of any other part of the county. Now at the genial invitation of Spud he joined the ranks at the bar with that easy grace born of long practice, and called for an "El Reno."

It may be well to mention that the Hon. J. B. Driggs usually smoked stogies at three for a nickel, but on occasions such as this he was wont to indulge his expensive taste in something classier at fifteen cents a copy.

"Wall," said he, as he accepted a light from the conciliatory Spud and resumed his seat at the stove, "if you fellers don't butt in an' don't cast no damagin' insinuations at this yere piece of history I might tell yer about it. It all happened when I was express agent up to Gray Bull back in eightynine. Course thar warn't much express business jest then becuz the spur that the B. & P. wuz puttin' through hadn't reached town more'n a week before. I wuz a-settin' in the shade of the deepot waitin' fer the afternoon train to come through—thar hadn't any train stopped thar yet, an' the fellers had all quit hangin' around, an' I wuz all alone.

"Purty soon she come a-hollerin' up the track, an' I seen the way she wuz actin' that she wuz goin' to stop. Shore enough, she done jest that, an' a feller sticks his head outen the express car an' asks me if I'm the express agent. I wuz took sorter sudden like, but I sez I wuz, an' he starts shovin' out a box. I gives him a hand, an' we lands it on the platform, an' the train pulls out afore I has time to ask any questions nor nothin'.

"Gentlemen, that box wuz six foot long an' two foot square, an' I certainly didn't like the looks of it, an' I didn't feel no better when I seen up at one end of it a sign with 'Head' on it in big black letters, an' underneath it, 'This side up.""

At this juncture the Hon. J. Baldy's very evident, if a trifle ostensible, hoarseness brought forth a general invitation to "licker up" from Sad-eye Smith, after which the

historian continued:

"Wall, I drug that blamed thing into the deepot an' looked at the address; it wuz billed to Mr. Abel P. Meyer, Gray Bull, Big Horn County, Wyoming, to be called for, charges

prepaid.

"Now thar warn't no Mr. Abel P. Meyer in Gray Bull as I knowed on, an' I wuz plum stumped. Anyhow, bein' as thar wouldn't be no more trains comin' through till mornin', I locked up an' went over to the Blind Dog to tell the boys about it. Nobody over thar ever hearn tell of Abel P. Meyer, an' so we 'lowed we'd wait a day or two afore we

done anything, but it bein' turrible hot weather them days we wuz some worrited, I tell yer.

"Come next day an' the fellers wuz all down to the deepot when I come toopen up an' busted right in with me. Thar it were, jest as I had left it, six foot long an' two foot square, an' that thar sign 'Head' onto it jest the same. Thar warn't nothin' to do but wait for Mr. Abel P. Meyer, so we hung around fer the mornin' train sorter expectin' he might drop offen it, but it didn't stop, nor the afternoon train neither.

"That night at the Blind Dog we talked italloveran'decided that we'd wait another day fer Mr. Drawings by Dan Sayre Greesbeck Abel P. to claim his late relative.

"The next day the trains didn't stop neither, an' then we decided that somethin' had to be did, an' did quick. Mort Henderson, he wuz the mayor, called a town meetin', an' we tuk the matter up right thar.

"Me an' Slim Hoppel, me bein' express agent an' him bein' sheriff, wuz elected a committee of two to investigate the box. We got an axe an' busted open the lid whar it said 'Head' an' took a look. Shore enough, thar he wuz, jest as natural as life, an' gosh, how he war trigged out! The boys all tuk a look, an' me an' Slim nailed down the lid again.

"What wuz to be did wuz the next ques-We didn't hev no cemetery yet, the boys all bein' peaceable like an' quiet, but we 'lowed that the town really ought to hev one fer emergencies, an' decided to go an' stake one out on the hill an' if Mr. Abel P. Meyer didn't come on the afternoon train, his dear departed would be the corner-stone.

"We went up back of Bud Spears's claim, whar it had all been panned out an' we knowed that warn't no pay-dirt to speak of anyway, an' stepped off a last restin'-place fer the late lamented. Then we went back to the Blind Dog, an' hung 'round fer the afternoon train to give Mr. Abel P. one more chanct, but he didn't show up, so me an' Slim an' two other fellers (Slim hed been to a funeral up to Cheyenne oncet). we wuz pall-bearers, an' the other fellers wuz mourners. an' we started fer the cemetery

" Jiminy Crickets but it were some hot, but we got thar finally, an' one of the mourners went down to Bud's



"WE BUSTED OPEN THE LID WHAR IT SAID HEAD' AN' TOOK A LOOK



"SLIM MADE A FEW FITTIN' REMARKS"

shack an' got a pick an' shovel, an' we fixed up a grave an' eased his nibs into it, an' covered him up. Slim made a few fittin' remarks, an' Mort topped 'em off an' 'lowed if we'd all come down to the Blind Dog, he'd sort of git up a little pome fer the tombstone, him bein' some gifted that way.

"Gentlemen, the way we vamosed down that hill fer the shade of the Blind Dog wuz somethin' grand an' inspirin', fer it certainly wuz turrible hot up to the cemetery. Howsomever, when we'd cooled off a bit Mort sets down to fix up somethin' fittin' an' touchin'-like fer the tombstone. He's some stuck, fer he don't know the feller's name, but he jest goes at it general-like, an' finally he fixes somethin' like this,

"'Here, under this sod, lies the late lamented
Whose body we fellers hev carefully laid;
If he's got a through ticket he kin rest contented—
As far as Gray Bull his freight hez been paid.'

"We all 'lowed that the mayor hed hit it off purty elegant fer the stranger, an' the night clerk of the Blind Dog wuz choosed to make the sign on a board. We put it up next mornin', an' if I do say it, it looked purty smooth an' businesslike. Likewise, we fellers wuz purty much set up over hevin' a regular graveyard, too.

"Things wuz jest settlin' down after all this yere excitement when, about two days afterwards, as I wuz waitin' fer the mornin' train to go by, I seen her slowin' up ag'in, an' I sez to myself, 'Here comes that thar Abel P. Meyer!' I wuz thinkin' up somethin' sad-like to say when she stops an' out comes a box jest like the other one, an' the train slides along.

"I takes a look an' shore enough thar she is, about six foot long an' two foot square, same labels an' all. I hollers to Slim, who's jest comin' over, an' we pulls her inside outen the sun.

Slim goes fer the mayor, an' he comes a-runnin' with the rest of the town right after him.

"We, Slim an' me we wuz by this time sorter city coroners opens up the lid, an' thar he wuz shore as shootin', only this time he wuz a young feller, good-lookin' feller, too.

"Wall, we hed another meetin' an' toted him off to the graveyard an' put him away 'longside the other feller, an' Mort he writes out another tombstone fer him, which I disremember jest now.

"'Bout this time I'm gittin' sorter sore on the job, so we hed a meetin' that night to try to figger it out. Mort sez thar must be a pestilence down East somewhars, but Slim he sez he thinks that that mole-hill town of Cody hez put up a job on us an' is shippin' their dead an' wounded in on us. What Slim sez seemed most likely, becuz Cody allus did hev

it in fer us sence the B. & P. come through

our way.

"Anyhow we wuz jest gittin' over our mad when that thar gosh-durned train unloaded two of 'em to oncet on us two days afterwards. We went up to the graveyard an' dug a hole an' chucked 'em in permiscuous, an' then we held a meetin'. Mort sez he don't make up any more pomes except one fer Mr. Abel P. Meyer, an' we decide to send a committee over to Cody to see what in Sam Hill they wuz takin' us fer anyhow.

"Next mornin' a bunch of us wuz saddled up all ready to start fer Cody when that thar gol-dinged train slowed up ag'in. We wuz dod-gasted, I tell yer, an' wuz watchin' that baggage-car right peart, but nothin' comes outen it. Instead a little red-faced feller hops outen the front car an' looks around.

"'That's Abel P. Meyer,' somebody

whispers, an' the bunch starts after him. I got to him first, an' he wuz so little an' scared-like that I felt sorry fer him an' kep' the fellers off.

"'Air you Mr. Meyer?' sez I, perlite-like.

"'The same,' sez he.

"'Wall,' sez I, 'I'm the express agent of this yere town. What can I do fer you?'

"He takes off his hat an' bows to the bunch, which is jest itchin' to git at him. 'Gentlemen an' feller townsmen,' sez he, 'I hev come among you fer to lend a hand in the upbuilding of yer beautiful city an' to put a shoulder to the wheel of commerce.'

"He stops an' looks around the bunch. The fellers don't jest exactly see what a graveyard's got to do with the wheel of commerce an' is gittin' sorter restless, so I keeps an eye on 'em while Mr. Abel P. Meyer is fishin' around in his pocket fer somethin'.

"Purty soon he pulls out a bunch of yeller express receipts an' hands 'em to me. 'Mr. Express Agent,' sez he, 'hev the goods arrived fer which these yere things call?'

"They hev,' sez I, after lookin' over the receipts, 'and hev been properly interred

with all the pomp an' ceremony possible to them whose past virtues an' sins was unknown to us.'

"'How is that?' asks Mr. Meyer. 'Interred? Is this yere an express office or a

morgue?'

"'Under the daisies,' sez I, 'planted. Requiescat in pieces—put to bed with a shovel—buried.'

"'I don't understand,' sez Abel P.
'Don't these yere receipts call fer the goods I shipped you? Can't I git 'em?'

"'Sure,' sez I, 'but you'll hev to endorse 'em over to the Angel Gabriel first.'

"'I don't understand,' sez Mr. Meyer ag'in. 'It don't seem like you appreciates having yer beautiful little city upbuilt. I sends you from time to time four of the finest wax clothing-dummies to be had in Chicago to set in front of the mammoth clothing-emporium I proposes to open in yer midst, and you—"'

"'Wait a minute,' sez I, fer it's' beginnin' to filter into me. 'Come over to the Blind Dog, Mr. Meyer, an' I think the city of Gray Bull will hev somethin' in the way of

an apology to make.""



""GENTLEMEN AN' FELLER TOWNSMEN,' SEZ HE, '1 HEV COME AMONG
YOU FER TO LEND A HAND IN THE UPBUILDING
OF YER BEAUTIFUL CITY!"

Her Treasure

By Elizabeth M. Gilmer

SHE was a little, frail, feeble old woman, with faded eyes and a weary, sad face that was lined and seamed with wrinkles, as if life had branded some experience upon it with a white-hot iron. But she was very rich. Her plain black gown, made old-woman fashion, was of the richest material, the bit of yellow lace at her throat was rosepoint that had once been part of a queen's collection, and the furs in which her thin old body was wrapped were almost priceless sables.

Two or three times a week she drove up to a big bank and trust company in a magnificent limousine car, and her coming always caused a little flutter of excitement about the building, because it was very well known who she was, and what marvelous treasures were hidden away in her box in the great steel vault. The clerks had nicknamed her "Madam Coupon," and they always followed her movements with a little trail of envious gossip.

"Come to see how her garden is getting on, and how much her dollars grew last night. Nice, light, pleasant employment for an old lady, eh?" said an attendant to another one day as Madam Coupon passed

into the strong-room where her treasures were stored.

"They say that she has almost paralyzed her hands just clipping coupons and has had to hire somebody else to do the job for her,"

returned his companion.

"Gee," said the bookkeeper, "but isn't it something fierce the way the wrong people get hold of money in this world! Look at that little old woman. Got the price of champagne and terrapin, and a weak-tea-and-toast digestion. What's the good of her having all of that pelf? She can't enjoy it. A nice quiet chimney-corner and a big-print Bible are about the size of her needs.

"Did you ever watch her drive up here in that sixty-horse-power touring-car? The chauffeur comes poking along, hugging the sidewalk, doing all of two miles an hour, and you can see that the old lady inside is just as scared and nervous as your Aunt Hannah used to be when she drove a fat, sleepy old pony down a country lane, and looked for him to run off and break her neck every minute."

"They say that she has got stacks of mortgages in her box, and bundles of gilt-edged securities big enough to choke an elephant," said an assistant bookkeeper. "Bings saw them one day when she was looking for something and asked him to help her, and he said that it looked to him as if there were a bushel-basketful of them."

"Well," said the bookkeeper, "I wish I had her money. I'd know how to spend it. I'd know how to get some fun out of it. I'd show you how to get the speed out of that whiz-wagon, you bet your sweet life. But that's the way things go on this misfit planet —only those get the cake who have no teeth to eat it with, and have lost their taste for

sweet things, anyway."

"That's right," responded a clerk with an anxious, haggard face. "Doesn't it make you sick the way some women have everything and others have nothing? There's my wife. She's delicate, and-and she has been ailing all this winter. Overwork, I guess. Too much patching, and darning, and sewing, and cooking, and not enough going about, and pretty clothes, and amusement. But what are you going to do, when you are a poor devil of a clerk with a houseful of healthy children that eat as if they were starved, three times a day, and go through their clothes as if they were telegraphed? Now, if I could only send my wife away for a little while, down South, for a change—but of course I can't. My wife has got nothing, not even a chance to get well and live for the sake of-the children. And here's this old woman who has got everything, and she's old and ugly, and her life doesn't mean anything except to a lot of heirs that are hovering around like a lot of vultures, waiting for her to die, while my wife is young and beautiful, and her life is everything to so many of us. Queer how things are proportioned out in this world, isn't it?"

"Lord, children surely are an expense," chimed in another clerk. "It's always the ones who can't afford them that have the most. People like Madam Coupon who could support an orphan asylum never have

a single chick."

"They say," said the youngest clerk of all in an awestruck voice, "that locked up there in her box are jewels fit for a queen. A man who used to know her says that she's got diamonds and emeralds as big as hazelnuts, and a necklace of matched pearls that it took Tiffany ten years to get together. It's to laugh, isn't it, to think of pearls around that scrawny yellow throat, and diamonds on that flabby old breast? But I know a girl that I'd like to put the sparklers on. She'd do them credit. Her eyes would make the diamonds dull. Her lips are redder than any pigeon's-blood ruby, and as for the pearls, it would be milk against milk when they got around her throat."

"Some people have all the luck," returned the bookkeeper grouchily. "Take it from me, boys, that whatever power deals out fate has stacked the cards on most of us. It's only folks like Madam Coupon that get all the trumps, and the joker thrown in for

good measure."

"I wonder what she has really got?" said an old watchman who had been with the bank for thirty years. "When she moved her things over here from the International she sent down a lot of boxes of securities and silver and things by her man of business and some bank-messengers. Then she

drove up herself in her automobile with a separate box that she held in her lap, and that her old butler, whom she'd brought along, took out with his own hands and brought in. She walked right beside him with her eyes on the box every minute, and when we were putting the things in the vault she scarcely noticed the other boxes, although they were marked on the outside with the names of bonds and stocks that made my eyes bulge almost out of their sockets. There wasn't a thing on the little box to show what was in it, but it is something that makes all the balance of her securities look like white chips. It is something she wants to see often, and know that it doesn't get away from her, for she had it put right in the front where she could put her hands on it easily."

"What do you suppose it is?" inquired

the bookkeeper.

"A mortgage on the earth, most likely,"

cynically replied a clerk.

"Oh, the widow's mite—a couple of millions or so, that she's made by putting up rents on a few East Side tenements, or something like that. There is nothing like turning an honest penny," sneered the assistant

bookkeeper.

"I think she's got some wonderful jewels, a great emerald from the tomb of an Eastern princess, or a necklace stolen from an Indian idol, or something like that," said the youngest clerk. "The man who used to know her told me that when she was younger she had a passion for jewels. Now that she is too old to wear them, and maybe afraid to keep them in her house, perhaps she has them here in her vault, and that's the reason she

comes so often, just to handle them, and look at them, and revel in their beauty." "Faugh!" cried the bookkeeper with

"It's horrible to think of an old woman with a soul like that spending hours counting over the money she does not know what to do with, and gloating over the jewels that she is too old and ugly to adorn herself with. It would be bad enough for all that money to be piled up, doing nobody any good, but it makes me tired to see her coming here day after day just to handle and fondle it. A woman who can do that has got dry rot of the heart. Her veins don't run blood. They run an in-



Drawings by Harry Linnell

[&]quot;SHE WALKED RIGHT BESIDE HIM WITH HER EYES ON THE BOX EVERY MINUTE"

terest-account. Why doesn't she give her money to some of us who would know what

to do with it?"

"Well," said the clerk, "let's wish her joy in counting over her treasures and figuring up her dividends. I'll take something a little more human than money to love, myself, and some pleasure in life a little livelier than the joy of contemplating a bank-

deposit, and I guess that is about all the fun she's ever had in life. I have heard that the late lamented Coupon was about as endearing as a timberwolf, and as affectionate and warm-hearted as an icicle."

"I wonder what is in that box?" mused the old watchman.

"Ah, give it up! Whatever it is, we won't get a smell of it, not from that close-fisted old woman." swered the bookkeeper as they went back to work. "When a woman loves money she gives her whole heart to the passion. You don't see a man, no matter how avaricious he is, spending hours on his knees in his

safe-deposit vault. It takes a woman for

In the meantime Madam Coupon sat in the little private room where an attendant had brought, at her request, the little box which had seemed to contain her chief treasure, and put it upon the table before her. As he withdrew he inadvertently failed to close the door securely behind him,

and by and by a slight draft opened it an inch or two. Passing a few moments later, he paused to close the door, and through the crack he saw Madam Coupon.

On the table and on the floor, scattered carelessly as if they were worth no more than so much waste paper and so many pebbles, were many of the bonds and mortgages that represented the great Coupon

fortune and the jewels that were world - famous; but in the old woman's trembling hands, held close to her thin old breast, was a baby's little shoe that still bore the imprint of the tiny foot that had been dust and ashes for fifty years. It was all that was left to her of what she had loved best on earth, the one thing that her money could not buy back for her, and that turned her millions into dross.

The man looking at her thought of his own wife and his houseful of rosy youngsters at home, and his throat suddenly tightened with pity for the lonely old woman. "God,"

he said to himself; "she hasn't a child, nor a husband, nor any human being to love, or to love her. All that she's got is just that old shoe, and the memory of the baby that wore it. Nothing else-just an old baby's shoe, like the kind we grumble about having to buy, and that we throw away by the peck. Perhaps the great divide is more even than we think. Poor old lady!"



IN THE OLD WOMAN'S TREMBLING HANDS, HELD CLOSE TO HER THIN OLD BREAST, WAS A BABY'S LITTLE SHOE

A Favorite Summer Pastime

By Penrhyn Stanlaws



Some people call it golfing;



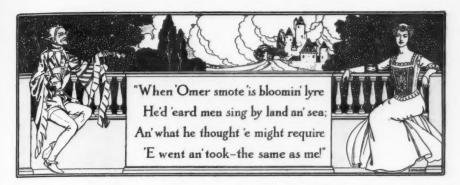
Some call it landscape painting;



Others refer to it as automobiling;



While some call it fishing-but you know what it is



REFLECTIONS on race suicide bring to mind the remark made by a woman at whose home a number of people took supper one night in the political campaign last fall. This particular woman, though young in years, is the mother of seven children. Naturally the children are reasonably close to one size. When the "campaigners" went into the woman's house one of them noticed the bunch of children and said to the woman in a friendly way. "These all yours, or is this a picnic?"

"They are all mine," she replied wearily, "and it's no picnic."

A Supreme Court judge tells this story about a famous character around the minor courts. Tall, gaunt, and gawky, he had a fund of ready Irish wit and a dignity of presence and carriage which, combined with a booming bass voice, was humorous in itself. All the judges

knew him and were le-nient with his infractions of court rules.

The character, was a lawyer of the shyster class, was defending a case in court one day before a justice who was particularly fond of him. He went to luncheon with his client. When court re-

sumed after luncheon it was evident that he had enjoyed his midday meal. Realizing the situation the justice leaned over and said:

This case is postponed until to-morrow. The counsel for the defense is in no condition to proceed

The lawyer rose to his feet unsteadily and gazed earnestly at the court. Then his deep voice boomed out: "Your honor, I have known you, man, boy, and child, for thir-r-ty years-on the binch and off the binch—and it is the first time in all those years I have known you to make a rulin' in accordance with the facks."

Then he sat down.

Samuel G. Blythe doesn't like Europe. Mr. Blythe has written many stories about Europe, but even the extended magazine space utilized has been

insufficient to cover all his woes. He has only scratched the surface. The following story may not be true, but it is vouched for by one who should

Mr. Blythe entered a Spanish restaurant and dered coffee with milk. The waiter did not seem ordered coffee with milk. The waiter did not seem to understand that milk was wanted. After the frantic exhaustion of a limited Spanish vocabulary, Mr. Blythe drew from his pocket a pencil and piece of paper. He made an elaborate picture of a cow, which he passed with much gesticulation to the plainly mystified waiter. The latter gazed long and perplexedly at the rude art production. Then his face lit up with a smile of complete understanding. He disappeared and returned promptly withmilk? No, a ticket to a bull-fight.

Afterthought-What kind of an artist can Mr. Blythe be?

A traveler in Tennessee came across an aged negro seated in front of his cabin door basking in the sunshine.

"He could have walked right on the stage for an Uncle Tom part without a line of make-up," says the traveler. "He must have been eighty years

of age."
"Good morning, uncle," said the stranger.
"Mornin', sah! Mornin'," said the aged one. Then he added, "Be you the gentleman over yonder from New York?"

Being told that such was the case the old darky said: "Do you mind telling me something that has been botherin' my old haid? I have got a grandson—he runs on the Pull-

man cyars-and he done tells me that up thar in New York you-all burn up youah folks when they die. He is a poherful liar, and I don't believe him "

"Yes," replied the other, "that is the truth in some We call it cremacases.

"Well, you suttenly sur-prise me," said the negro and then he paused as if in

deep reflection. Finally he said: "You-all know I am a Baptist. I believe in the resurrection and the life everlastin' and the comin' of the Angel Gabriel and the blowin' of that great horn, and Lawdy me, how am they evah goin' to find them folks on that great mawnin'?"

It was too great a task for an offhand answer, and the suggestion was made that the aged one consult his minister. Again the negro fell into a brown study, and then he raised his head and his eyes twinkled merrily, and he said in a soft voice:

"Meanin' no offense, sah, but from what Ah have heard about New York I kinder calcerlate they is a lot of them New York people that doan' wanter be found on that mornin'."



Clancy came home late one hot day in August to find no dinner ready. Mrs. Clancy, tired and fretted by a hard day's washing, was fanning her-self and trying to get cool.

"An' where is me supper?" he asked petulantly. "Go on wid ye," said Mrs. Clancy. "Me all tired out from a hard day's wurruk in the hate an' you ask fer ver supper. Bad ask fer yer supper. Bad cess to ye. Ye would cook

no supper aither if ye had to wurruk all day in the divil's own furnace. Aisey indeed ye have it all day down in a nice cool sewer."



The city editor of a great New York daily was known in the newspaper world as a martinet and severe disciplinarian. Some of his caustic and biting criticisms are classics. Once, however, the tables were turned upon him in a way that left him speechless for days.

A reporter on the paper wrote an article that the city editor did not approve of. The morning of publication this reporter drifted into the office and encountered his chief, who was in a white heat of anger. Carefully suppressing the explosion, however, the boss started in with ominous and icy words:

"Mr. Blank, I am not going to criticize you for what you have written. On the other hand, I am profoundly sorry for you. I have watched your work recently, and it is my opinion, reached after calm and dispassionate observation, that you are mentally unbalanced. You are insane. Your mind is a wreck. Your friends should take you in hand. The very kindest suggestion I can make is that you visit an alienist and place yourself under treatment. So far you have shown no sign of violence, but what the future holds no one can tell. I say this in all kindness and frankness. You are discharged."

The reporter walked out of the office and wandered up to Bellevue Hospital. He visited the insane pavilion, and told the resident surgeon that there was a suspicion that he was not all right mentally and asked to be examined. The doctor put him through the regular routine and then said,

'Right as a top.

"Sure?" asked the reporter. "Will you give me a certificate to that effect?" The doctor said he would and did. Clutching the certificate tightly in his hand the reporter entered the office an hour later, walked up to the city editor, handed it to him silently, and then blurted out.

"Now you go get one."

A rich mining operator once invited a mining friend of the West to dine with him at the St. Regis Hotel, New York. The friend, a rough diamond.

knew little of the etiquette The host of the table. watched him shoveling food into his mouth with a knife for some time, and then in a jocular manner

"You don't seem to be at all afraid of thekniveshere.'

His friend poised his knife midway in air, pointed to a cut on the side of his lip, and mumbled through a mouthful of food,

"Oh! these knives are all right, but look what one of them razors they call knives over at the Astor did to me."



The Democratic candidate for governor of Texas on election morning encountered an old darky on a street-corner.

"Mawnin', boss," said Uncle Mose. "Mawnin'. Pow'ful fine mawnin' fer 'lection. I was jist on my way to de votin'-place to cast my ballot fer you, sah. I sure hopes you dun git 'lected. Couldn't spare a pore ole nigger er dollah this fine mawnin', could ye, boss ?"

"You black rascal," said the candidate, "you are a blanked Republican, and you are going to vote the

Republican ticket. You know you are."
"No, sah! No, sah!" said Uncle Mose emphatically. "I reckernizes de fac' dat de Republican party dun freed de niggers, but de wah am now ober, an' de bloody shirt am no longer to be waved. No, sah! I intends to cast my ballot fer you, sah—you hab been de friend ob my fambly fer thirty yeahs. Couldn't let me hab a dollah, could ye, boss?" This last whiningly.

The politician dug up the pleaded-for dollar, and then as an afterthought sent a scout to follow the old negro and see how he voted. Sure enough he cast a Meeting Uncle Mose straight Republican ticket. on the street the next day, the enraged candidate took him by the coat collar and said brusquely,

"Here, you low-down, no-account nigger; I gave you a dollar and you said you were going to vote for me, and you voted the Republican ticket."

Uncle Mose's teeth shook like castanets, his eyes

rolled, and he sputtered,

"Y-e-s, boss, I dun vote de 'Publican ticket, but, boss, I knowed you would dun count it Democratic jist de same."

Out in Pittsburg there is a man who dearly loves They are periodical and invariably ter-

minate in a personally conducted tour in a patrolwagon to the nearest station house.

There was the usual climax to an extended celebration. It took four policemen to drag him to the patrol-When they finally wagon.

landed him on the seat and handcuffed him to the rail, he turned to the bluecoated and brass-buttoned driver and murmured wearily, "Home, James!"





Magazine Shop-Talk



HE farther the search the more decisive the deduction. The line of demarcation between the college and the church is clean cut. The antagonism is irreconcilable. The church sustains the dogma and the orthodoxy of

centuries. The college brushes aside the sanctity and the divinity of religious teachings as obsolete mental feudalism, and militantly enters a new era where cold, scientific analysis is the only accepted standard. "It is unscientific and absurd to imagine that God ever turned stone-mason and chiseled commandments on a rock," says Professor Earp. This is symbolic of the whole attitude of the most profound scholars of the day.

The college professors, in some cases, express doubt as to the practicability and judgment of their teachings. Will their propaganda cause a rejection of all solemn and religious authority, create a Robespierre, and erect a guillotine, with its concomitant tumbrels and blood-atonement? The professors say no. They assert that in this, the sanest of all ages, man thinks for himself, and the path they blaze for him leads to the realization that he himself is an avatar, an incarnation, of God. It is asserted that by rejecting the church dogma a door is opened to a wider, a nobler, and a better religion than any taught by the church—a field which man enters with unshackled mind, only to gaze with broader vision on the problem of life, serenely committed to the responsibility of noblesse oblige; for he is made in the image of God, and as God's incarnation he must so deport himself. The Sermon on the Mount is just as binding to-day as it was on the day of blood-drenched Calvary, although in his enlightened state man sees not through a glass darkly, but face to face.

These articles by Mr. Bolce, examining the conflict between the colleges and the church, disclose a movement of thought more significant, perhaps, to civilization than even the Renaissance. In its revolutionary character, and in its importance to mankind, the only world-movement that can be compared with it was that upheaval in the eighteenth century which led through bloodshed to

democracy.

The claim of the colleges is that they are teaching a higher form of truth. They hold that the "orthodox God has had his day." They defend their teaching, as Mr. Bolce points out in this issue of the magazine, on the ground that in the progress of the race the time has come for man to emancipate himself from the authority of the church and its teachings. The professors say that dogmas, particularly the doctrines that deal with fear, have restricted the expansion of man's mind, and that while these doctrines they teach are not new, the world has hitherto not been ready to receive them. The God of the past has been in keeping with man's parochial point of view. The church, the colleges point out, formerly taught that the world was flat. Mr. Bolce quotes the college authorities as saying that learning has compelled the church to see a bigger world, but that the churchmen have not changed their idea of God. They "worship a God who, according to what is cherished as inspired writ, did not know the shape of the earth." Such is the college arraignment of the church.

We asked Mr. Bolce to see college presidents and philosophers on this important issue. Some of our greatest educators-President Schurman, of Cornell, President Hadley, of Yale, President Wheeler, of California-have orally and in writing voiced no equivocal defense of modern university thought. What is taught by Professor Bowne, of Boston University, Professor Hoffman, of Union College, Professor Zueblin, of the University of Chicago, and other scholars famed, like them, both for their learning and their reverent sincerity, is a revelation. That, in itself, is sensational. Far more disturbing is the explanation, as Mr. Bolce discovers it, of why they are teaching the things that strike at the foundations of religion and

the social order. They state that they are arrayed against the church and most of what it implies because, as an institution, it is "dominated by the crude conceptions of the fourth century." The church's spirit-world, the professors explain, "is still hideous with torment and fire." The schoolmen, on the other hand, say that it would be impossible, in the brief span of life, to perform any deed that would warrant an eternal penalty. Such a thought is unsuited to contemporary enlightenment, and has been justly repudiated. The professors say that their religion, which they believe is to be the gospel of this century, is wholesome. It refuses to accept the doctrine that this life is necessarily a vale of tears. They preach a new health and a new happiness. They say that when the God of theology is utterly banished from human thought the reign of man will begin.

Clergymen from all parts of the country are writing to the Cosmopolitan and to Mr. Bolce, protesting against the teaching of the colleges, regarding these doctrines as destructive of all that is best in civilization. Some of the schoolmen, curiously, take the point of view that it may be inexpedient to teach what the universities set forth, inasmuch as society is held together by fallacies that have been handed down and enshrined. Some authority, these thinkers say, is necessary to restrain the people. Let man realize that he is under no compulsion to keep the commandments ("derived not from God, but from a wise and ancient Jew"), and he

will run the gamut of license.

But the vast majority of the presidents and other members of college faculties who have spoken on this subject say that the truth must be told. They say, as indicated, that this spiritual revolution will not end in a saturnalia of tumbrels and guillotines, for this is not an atheistic banishment of God and his holy angels, but is, on the contrary, the enthrone-ment of a new Jehovah—a God that has become conscious and potent in the human mind. Just as a few of the college men have sided with the churches against the teaching of the schools, so some of the clergymen are siding with the colleges. They confess that the church has lagged behind progress, "that the churches are empty and the colleges are full," and that the creeds are in need of a new God. In some of the expressions rancor has found voice, but, happily, the discussion, which has become continental in its scope, takes on a catholic spirit. In fact one eminent

clergyman has written stating that he cannot agree with many of the points presented, but that he would like to have Mr. Bolce join with him in a sincere pulpit discussion of the themes, Mr. Bolce to explain the college teaching and the clergyman to set forth the doctrines of the church. The purpose would be to discover how irreconcilable the respective teachings are, or if there is some hope of agreement. But the colleges say to Mr. Bolce that the only way for the church to agree with the college is to surrender unconditionally. It is a warfare between the college and the church. Which is right? Which will win?

Mr. Bolce is now interviewing various clergymen in the United States, and their point of view, as opposed to the colleges, will be presented in the September Cosmo-

POLITAN.

An Artist who is "Climbing"

We get many letters, friendly, critical, approving, abusive, and censorious. These letters, almost without exception, deal with the stories or articles in the magazine. Seldom do we get a letter which refers to the illustrations. It is a real pleasure, therefore, to print the following communication from a friend in Youngstown, Ohio:

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

DEAR SIR: If this life of ours is void of appreciation, then our life is only half lived.

In the last issue of the COSMOPOLITAN, which I have just read, I noticed an illustration by M. Leone Bracker, accompanying the story "His Lady of an Hour." I am confessing to you that I am not an art critic. I have gone to see pictures that were chosen by the great as being masterpieces. I have studied them from every point of view and then brought censure on my head because I liked that picture over there of the little old lady "kissing her son good-by.

I think Mr. Bracker's picture is one that grips, and anybody that looks at the figure of the man and does not feel his emotion is sadly lacking of sentiment. One reason I like the picture is that to me the artist is a stranger. He may be greater than I imagine. If he is, I do not want to know it, for I love to appreciate the fellow who is on the upward climb and not the one who is at the top of the heap, worshiped by everybody. May we see more of

Mr. Bracker's work.

Very truly yours, R. M. G.

Mr. Bracker is now illustrating George Randolph Chester's stories under the grouptitle of "The Cash Intrigue." He is on the "upward climb," and we think he is pretty near the top.

